ALFRED E. AARON'S PRODUCTION OF

HIS HONOR THE MAYOR

FEATURING
HARRY KELLY

BOOK AND LYRICS BY
CHAS. J. CAMPBELL &
RALPH M. SKINNER

MUSIC BY
ALFRED E. AARONS &
JULIAN EDWARDS

M. WITMARK & SONS
NEW YORK CHICAGO LONDON SAN FRANCISCO.
JOSEF WEINBERGER, LEIPZIG AND VIENNA
ALLAN & CO. MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA
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VOCAL SCORE PRICE $ 2.00 6/s net.

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NEW YORK — CHICAGO — SAN FRANCISCO

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Alfred E. Aarons

Presents

"HIS HONOR, THE MAYOR"

A Summertime Entertainment, in Two Parts.

with

BLANCHE RING AND THE ORIGINAL ENGLISH PONY BALLET

Book and Lyrics by
CHAS. J. CAMPBELL and RALPH SKINNER.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS and ALFRED E. AARONS.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Hon. Teddy Todd, Mayor of Kankakee	CLARENCE HARVEY.
Daisy, a milliner girl	NELLA WEBB.
May Flood	MADELYN MARSHALL.
T. Chesterfield Prebble an Anglicized native of Kankakee	FLETCHER NORTON.
"Jack" Thayer, his chum	ARTHUR EARNEST.
Deacon Flood, May's Father	HARRY KELLY.
"Reddy" Sampson, a cowboy	WILLIAM BLACK.
Mrs. Vayne, a young widow	LOIS TABOR.
Marjorie Vayne, her stepdaughter	LORA LIEB.
Solomon Syphonstein, a Parisian marriage broker	E. E. VAN RENSSELAER.
Captain Rudolph Zitsky, of the Royal Hungarian Hussars	JOHN H. PRATT.
Dauber Brush, an art student.	HAL PEARSON.
Lieut. Schnipp, of the Royal Hungarian Hussars	CATHERINE TANNER.
R. La Carte, Manager at La Carte's Hotel	JAMES MURRAY.
Jozef, waiter at La Carte's Hotel	E. R. EDWARDS.
AND	
KATRINKA	BLANCHE RING.

The Original Pony Ballet

Chorus of Art Students, Tourists, Parisians, French Officers, Gendarmes, Hungarian Nobles and Peasants, Slavs, Chikos, etc.

ACT I - Courtyard of Hotel La Carte, Paris.
ACT II - The Isle of Margitsziget, on the Danube River, between Buda and Pesth, Hungary.
Time: The Present.

Musical Director	DANIEL DORE.
Stage Director	J. S. MURRAY.

M.W.&SONS 7330

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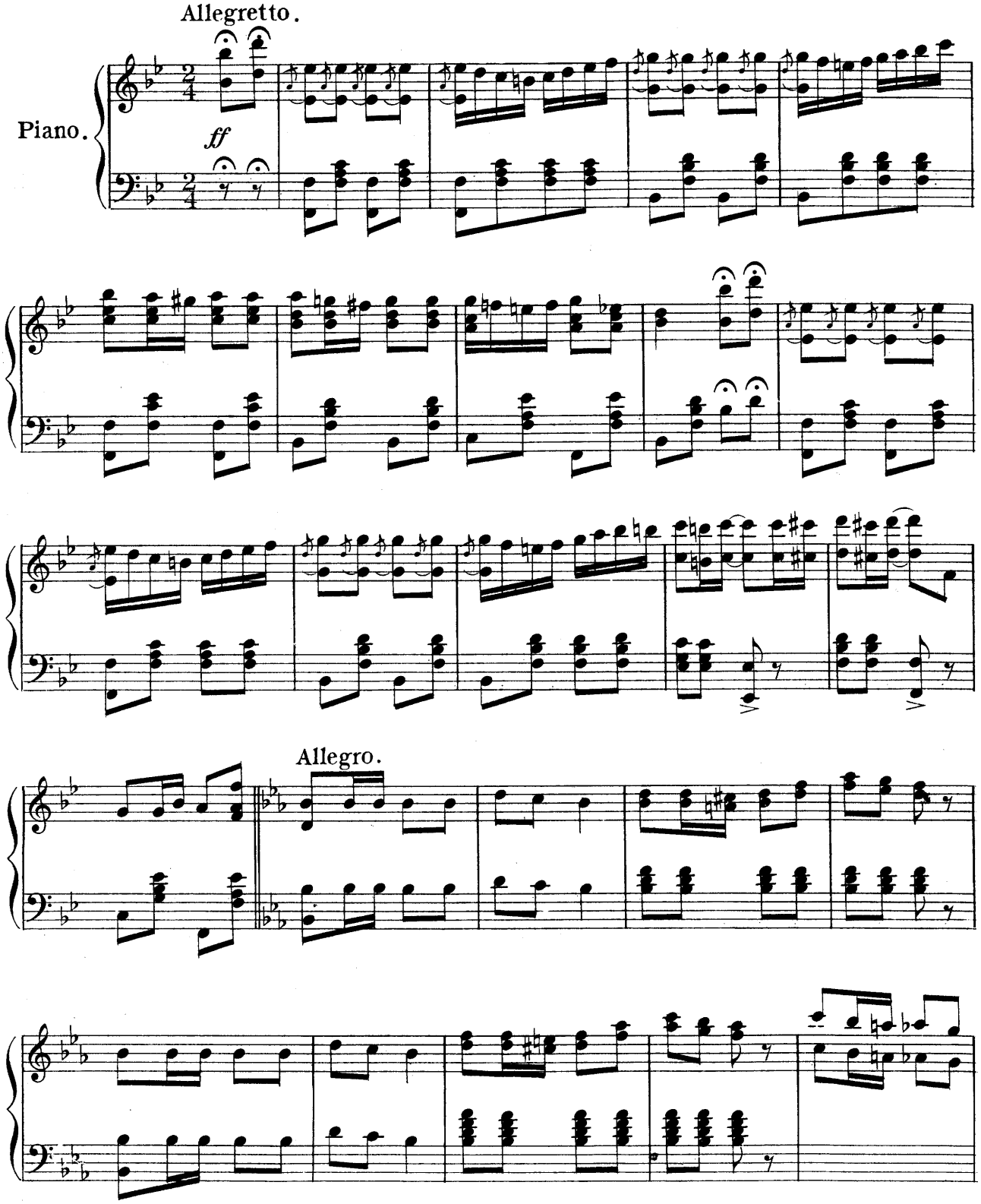
ACT I

No 1. Opening Chorus.

Lyric by
CHAS. J. CAMPBELL & RALPH M. SKINNER.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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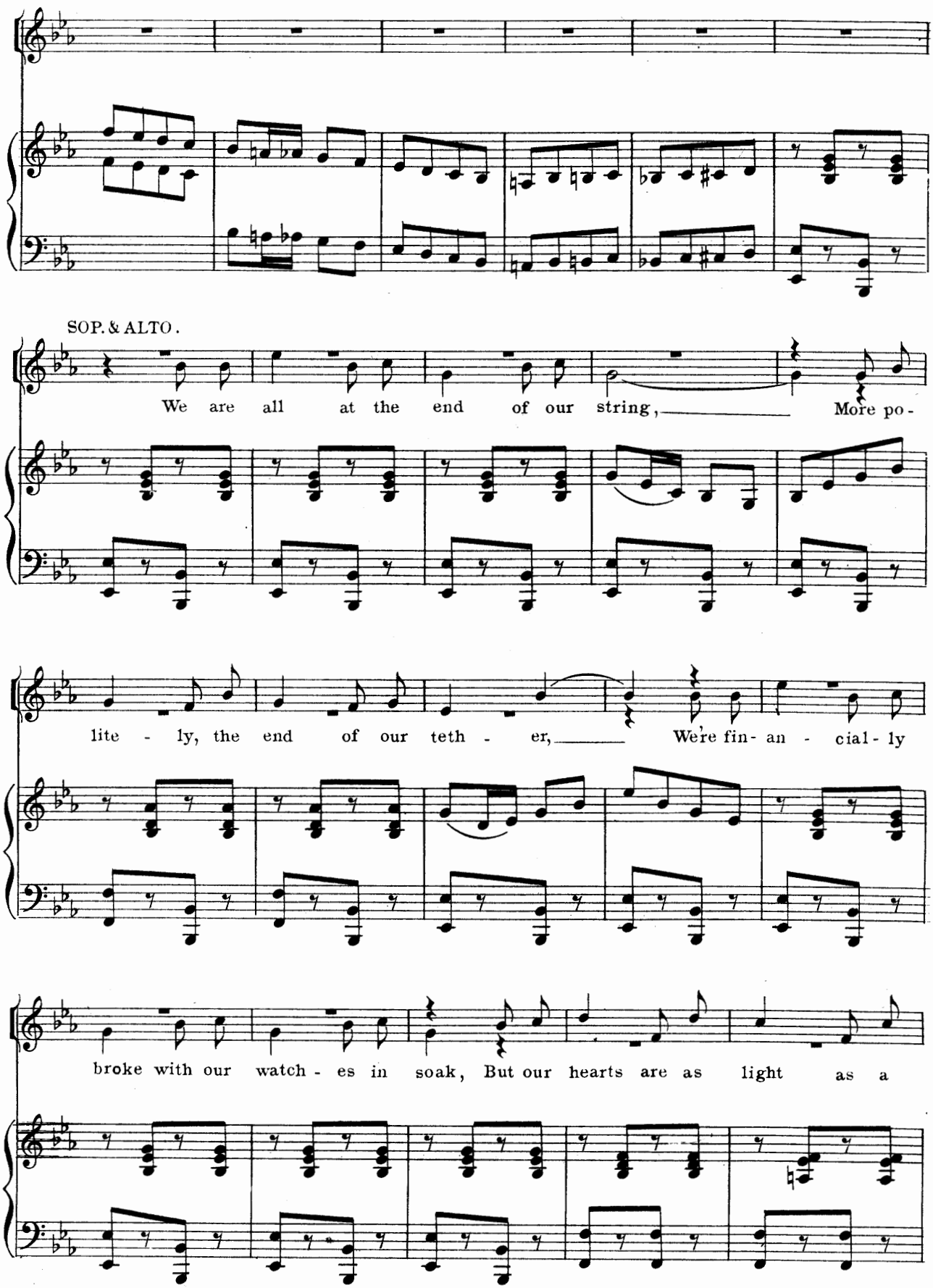
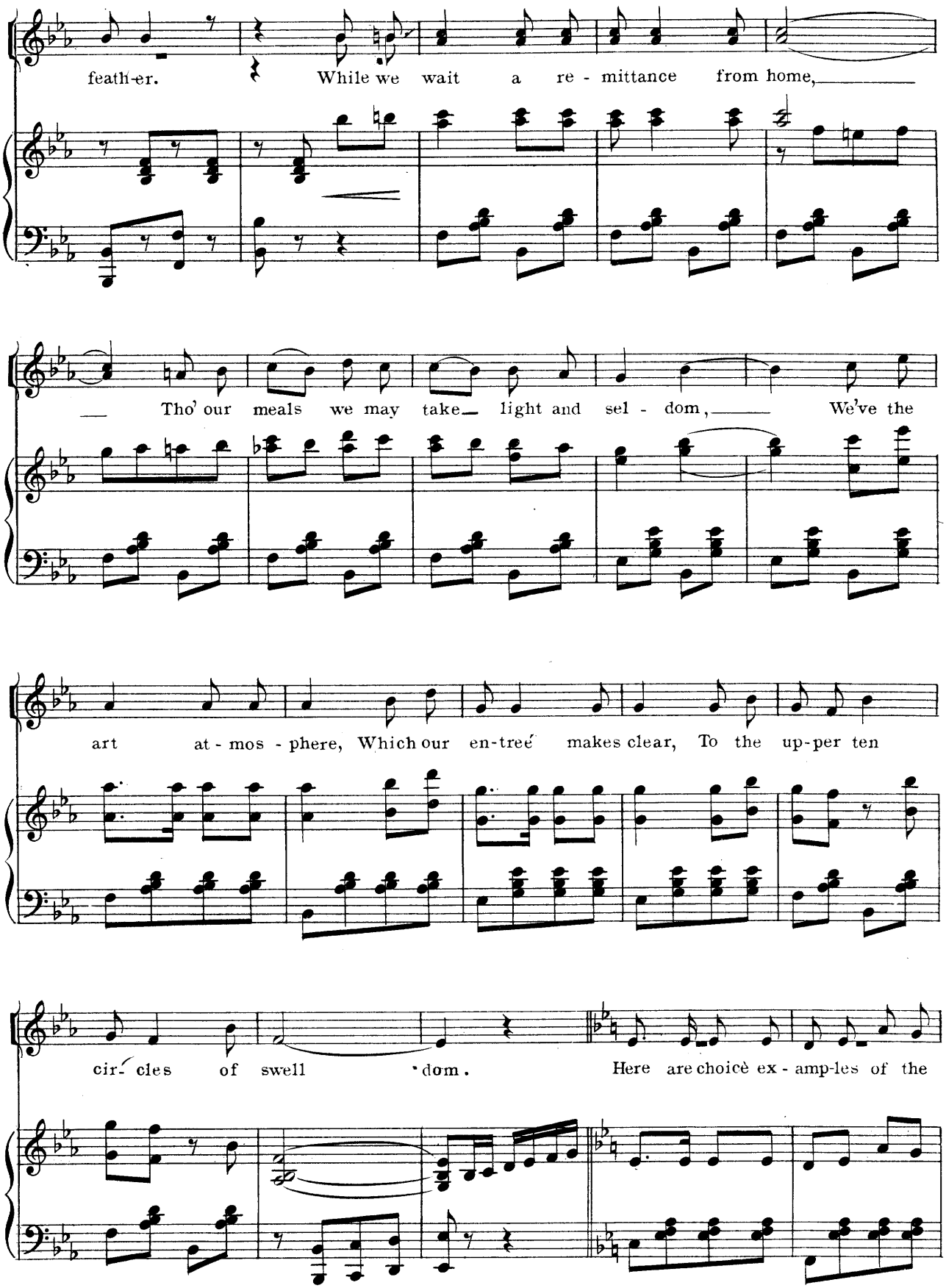
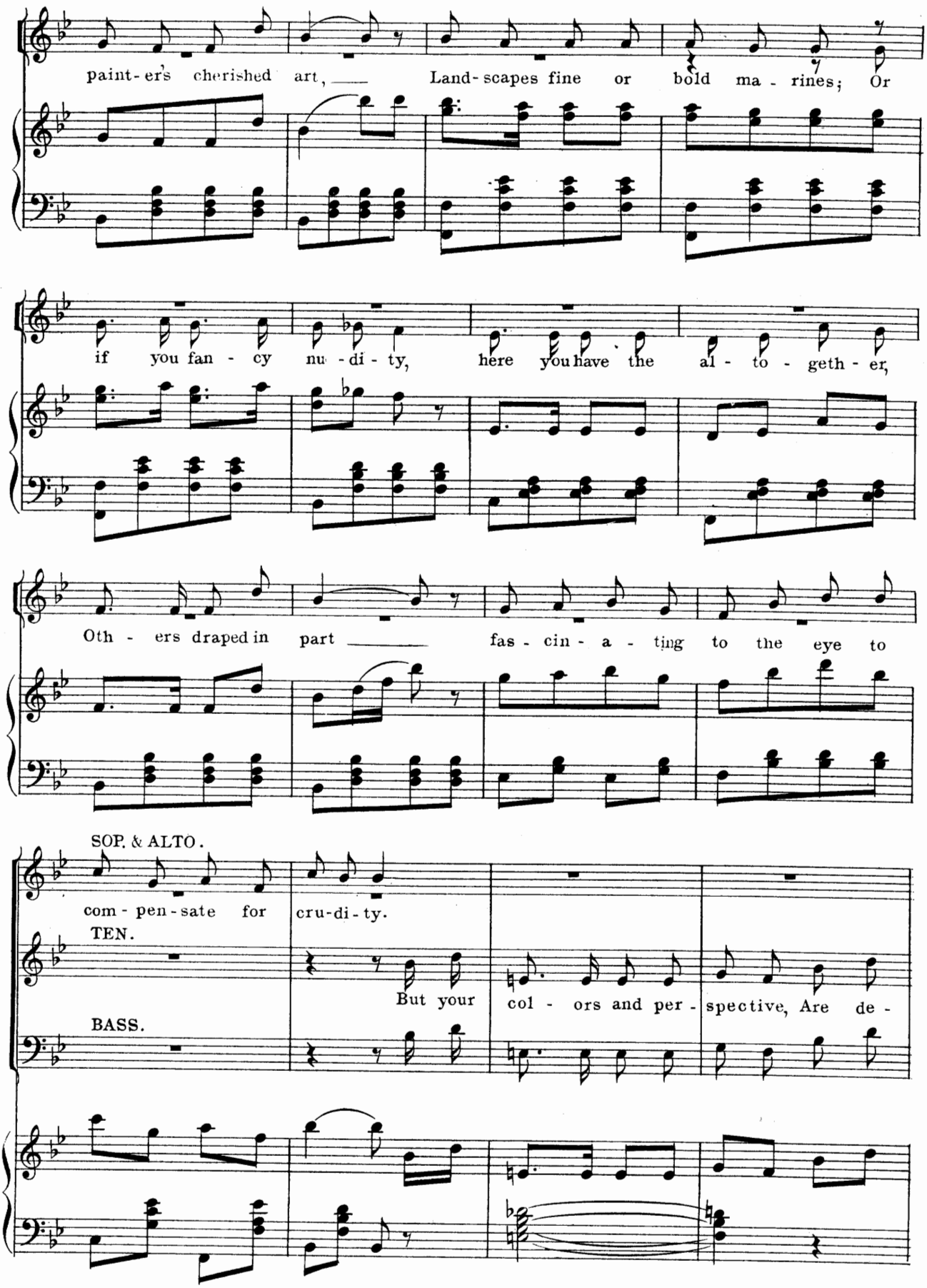
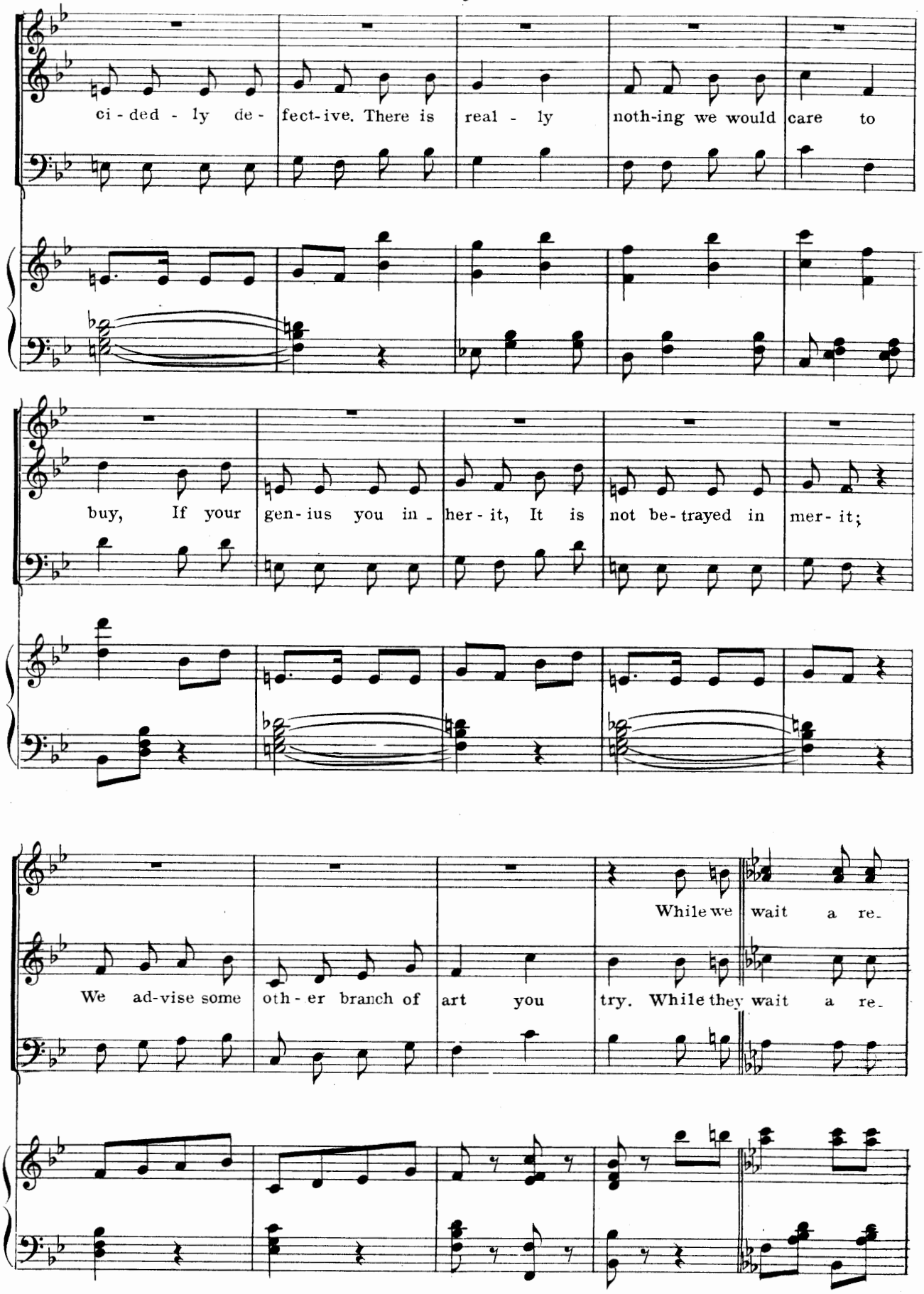
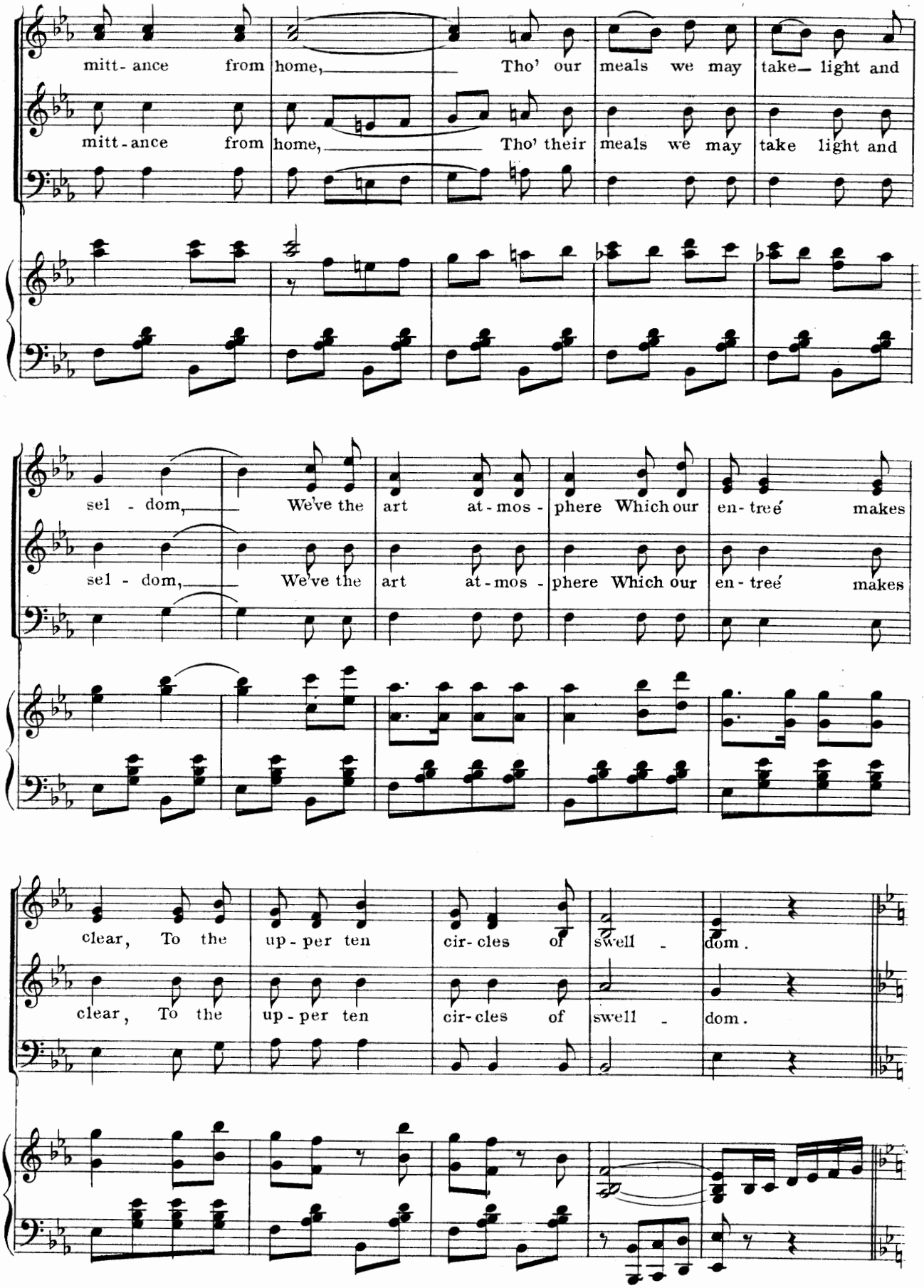
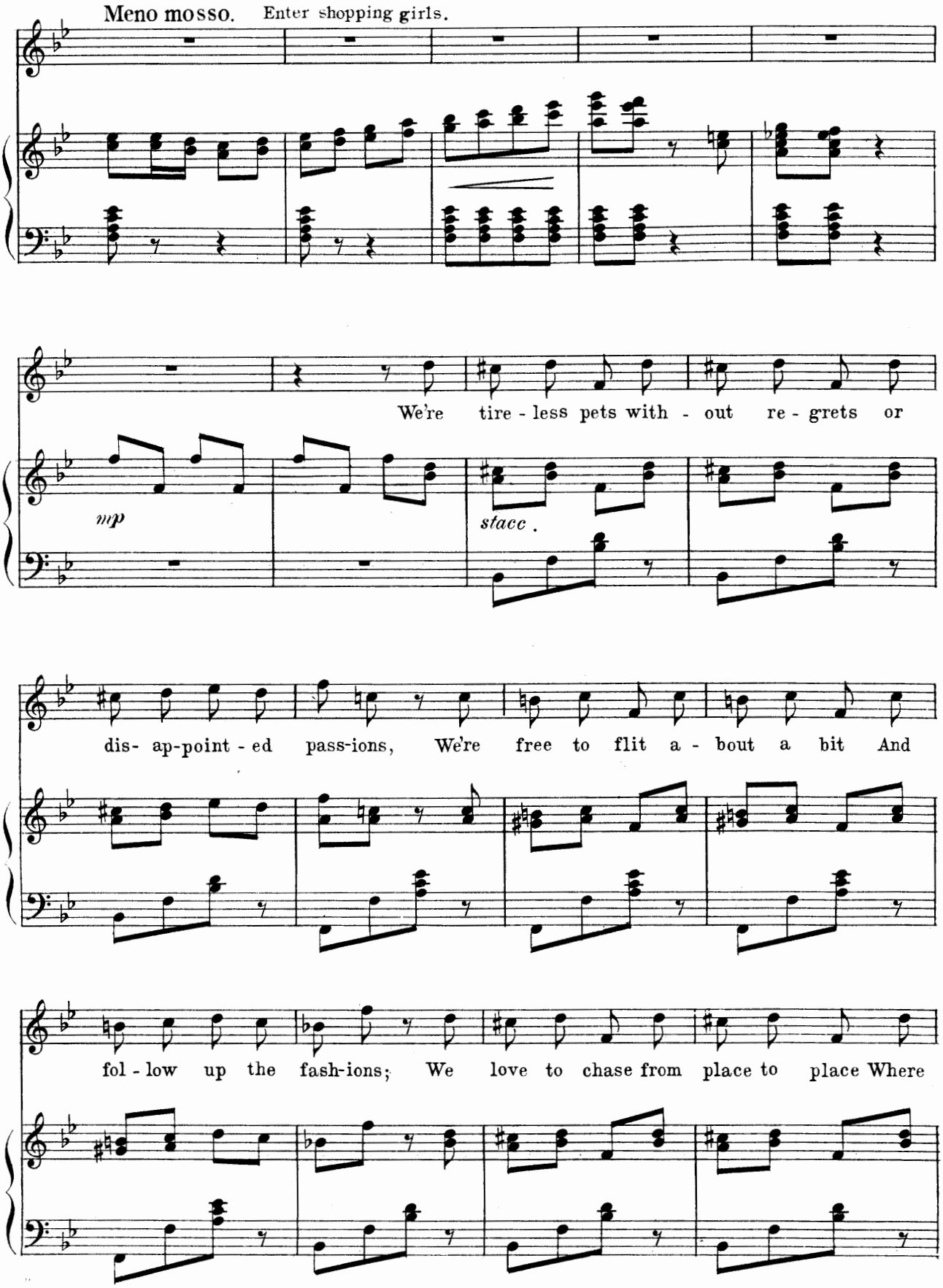

SOP. & ALTO.
We are all at the end of our string, More po-
lite - ly, the end of our teth - er, We're fin- an - cial - ly
broke with our watch - es in soak, But our hearts are as light as a

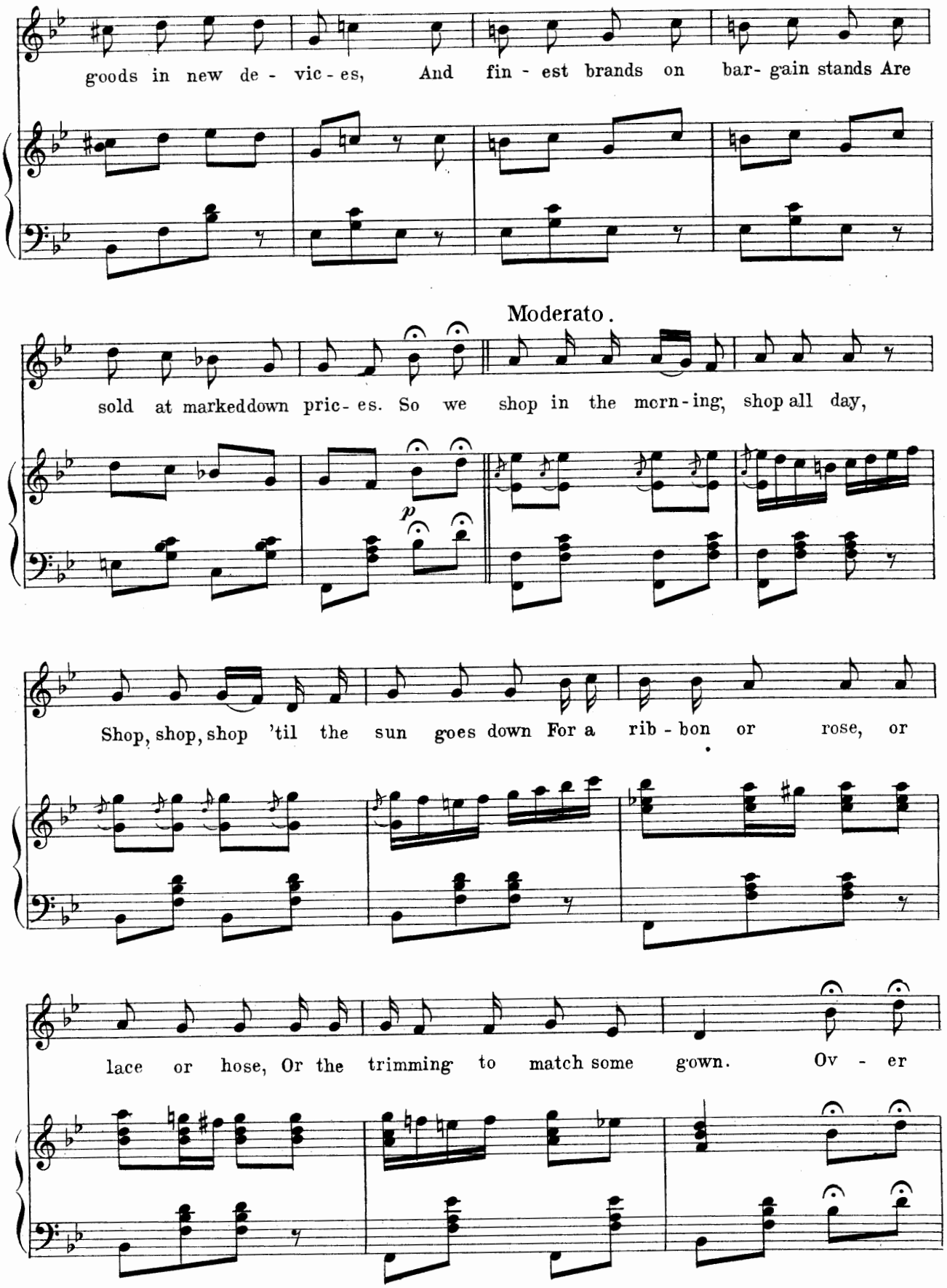

feath-er. While we wait a re - mittance from home,
Tho' our meals we may take light and sel - dom, We've the
art at - mos - phere, Which our en-tree makes clear, To the up-per ten
cir- cles of swell dom. Here are choice ex - amp-les of the

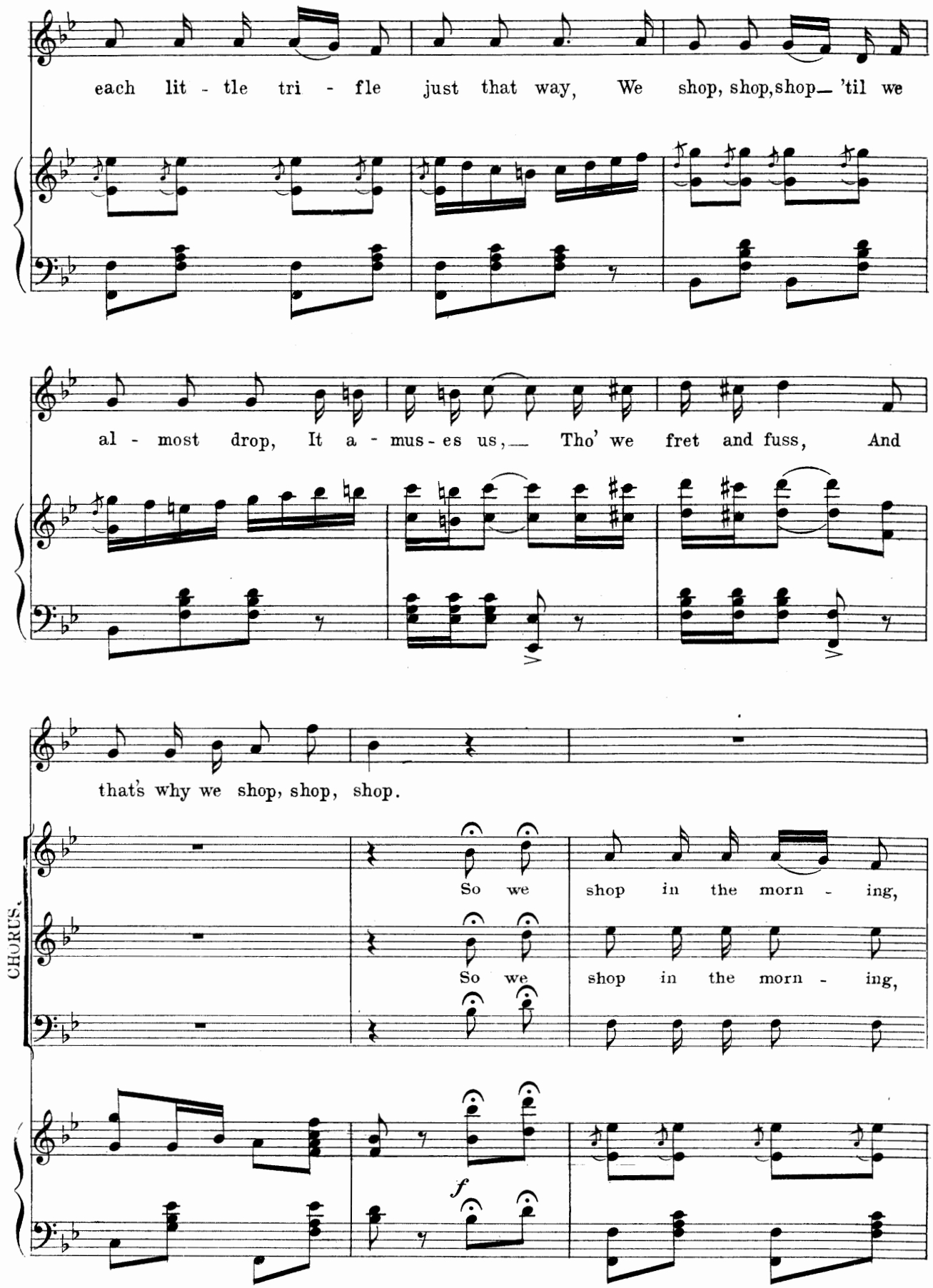

paint-er's cherished art, Land-scapes fine or bold ma-rines; Or
if you fan-cy nu-di-ty, here you have the al-to-geth-er,
Oth-ers draped in part fas-cin-a-ting to the eye to
SOP. & ALTO.
com-pen-sate for cru-di-ty.
TEN.
But your col-ors and per-spective, Are de-
BASS.

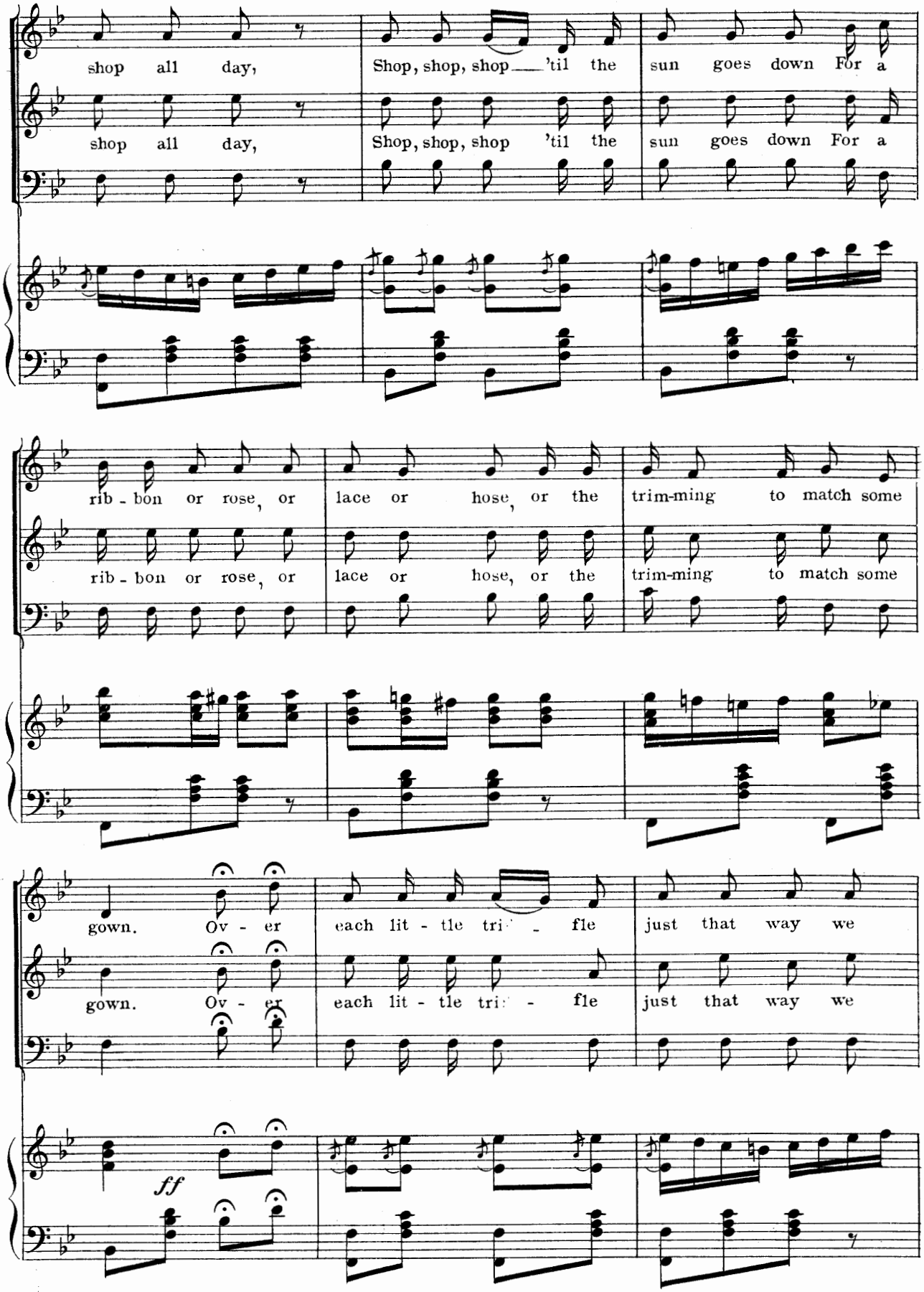

ci - ded - ly de - fect - ive. There is real - ly noth-ing we would care to
buy, If your gen - ius you in - her - it, It is not be - trayed in mer - it;
We ad-vise some oth - er branch of art you try. While they wait a re -
While we wait a re -

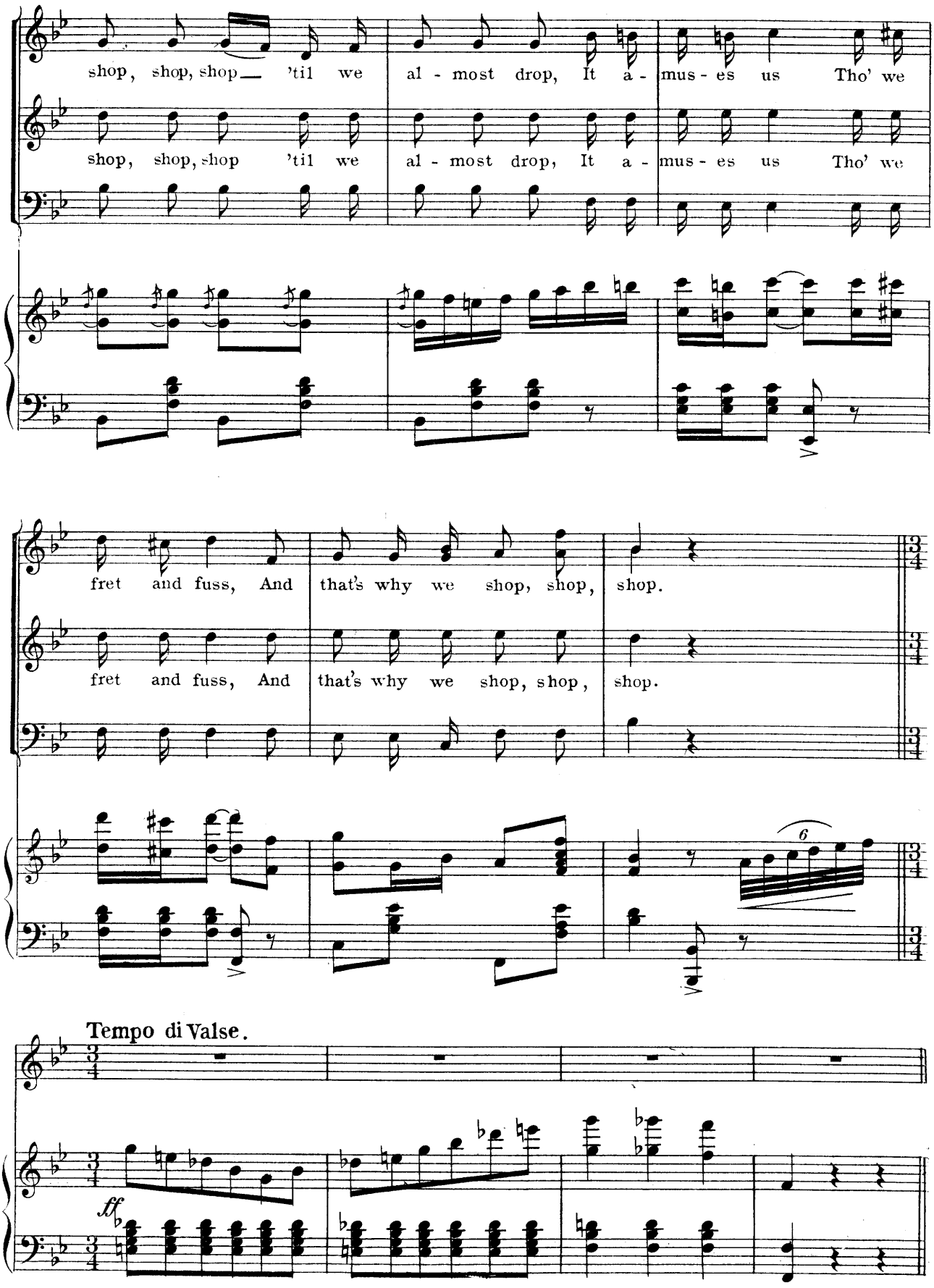

mitt - ance from home, Tho' our meals we may take light and
mitt - ance from home, Tho' their meals we may take light and
sel - dom, We've the art at - mos - phere Which our en - treé makes
sel - dom, We've the art at - mos - phere Which our en - treé makes
clear, To the up - per ten cir - cles of swell - dom.
clear, To the up - per ten cir - cles of swell - dom.


Meno mosso.
Enter shopping girls.
We're tire - less pets with - out re - grets or
mp
stacc.
dis- ap-point - ed pass-ions, We're free to flit a - bout a bit And
fol - low up the fash-ions; We love to chase from place to place Where


goods in new de - vic - es, And fin - est brands on bar- gain stands Are
Moderato.
sold at markeddown pric- es. So we shop in the morn-ing, shop all day,
p
Shop, shop, shop 'til the sun goes down For a rib - bon or rose, or
lace or hose, Or the trimming to match some gown. Ov - er


each lit - tle tri - fle just that way, We shop, shop, shop— 'til we
al - most drop, It a - mus - es us,— Tho' we fret and fuss, And
that's why we shop, shop, shop.
CHORUS.
So we shop in the morn - ing,
So we shop in the morn - ing,
f


shop all day,
Shop, shop, shop — 'til the sun goes down For a
shop all day,
Shop, shop, shop 'til the sun goes down For a
rib - bon or rose, or lace or hose, or the trim-ming to match some
rib - bon or rose, or lace or hose, or the trim-ming to match some
gown. Ov - er each lit - tle tri - fle just that way we
gown. Ov - er each lit - tle tri - fle just that way we
ff


shop, shop, shop— 'til we al - most drop, It a - mus - es us Tho' we
shop, shop, shop 'til we al - most drop, It a - mus - es us Tho' we
fret and fuss, And that's why we shop, shop, shop.
fret and fuss, And that's why we shop, shop, shop.
6
Tempo di Valse.
ff

LA CARTE.

Here are let - ters by ze doz - en, From ze sweet - heart and ze

p

coz - en, Dieu! so man - y, You may sort them for your-selves.

ARTISTS.

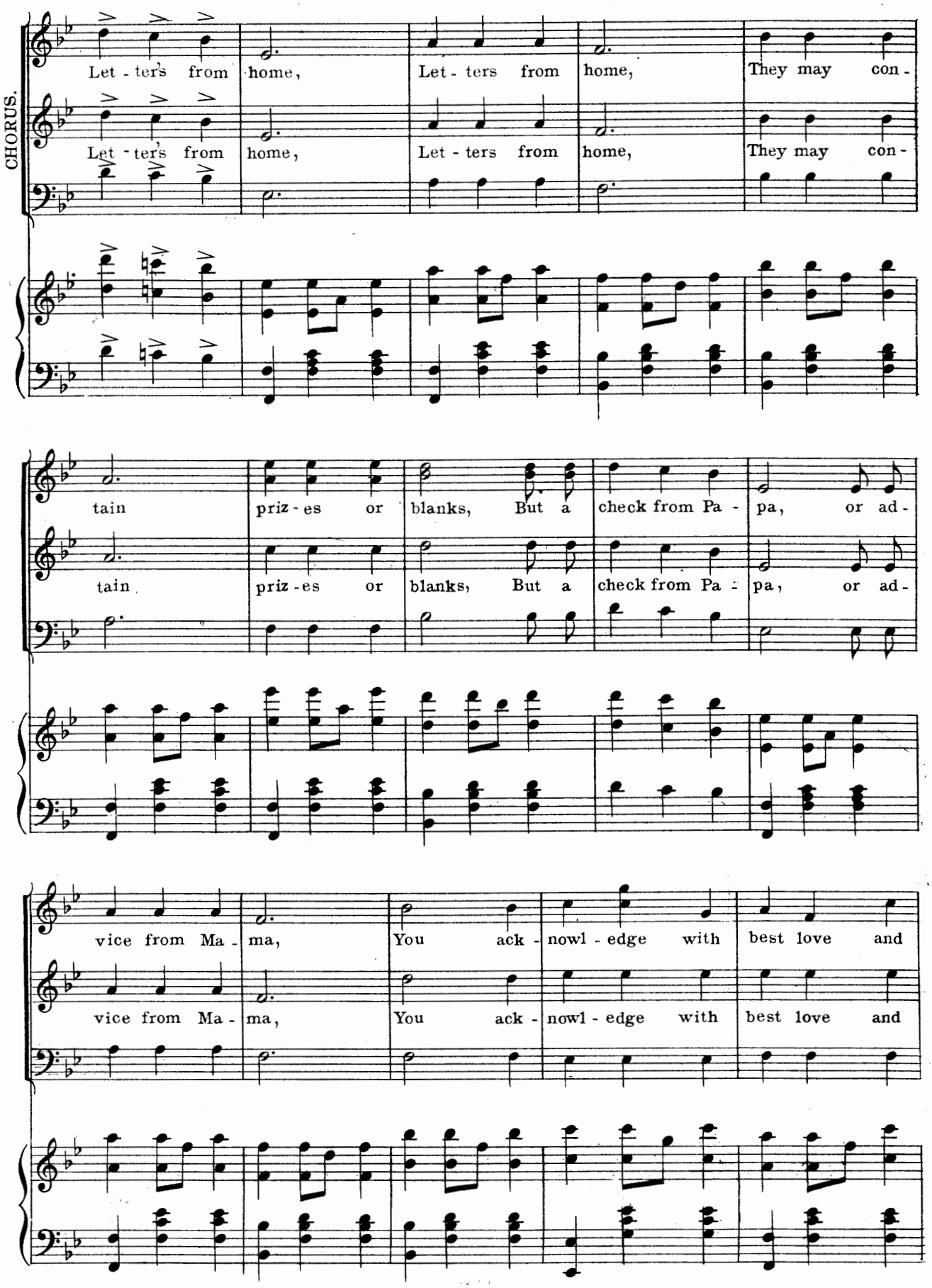
Should they

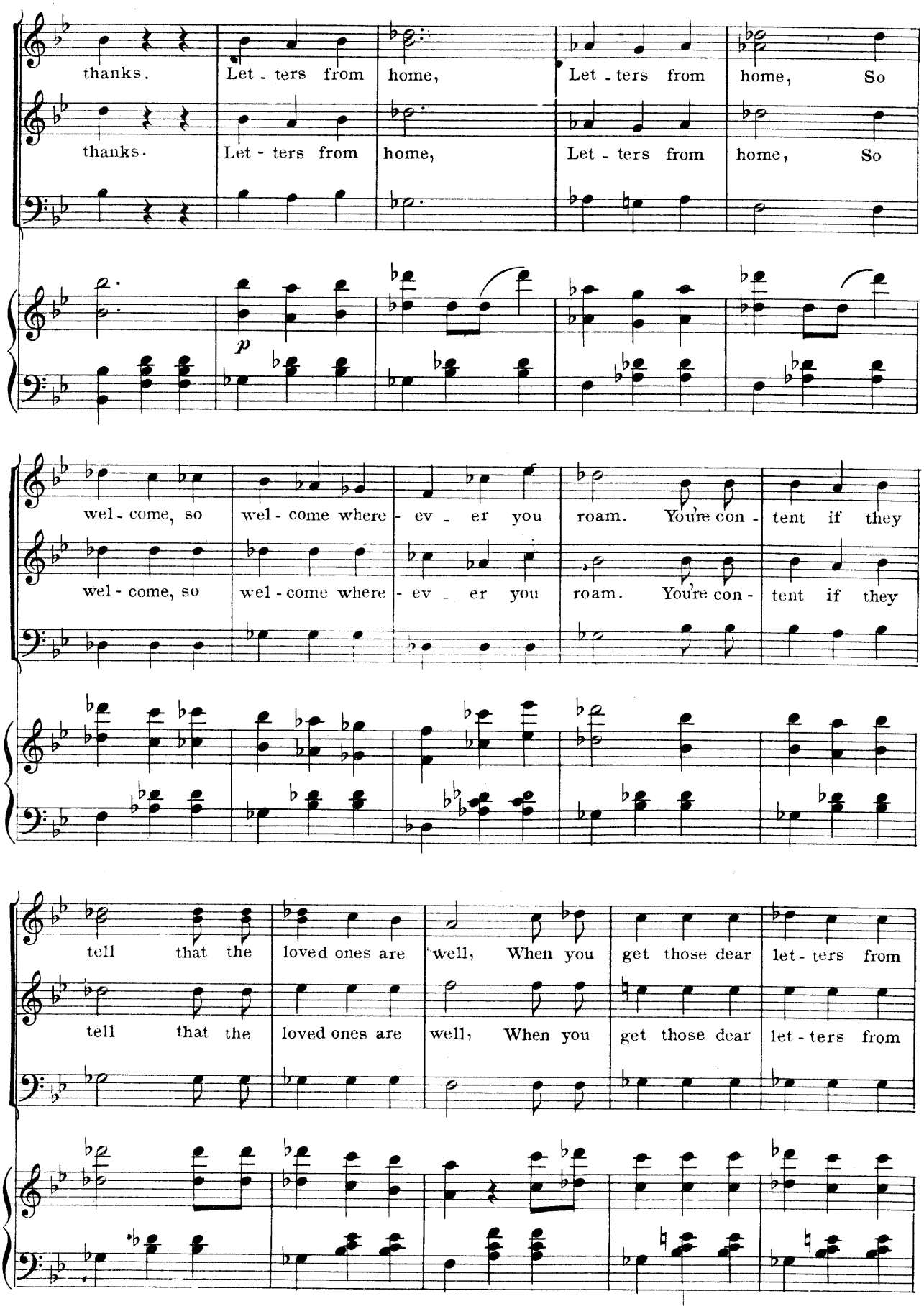
but con - tain the need-ful Then our hearts, will be in - deed full And the

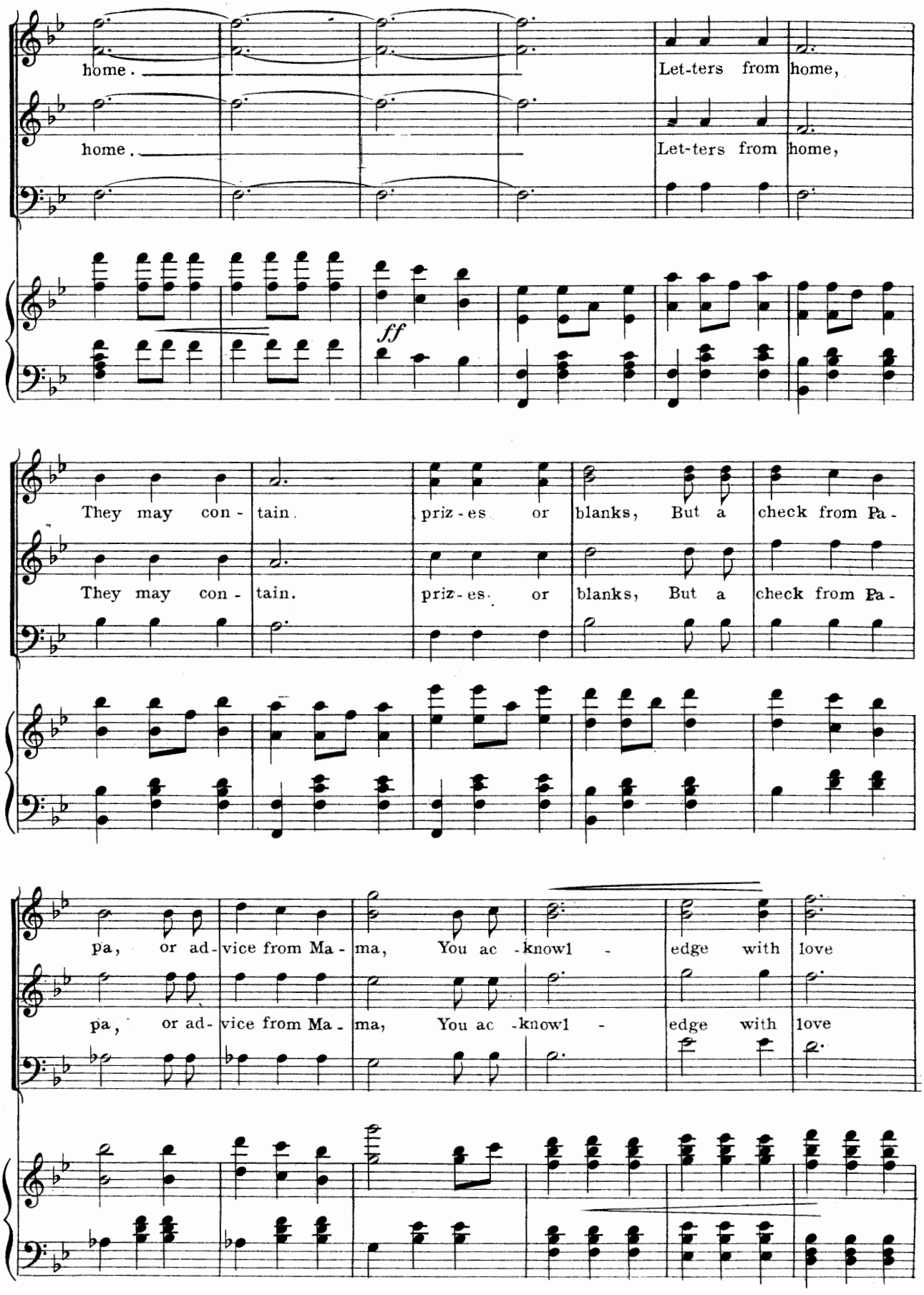
can-vass-es we'll put back on the shelves.

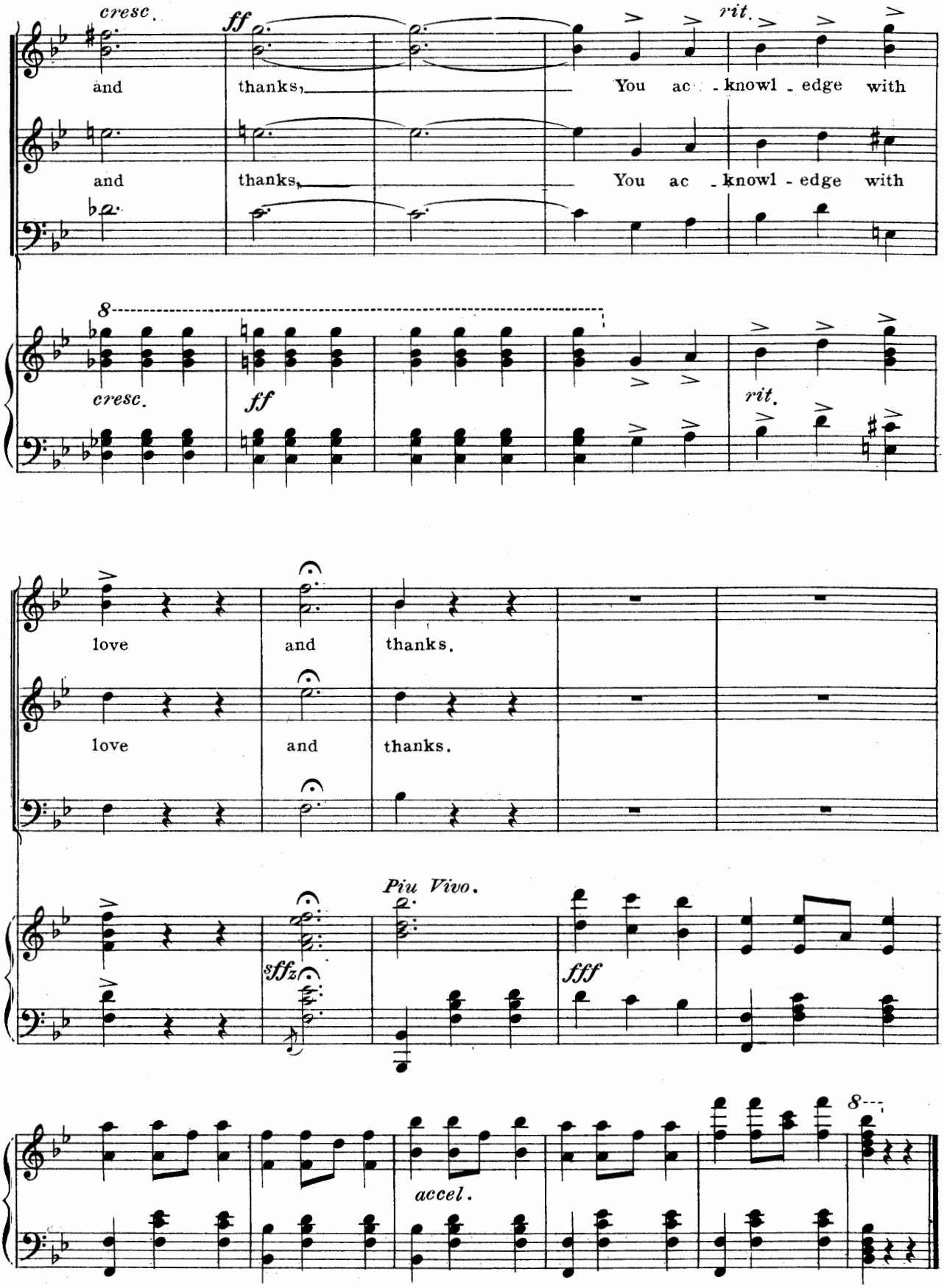
cresc.

f


CHORUS.
Let - ter's from home, Let - ters from home, They may con -
Let - ter's from home, Let - ters from home, They may con -
tain priz - es or blanks, But a check from Pa - pa, or ad -
tain priz - es or blanks, But a check from Pa - pa, or ad -
vice from Ma - ma, You ack - nowl - edge with best love and
vice from Ma - ma, You ack - nowl - edge with best love and


thanks. Let - ters from home, Let - ters from home, So
thanks. Let - ters from home, Let - ters from home, So
p
wel - come, so wel - come where - ev - er you roam. You're con - tent if they
wel - come, so wel - come where - ev - er you roam. You're con - tent if they
tell that the loved ones are well, When you get those dear let - ters from
tell that the loved ones are well, When you get those dear let - ters from


home.
Let-ters from home,
home.
Let-ters from home,
ff
They may con - tain. priz-es or blanks, But a check from Pa -
They may con - tain. priz-es or blanks, But a check from Pa -
pa, or ad-vice from Ma - ma, You ac - knowl - edge with love
pa, or ad-vice from Ma - ma, You ac - knowl - edge with love


cresc.
ff
rit.
and
thanks,
You ac - knowl - edge with
and
thanks,
You ac - knowl - edge with
8
cresc.
ff
rit.
love
and
thanks.
love
and
thanks.
Piu Vivo.
sffz
fff
8
accel.

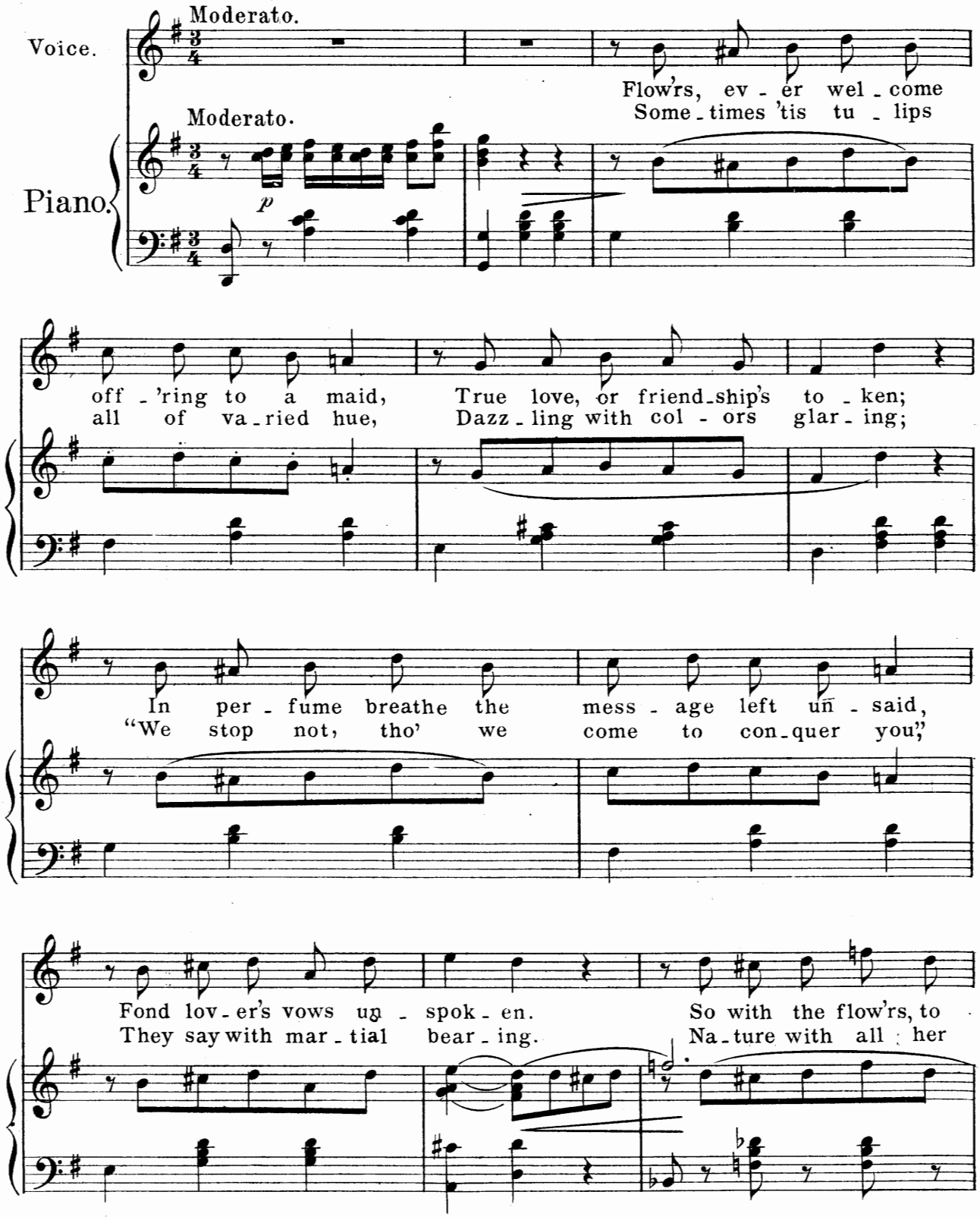
No. 2.
3219

In the Starlit Skies.

Majorie and Chorus.

Lyric by CHAS. J. CAMPBELL & RALPH M. SKINNER.

Words by JULIAN EDWARDS.



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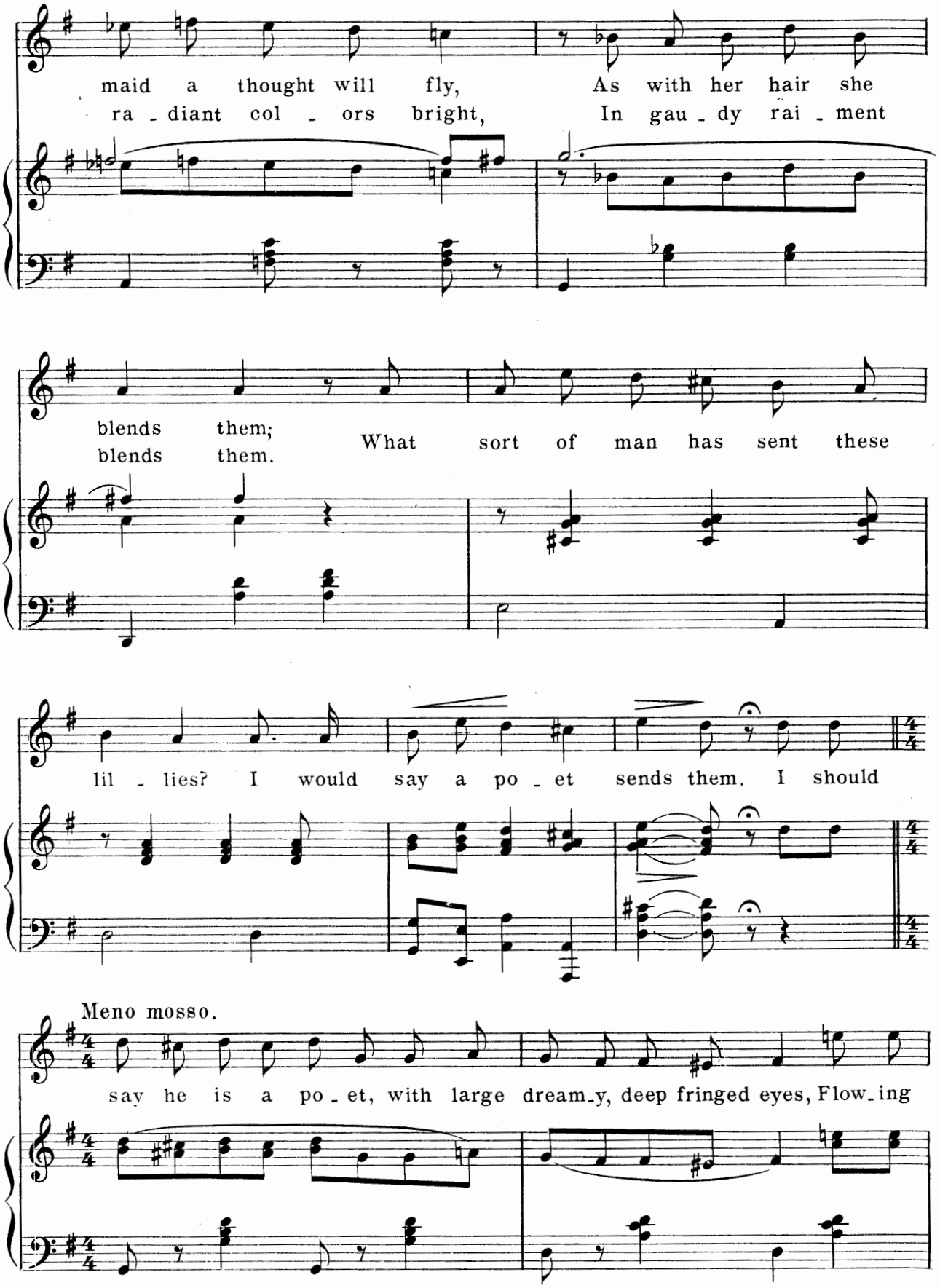
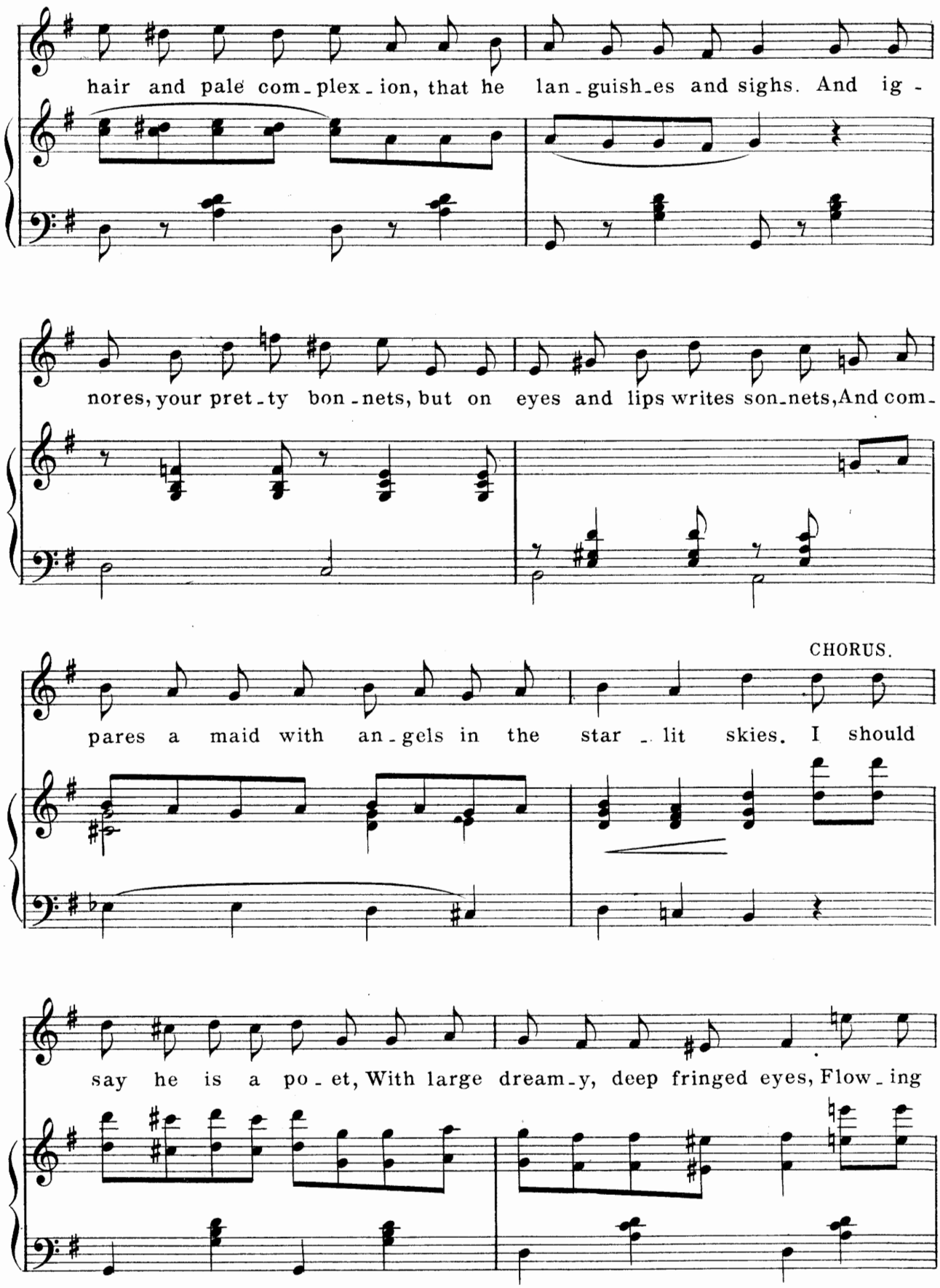
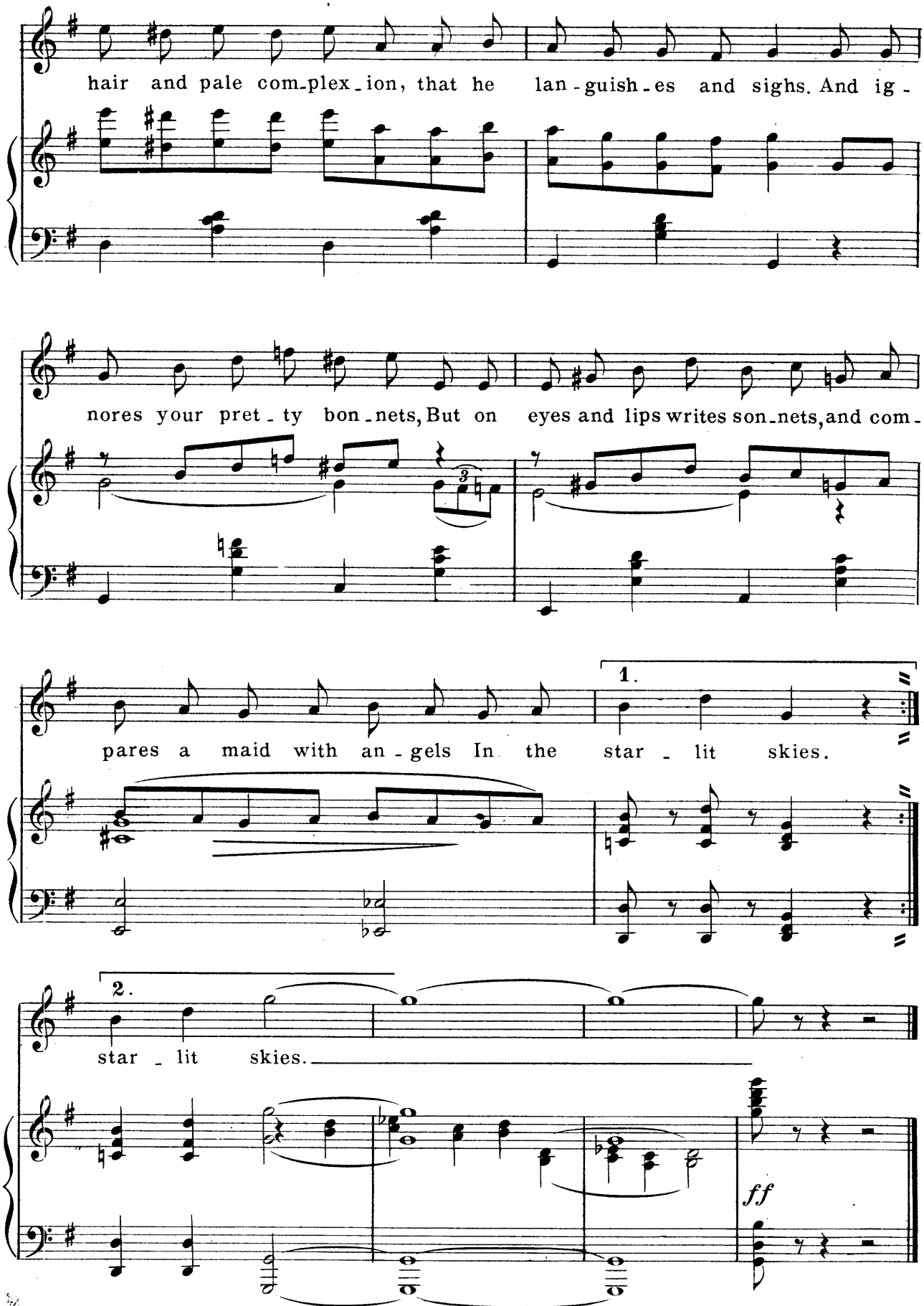

maid a thought will fly, As with her hair she
ra - diant col - ors bright, In gau - dy rai - ment
blends them; What sort of man has sent these
blends them.
lil - lies? I would say a po - et sends them. I should
Meno mosso.
say he is a po - et, with large dream-y, deep fringed eyes, Flow-ing


hair and pale com-plex-ion, that he lan-guish-es and sighs. And ig-
nores, your pret-ty bon-nets, but on eyes and lips writes son-nets, And com-
CHORUS.
pares a maid with an-gels in the star-lit skies. I should
say he is a po-et, With large dream-y, deep fringed eyes, Flow-ing


hair and pale com-plex-ion, that he lan-guish-es and sighs. And ig-
nores your pret-ty bon-nets, But on eyes and lips writes son-nets, and com-
pares a maid with an-gels In the star-lit skies.
1.
2.
star-lit skies.
ff

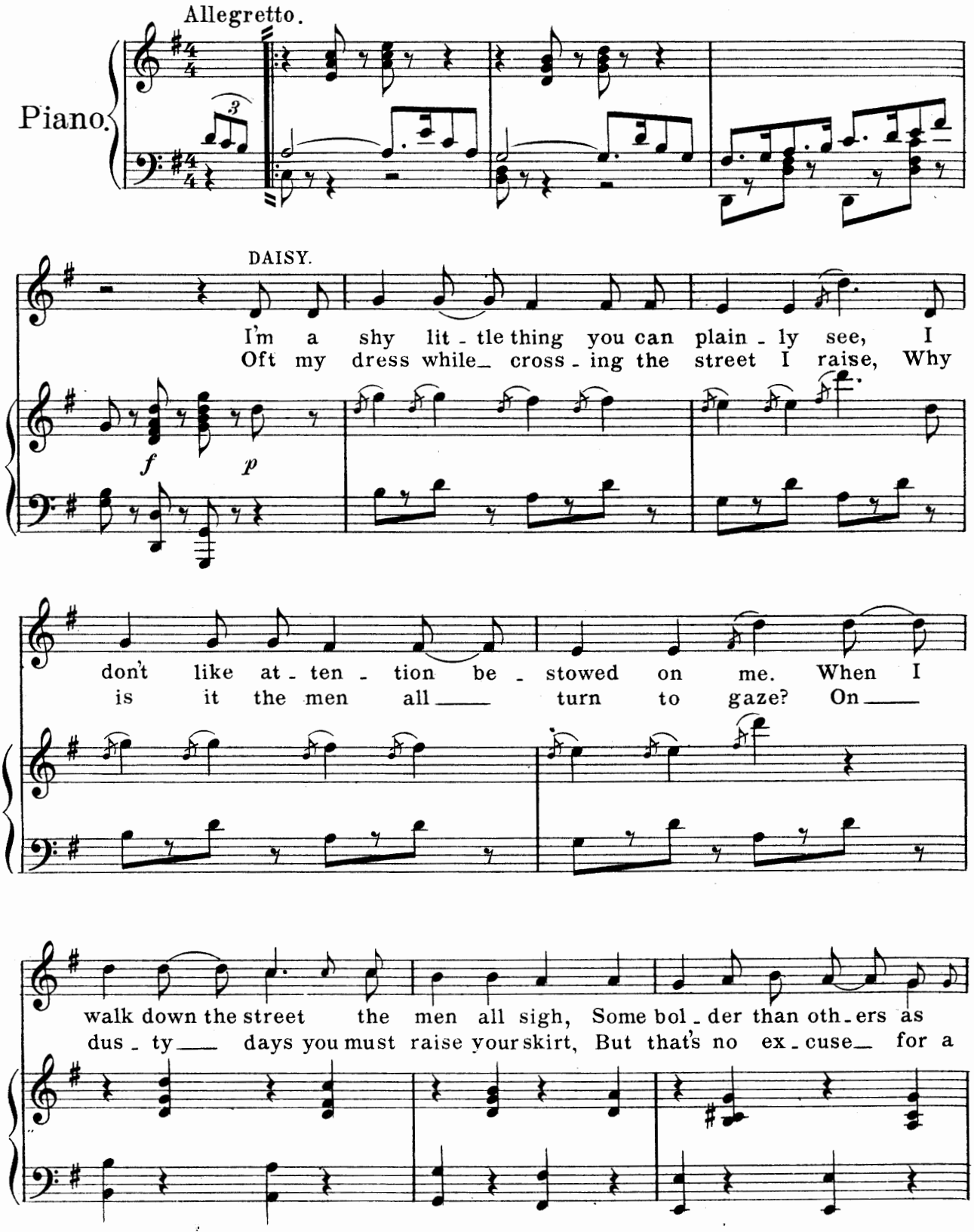
3207
No 3.

Daisy, the girl from Illinois.

Song.

Lyric by CHAS. J. CAMPBELL &
RALPH M. SKINNER.

Words by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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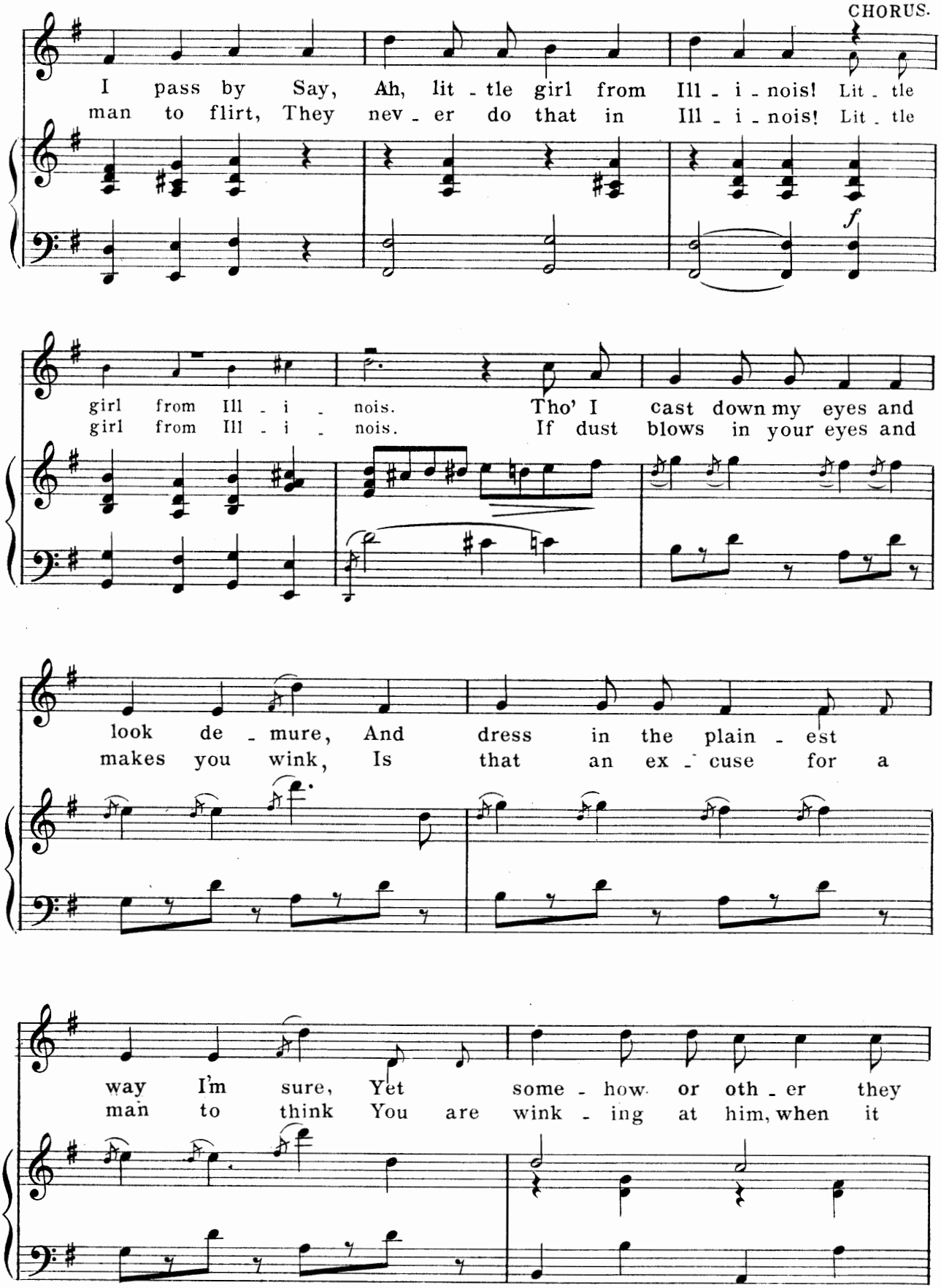
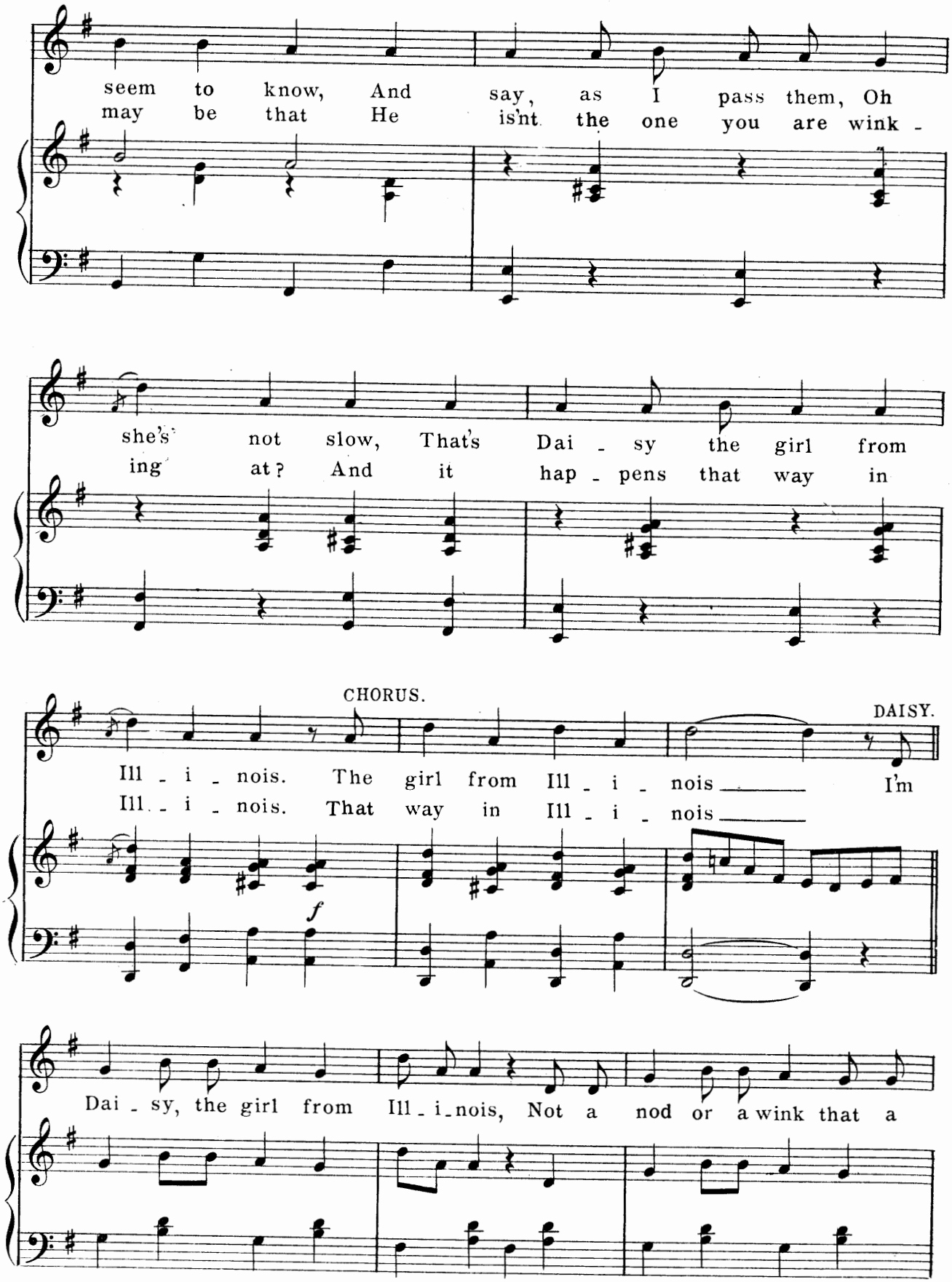
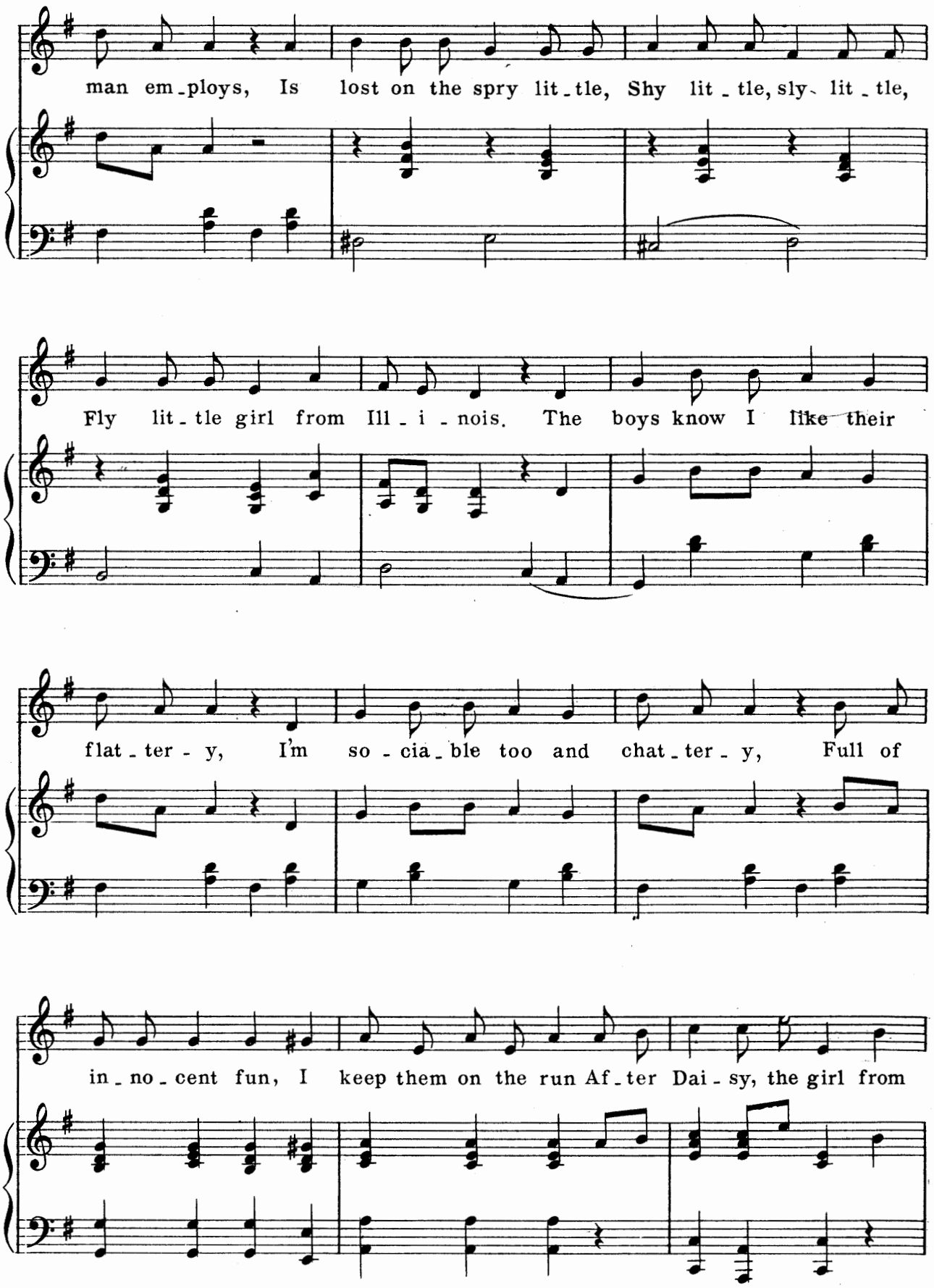
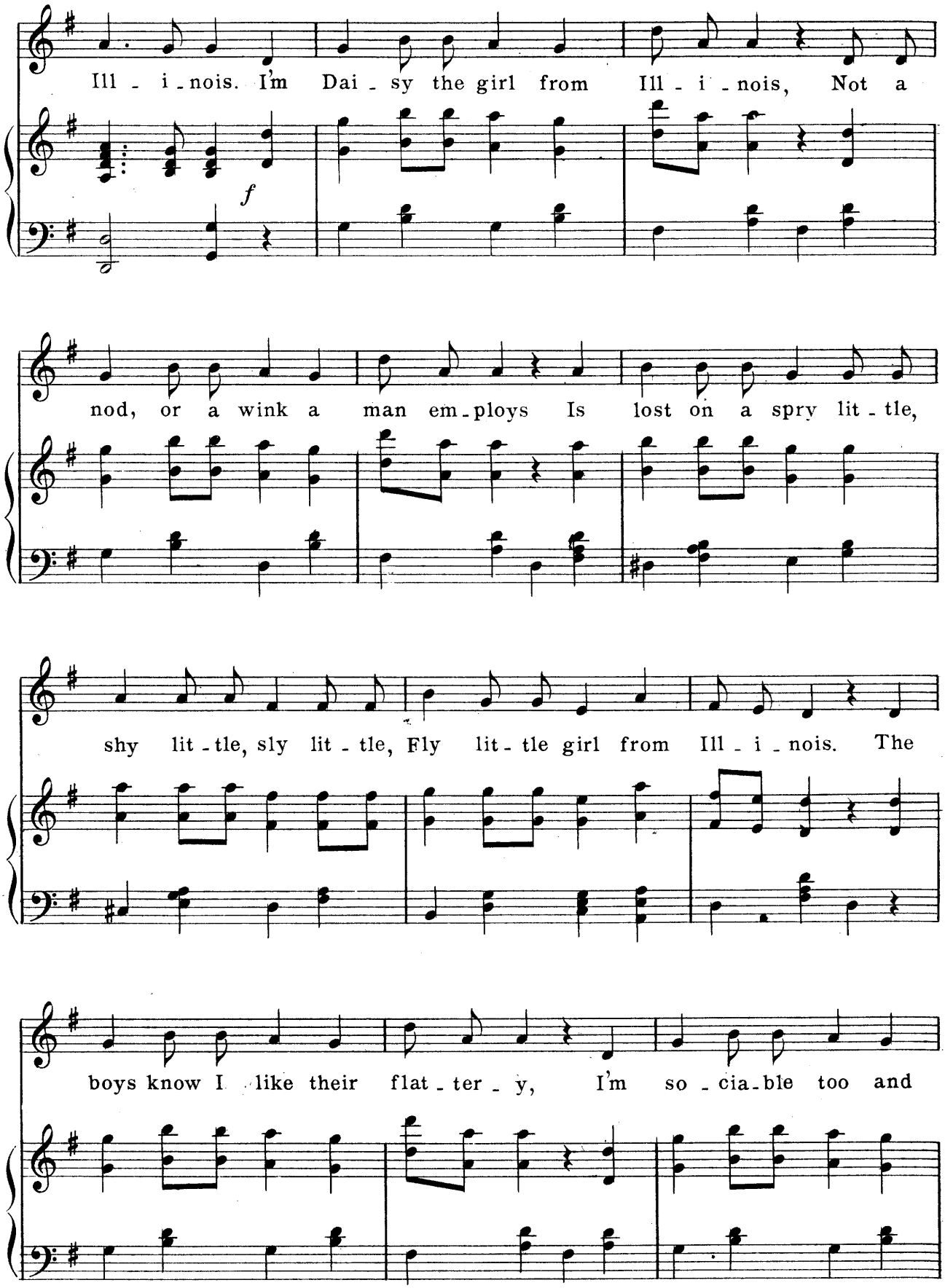
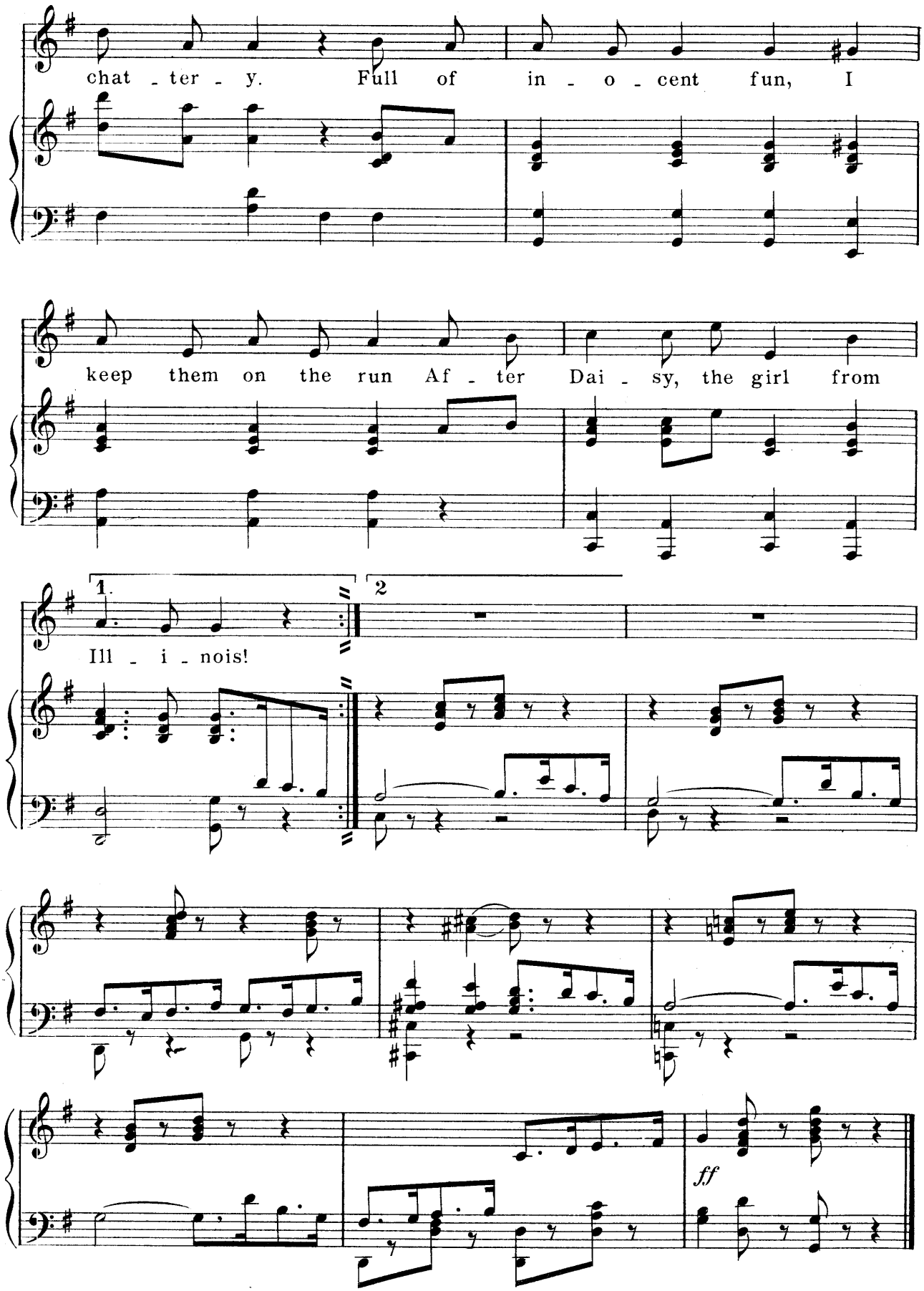

CHORUS.
I pass by Say, Ah, lit - tle girl from Ill - i - nois! Lit - tle
man to flirt, They nev - er do that in Ill - i - nois! Lit - tle
f
girl from Ill - i - nois. Tho' I cast down my eyes and
girl from Ill - i - nois. If dust blows in your eyes and
look de - mure, And dress in the plain - est
makes you wink, Is that an ex - cuse for a
way I'm sure, Yet some - how or oth - er they
man to think You are wink - ing at him, when it


seem to know, And say, as I pass them, Oh
may be that He is'nt the one you are wink -
she's not slow, That's Dai - sy the girl from
ing at? And it hap - pens that way in
CHORUS.
DAISY.
Ill - i - nois. The girl from Ill - i - nois I'm
Ill - i - nois. That way in Ill - i - nois
f
Dai - sy, the girl from Ill - i - nois, Not a nod or a wink that a


man em_ploys, Is lost on the spry lit_tle, Shy lit_tle, sly lit_tle,
Fly lit_tle girl from Ill_i_nois. The boys know I like their
flat_ter_y, I'm so_cia_ble too and chat_ter_y, Full of
in_no_cent fun, I keep them on the run Af_ter Dai_sy, the girl from


Ill - i - nois. I'm Dai - sy the girl from Ill - i - nois, Not a
f
nod, or a wink a man em - ploys Is lost on a spry lit - tle,
shy lit - tle, sly lit - tle, Fly lit - tle girl from Ill - i - nois. The
boys know I like their flat - ter - y, I'm so - cia - ble too and

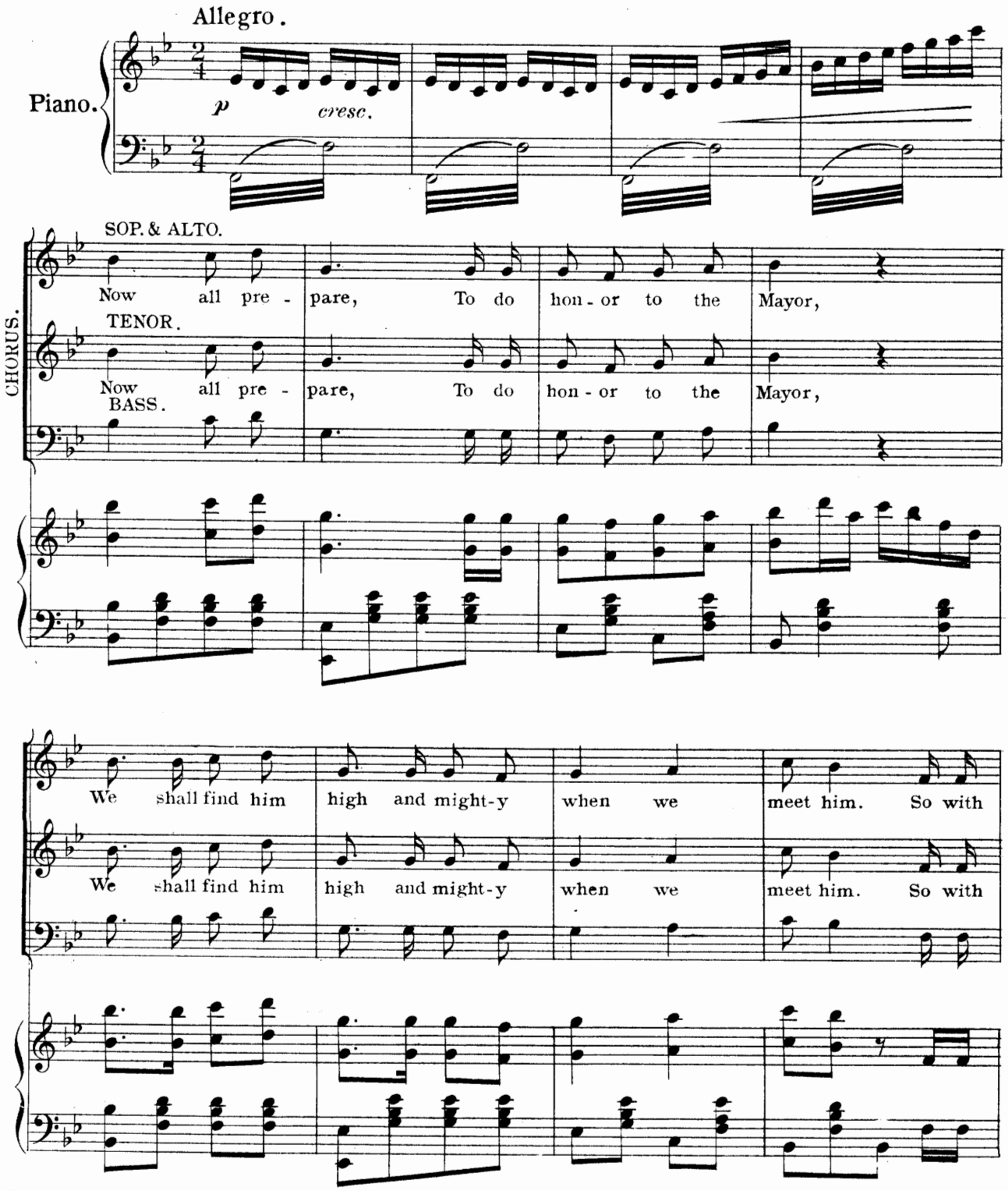

chat - ter - y. Full of in - o - cent fun, I
keep them on the run Af - ter Dai - sy, the girl from
1.
Ill - i - nois!
2
ff

No. 4. Entrance of Todd.

Chorus.

Lyric by
CHAS. J. CAMPBELL & RALPH M. SKINNER.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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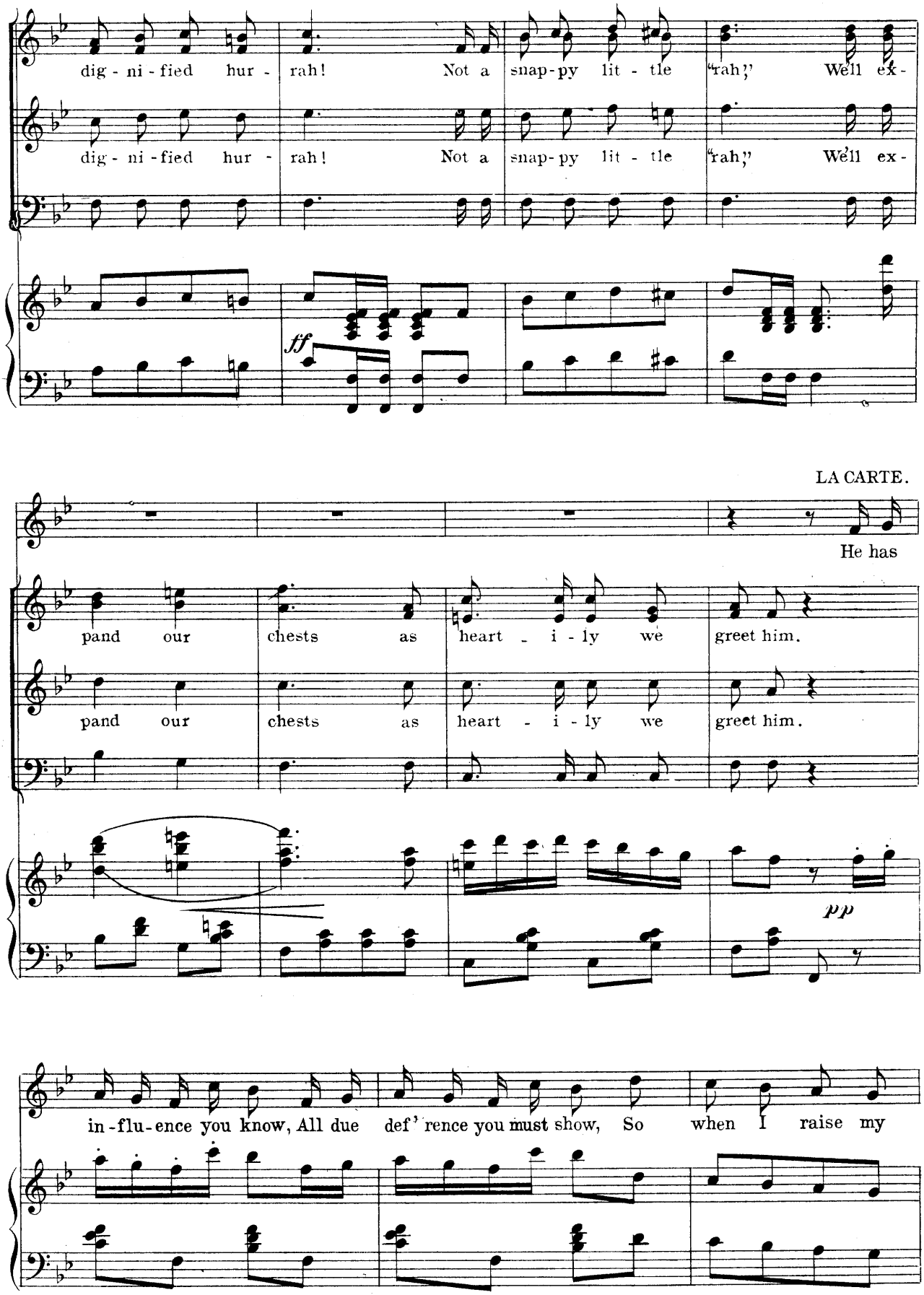
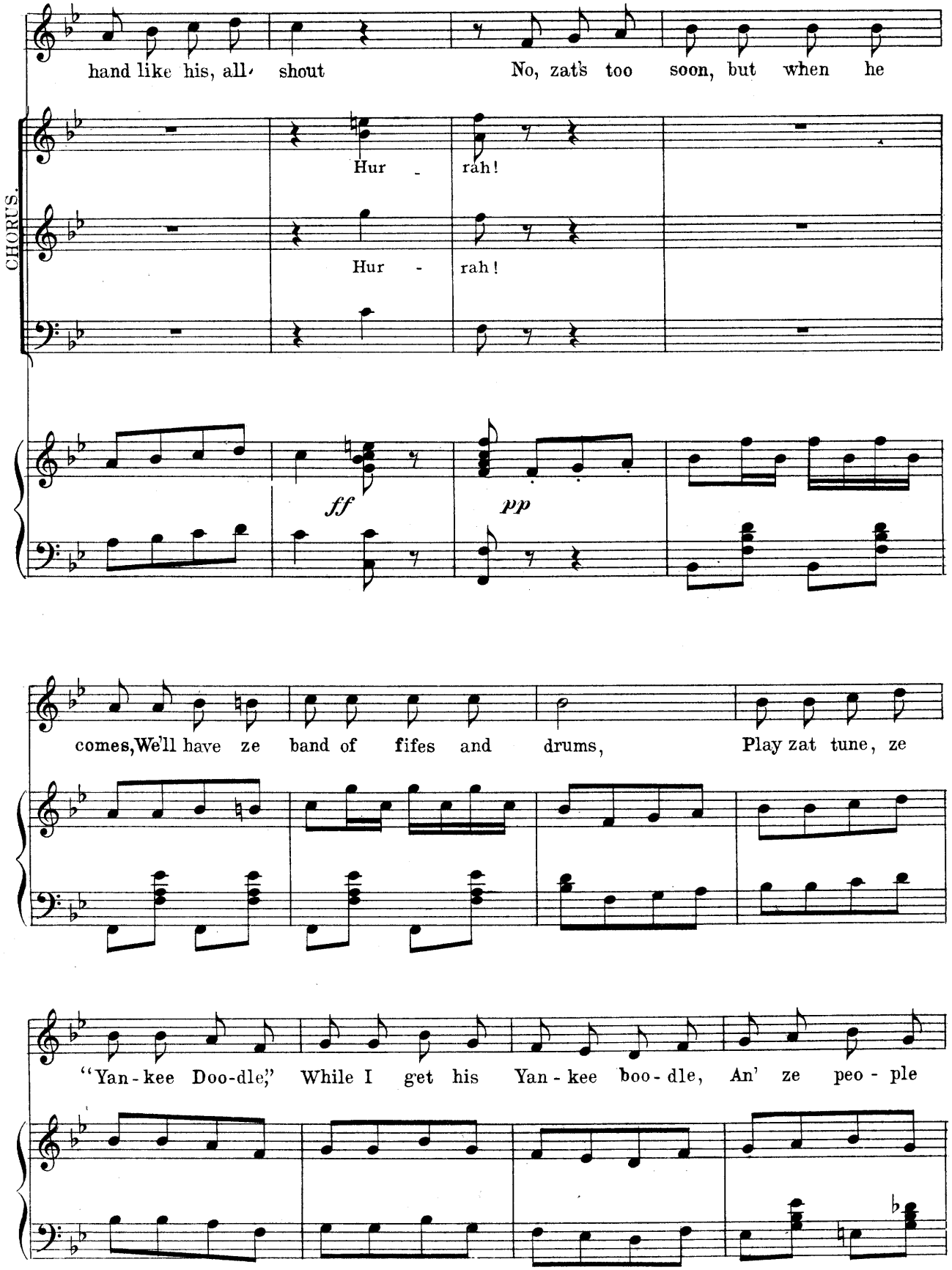
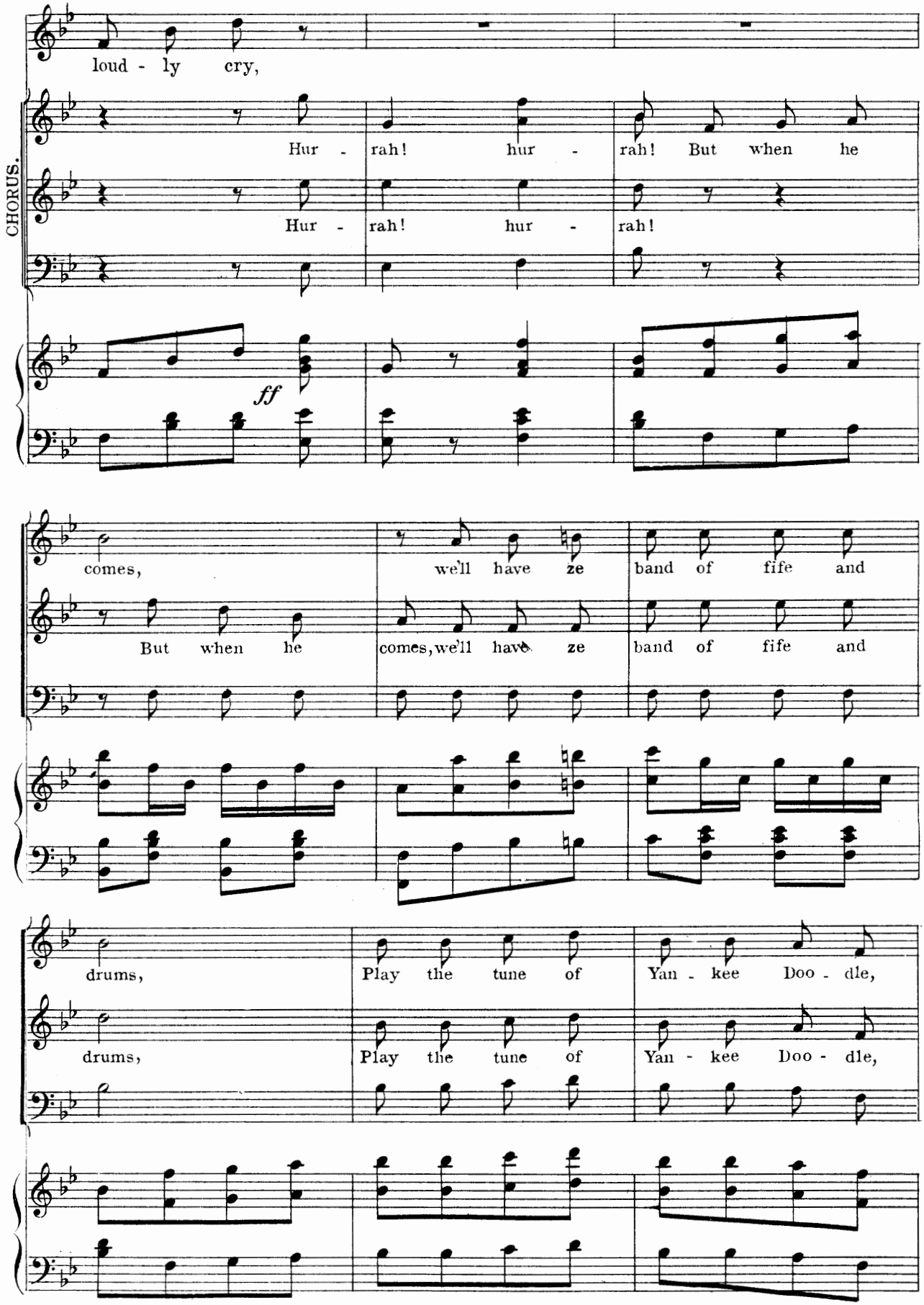
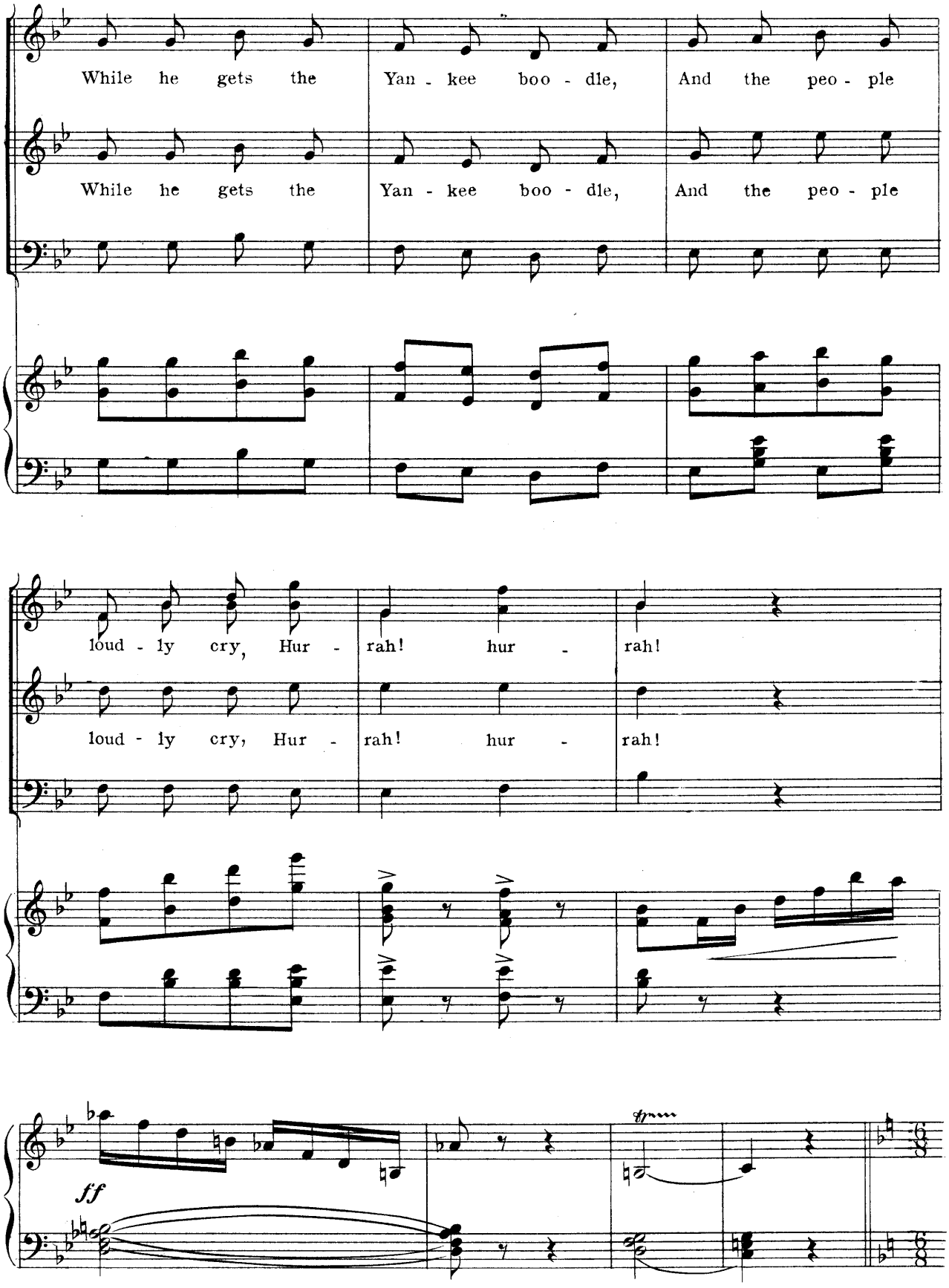
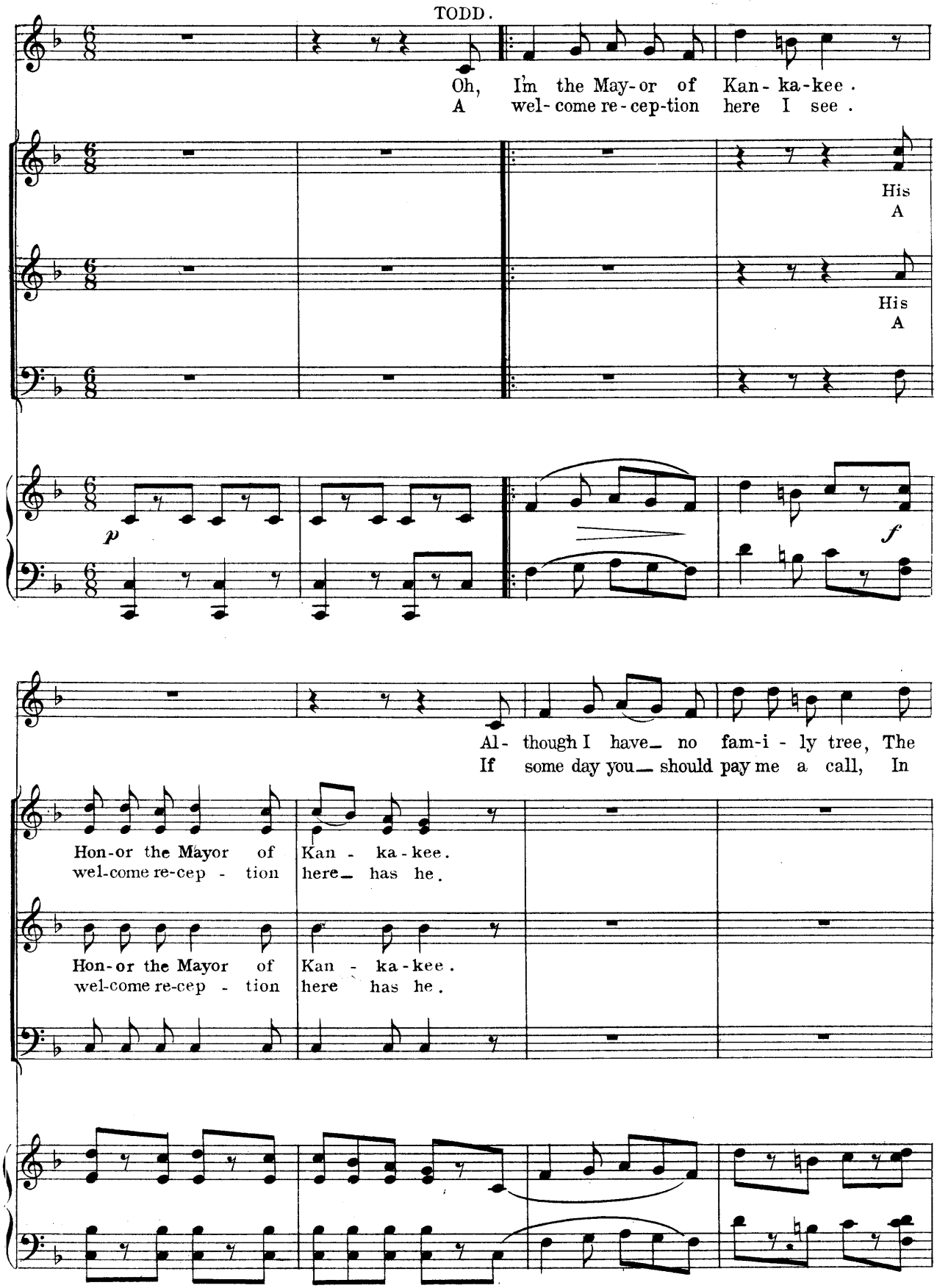
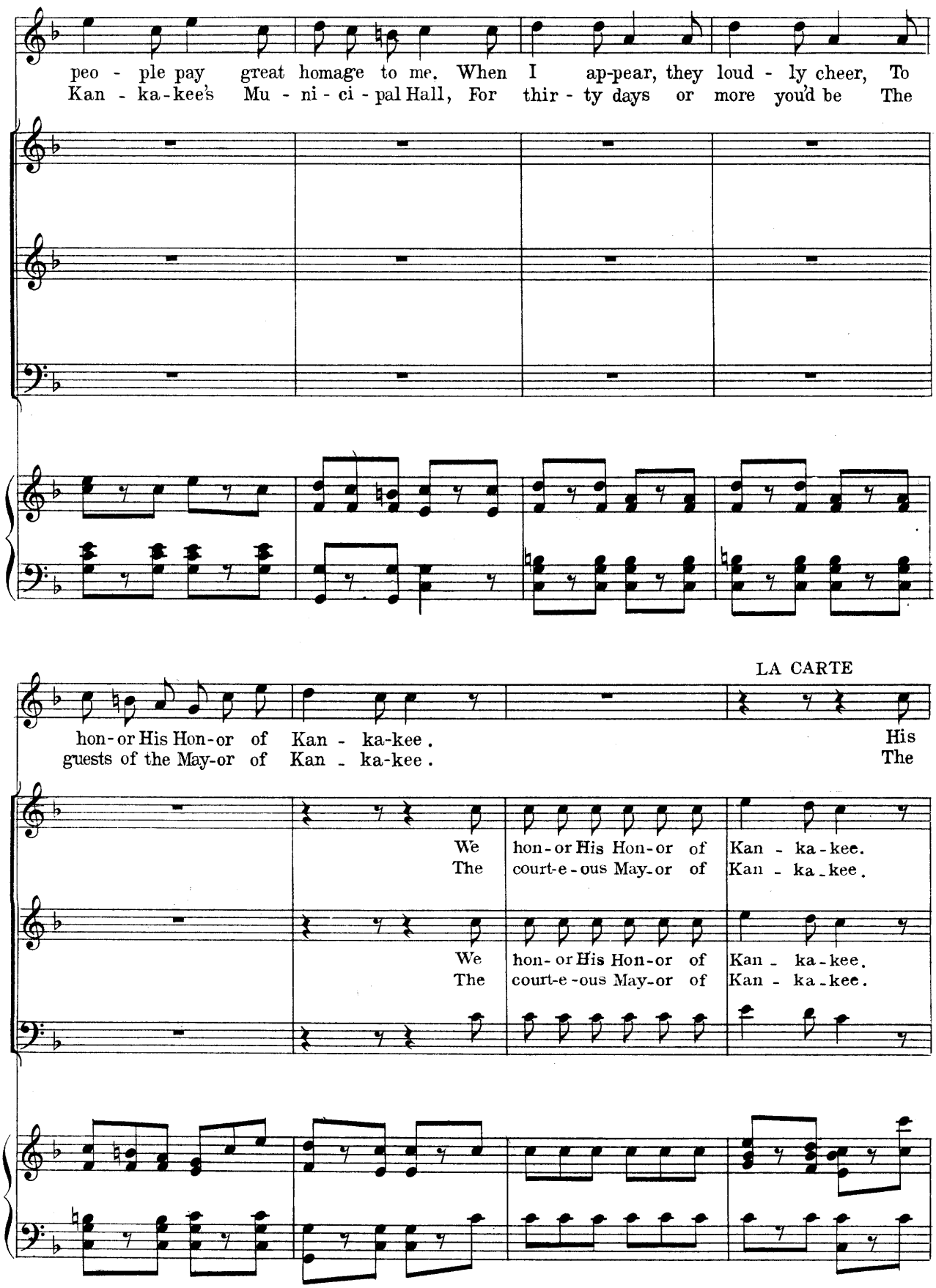

dig - ni - fied hur - rah! Not a snap - py lit - tle "rah," Well ex -
dig - ni - fied hur - rah! Not a snap - py lit - tle "rah," Well ex -
ff
LA CARTE.
He has
pand our chests as heart - i - ly we greet him.
pand our chests as heart - i - ly we greet him.
pp
in - flu - ence you know, All due def' rence you must show, So when I raise my

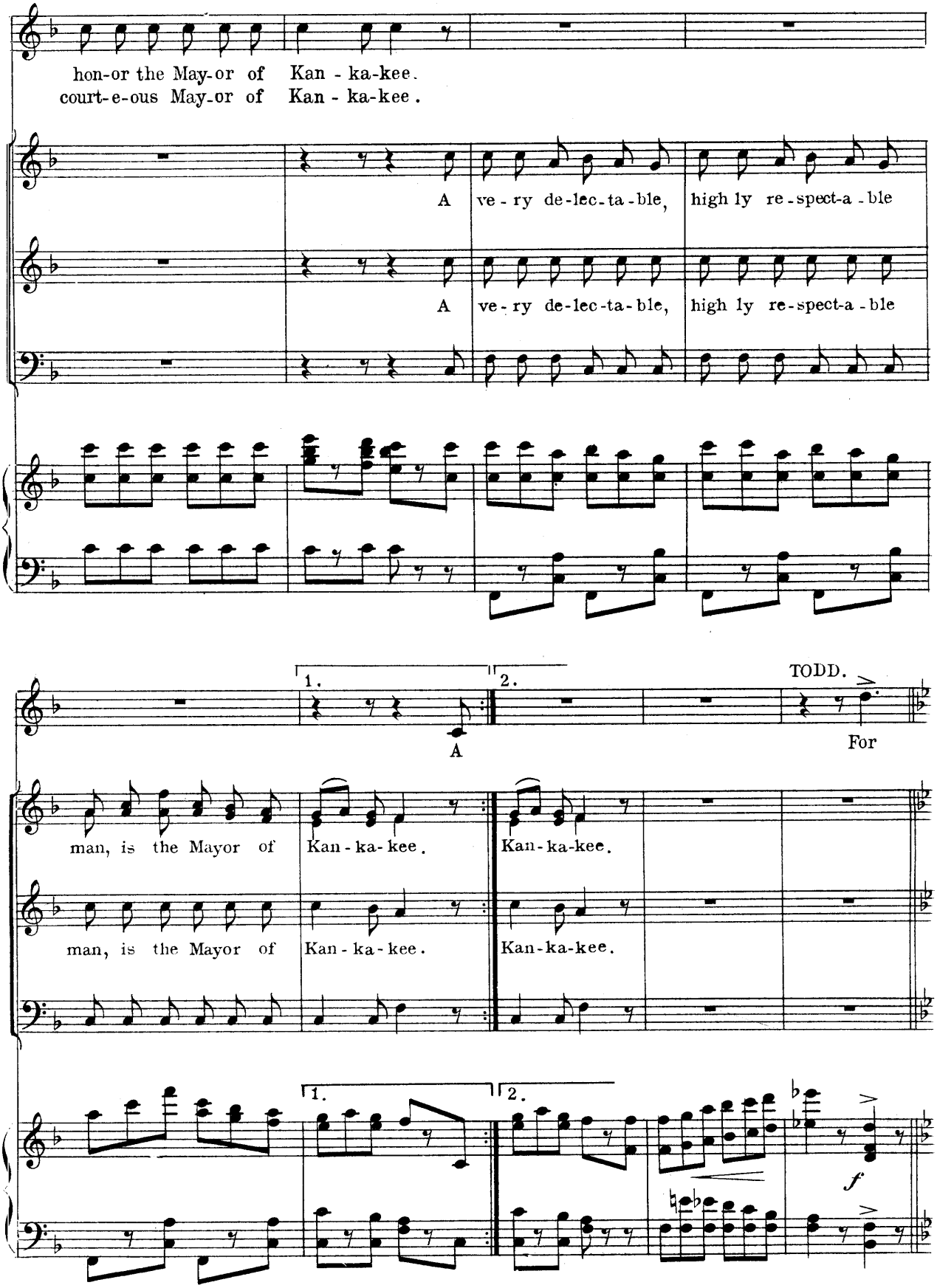

hand like his, all shout
No, zat's too soon, but when he
CHORUS.
Hur - rah!
Hur - rah!
ff
pp
comes, We'll have ze band of fifes and drums,
Play zat tune, ze
"Yan-kee Doo-dle," While I get his Yan-kee boo-dle, An' ze peo-ple

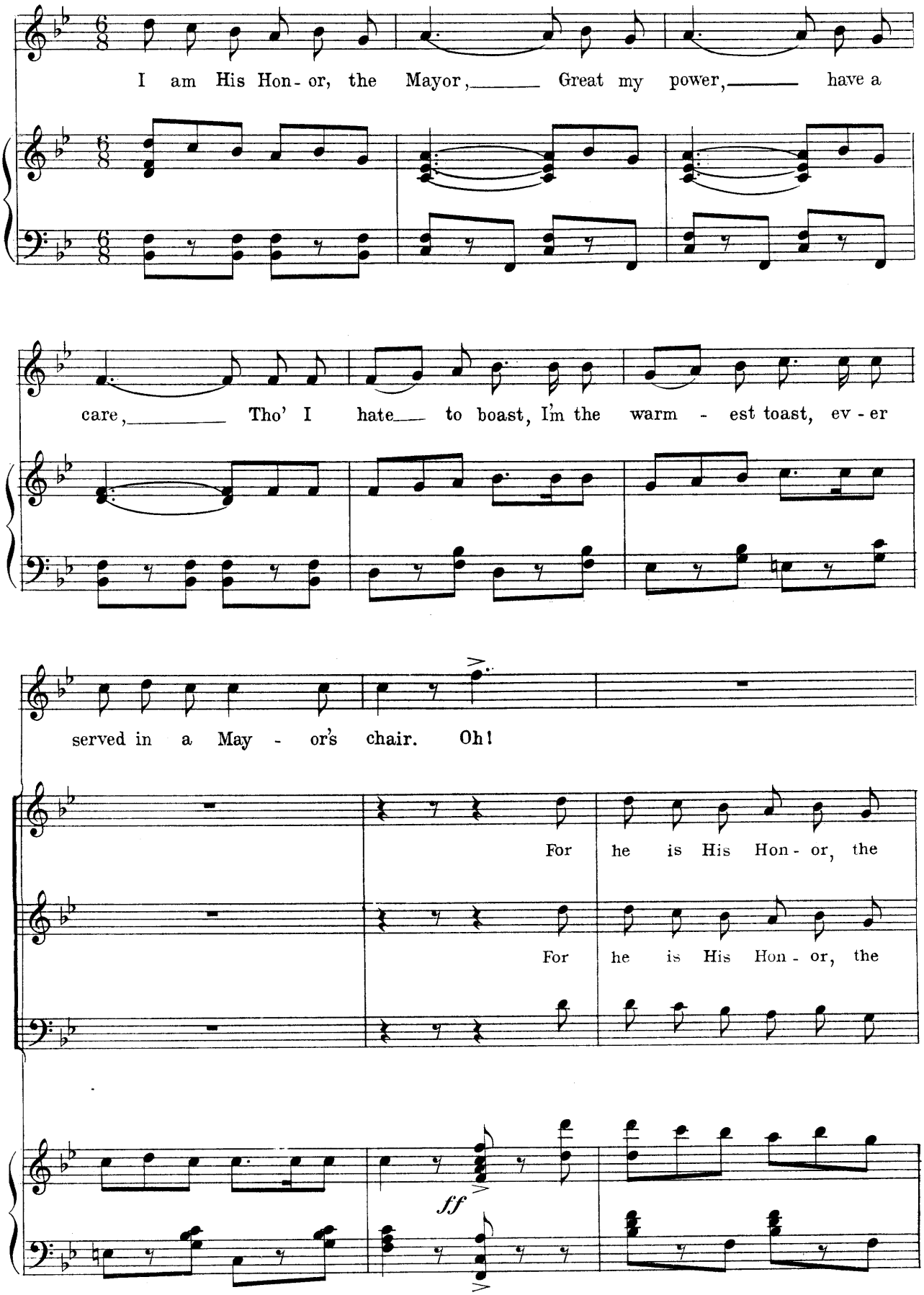

loud - ly cry,
CHORUS.
Hur - rah! hur - rah! But when he
Hur - rah! hur - rah!
ff
comes, we'll have ze band of fife and
But when he comes, we'll have ze band of fife and
drums, Play the tune of Yan - kee Doo - dle,
drums, Play the tune of Yan - kee Doo - dle,

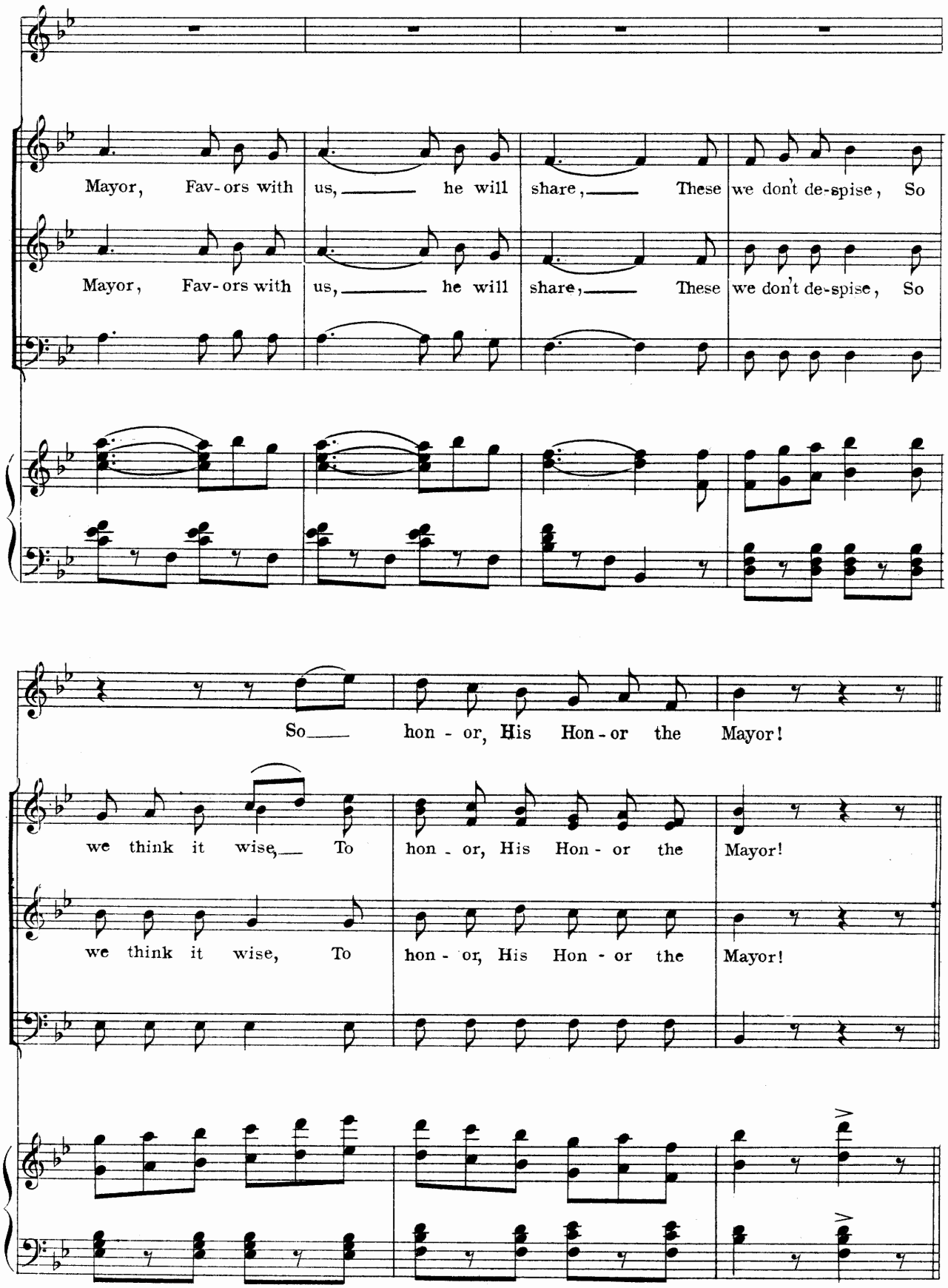

While he gets the Yan - kee boo - dle, And the peo - ple
While he gets the Yan - kee boo - dle, And the peo - ple
loud - ly cry, Hur - rah! hur - rah!
loud - ly cry, Hur - rah! hur - rah!
ff


TODD.
Oh, I'm the May-or of Kan-ka-kee.
A wel-come re-cep-tion here I see.
His
A
His
A
p
f
Al- though I have no fam-i-ly tree, The
If some day you should pay me a call, In
Hon-or the Mayor of Kan-ka-kee.
wel-come re-cep-tion here has he.
Hon-or the Mayor of Kan-ka-kee.
wel-come re-cep-tion here has he.

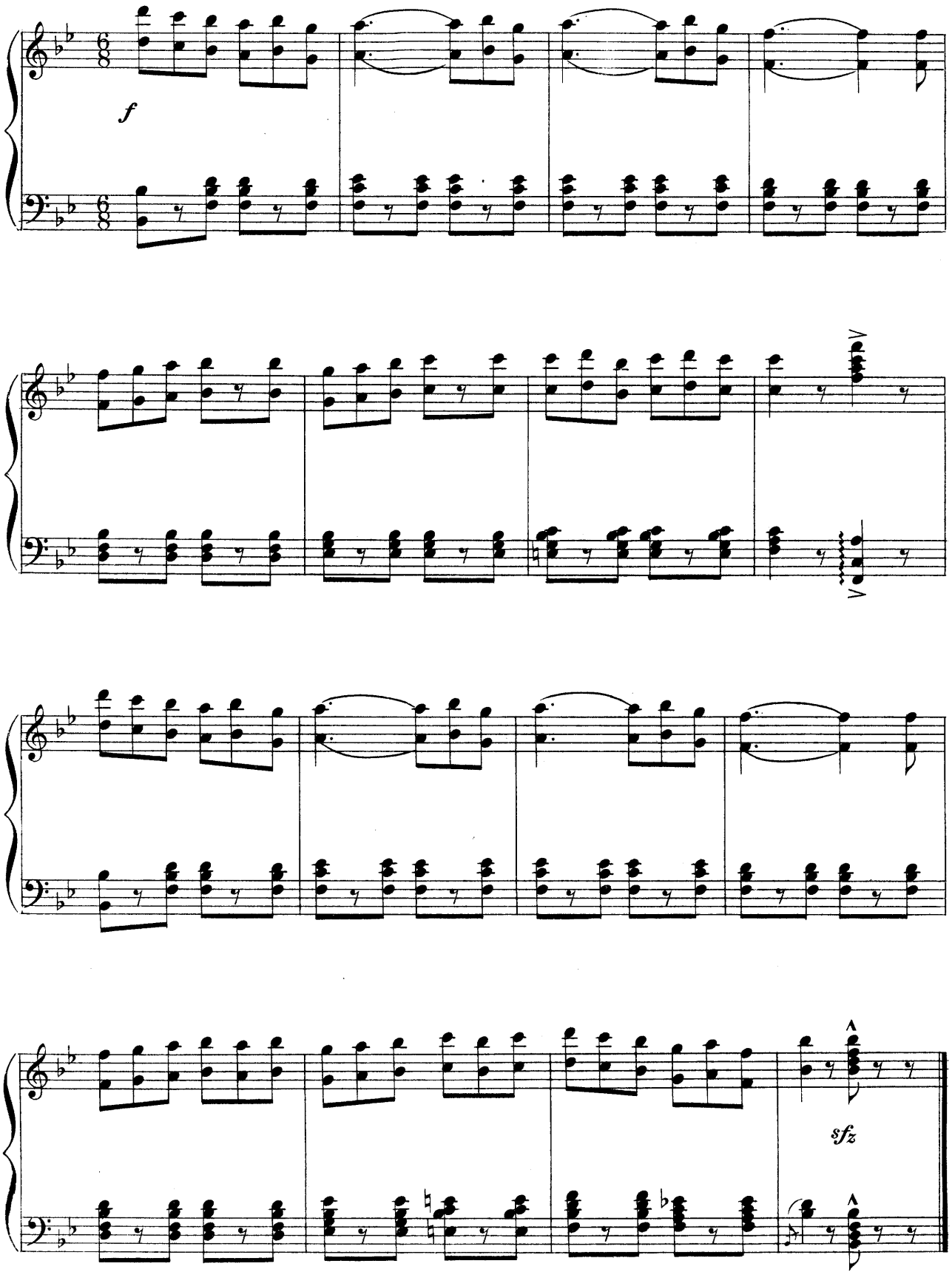

peo - ple pay great homage to me. When I ap-pear, they loud - ly cheer, To
Kan - ka-kee's Mu - ni - ci - pal Hall, For thir - ty days or more you'd be The
LA CARTE
hon-or His Hon-or of Kan - ka-kee.
guests of the May-or of Kan - ka-kee.
His
The
We hon-or His Hon-or of Kan - ka-kee.
The court-e-ous May-or of Kan - ka-kee.
We hon-or His Hon-or of Kan - ka-kee.
The court-e-ous May-or of Kan - ka-kee.


hon-or the May-or of Kan - ka-kee.
court-e-ous May-or of Kan - ka-kee.
A ve - ry de-lec-ta-ble, high ly re-spect-a - ble
A ve - ry de-lec-ta-ble, high ly re-spect-a - ble
1.
2.
A
TODD.
For
man, is the Mayor of Kan - ka-kee. Kan-ka-kee.
man, is the Mayor of Kan - ka-kee. Kan-ka-kee.
1.
2.
f


I am His Hon - or, the Mayor, Great my power, have a
care, Tho' I hate to boast, I'm the warm - est toast, ev - er
served in a May - or's chair. Oh!
For he is His Hon - or, the
For he is His Hon - or, the
ff


Mayor, Fav-ors with us, he will share, These we don't de-spise, So
Mayor, Fav-ors with us, he will share, These we don't de-spise, So
So hon - or, His Hon-or the Mayor!
we think it wise, To hon - or, His Hon - or the Mayor!
we think it wise, To hon - or, His Hon - or the Mayor!

DANCE.



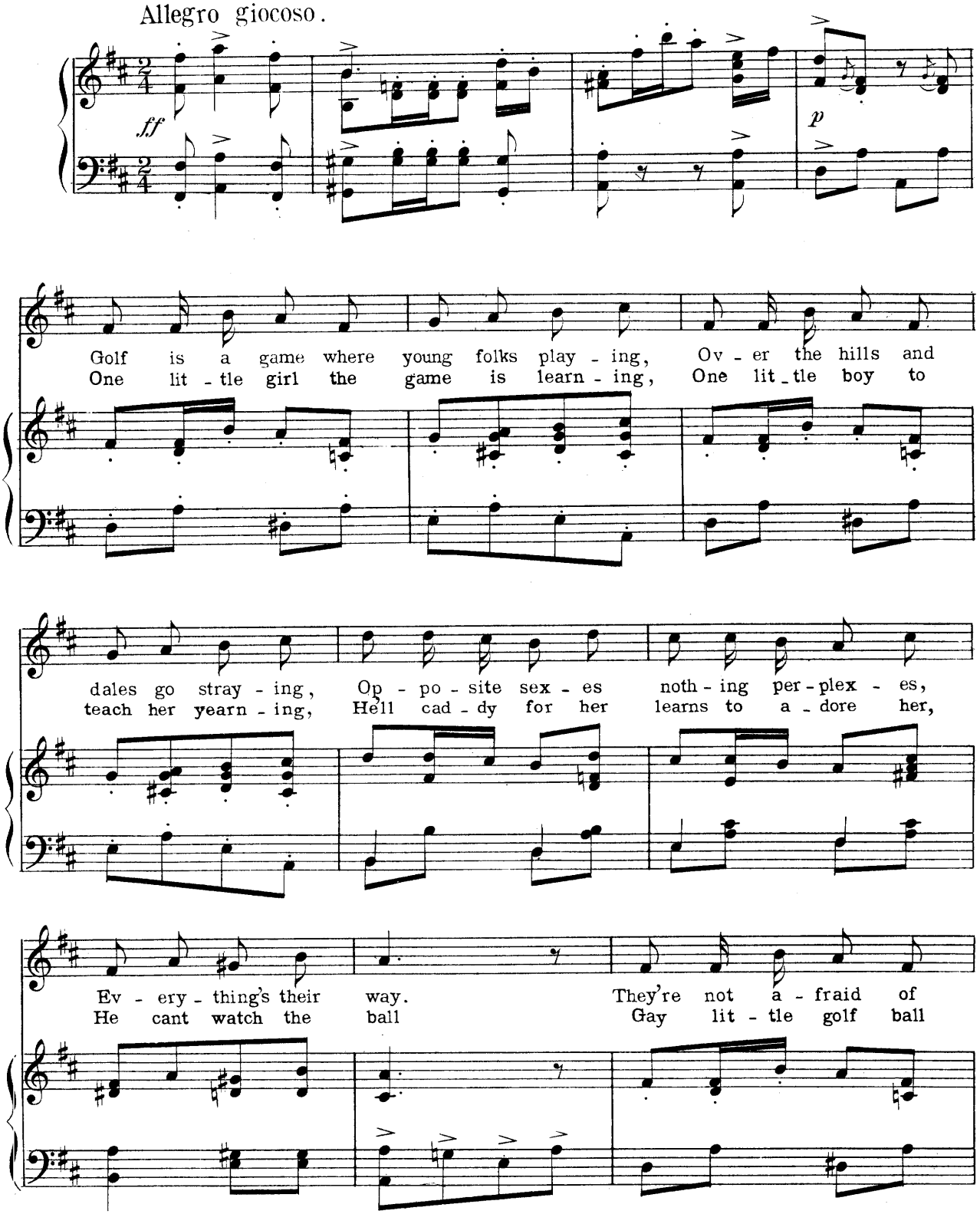
No. 5.
3209

I'll Travel The Links With You.

Lyric by
CAMPBELL and SKINNER.

Music by
ALFRED E. AARONS.

Allegro giocoso.



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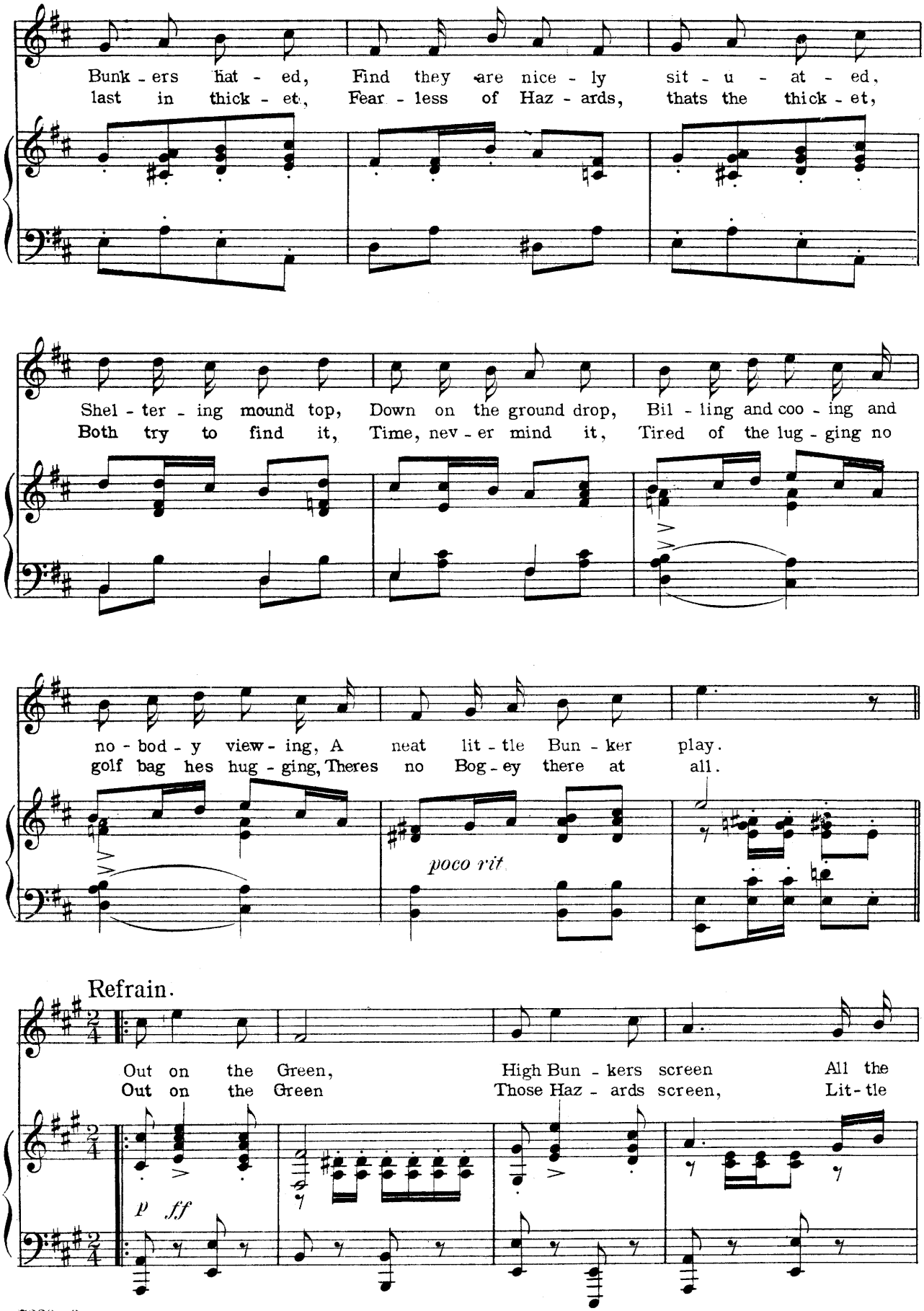
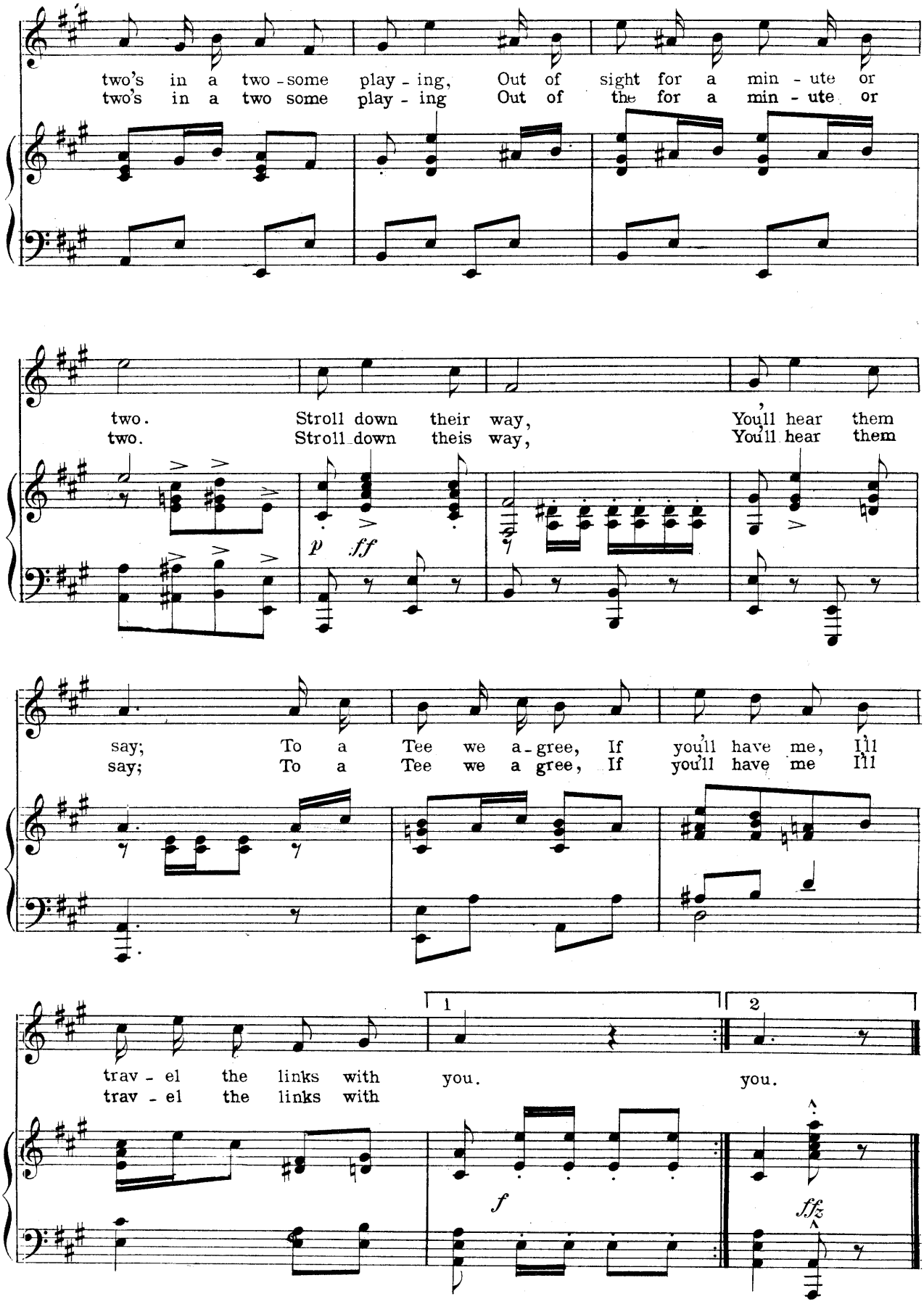

Bunk - ers hat - ed, Find they are nice - ly sit - u - at - ed,
last in thick - et, Fear - less of Haz - ards, thats the thick - et,
Shel - ter - ing mound top, Down on the ground drop, Bil - ling and coo - ing and
Both try to find it, Time, nev - er mind it, Tired of the lug - ging no
no - bod - y view - ing, A neat lit - tle Bun - ker play.
golf bag hes hug - ging, Theres no Bog - ey there at all.
poco rit
Refrain.
Out on the Green, High Bun - kers screen All the
Out on the Green Those Haz - ards screen, Lit - tle
p ff

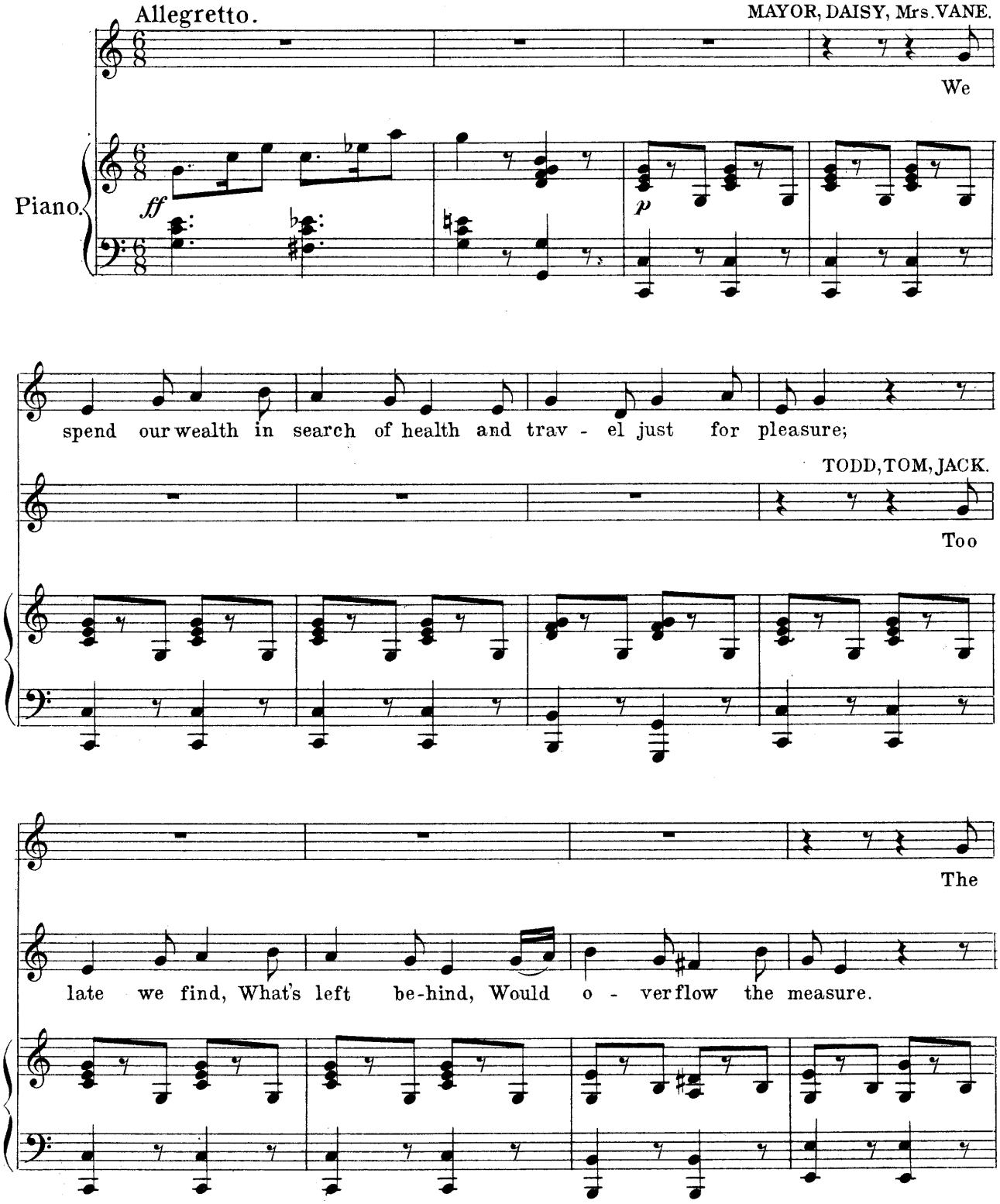

two's in a two-some play-ing, Out of sight for a min-ute or
two's in a two some play-ing Out of the for a min-ute or
two. Stroll down their way, You'll hear them
two. Stroll down theis way, You'll hear them
p ff
say; To a Tee we a-gree, If you'll have me, I'll
say; To a Tee we a gree, If you'll have me I'll
1
2
trav-el the links with you. you.
trav-el the links with
f
ffz

The Land You Left Behind.

No 6.

Lyric by
CHAS. J. CAMPBELL & RALPH M. SKINNER.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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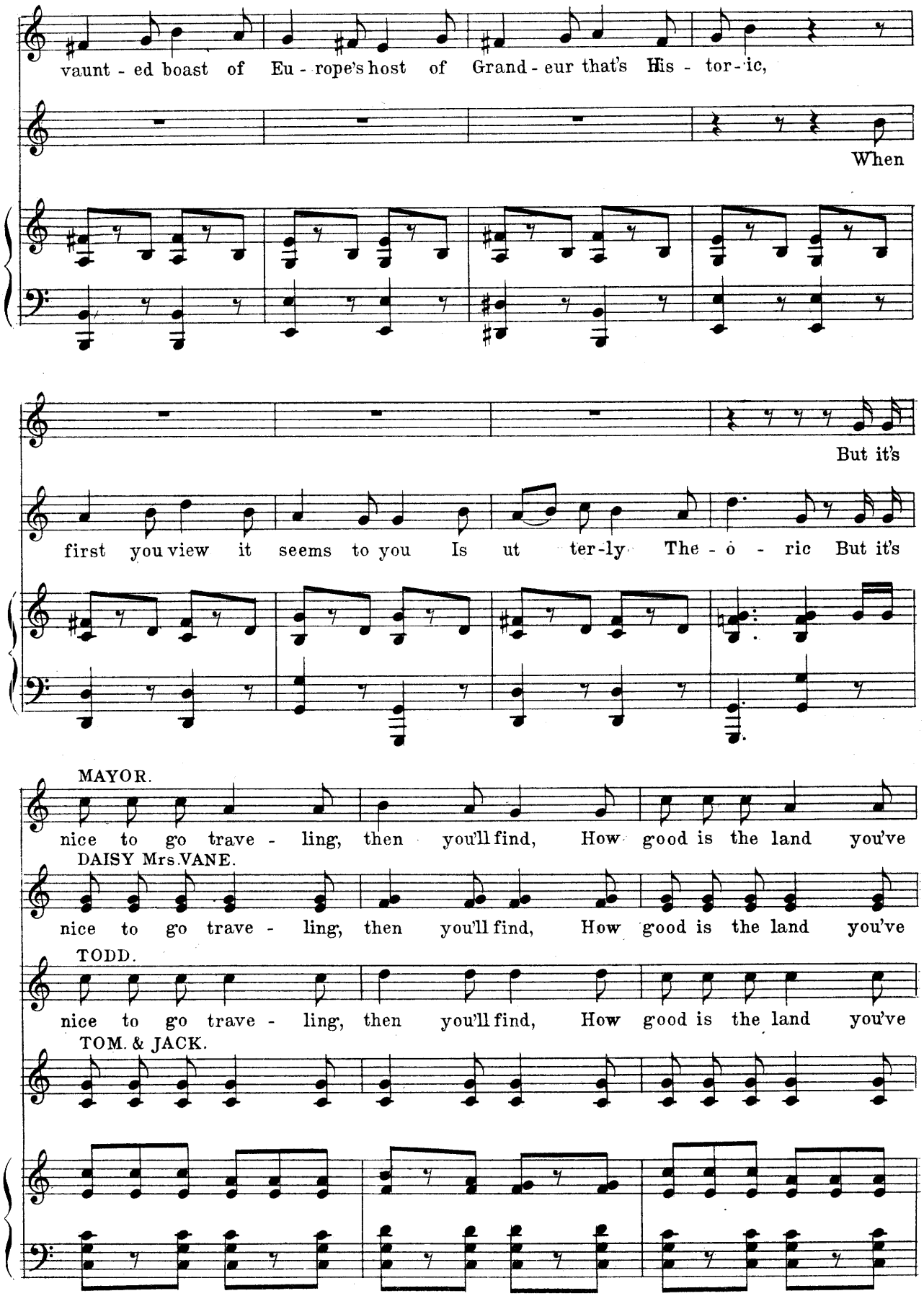
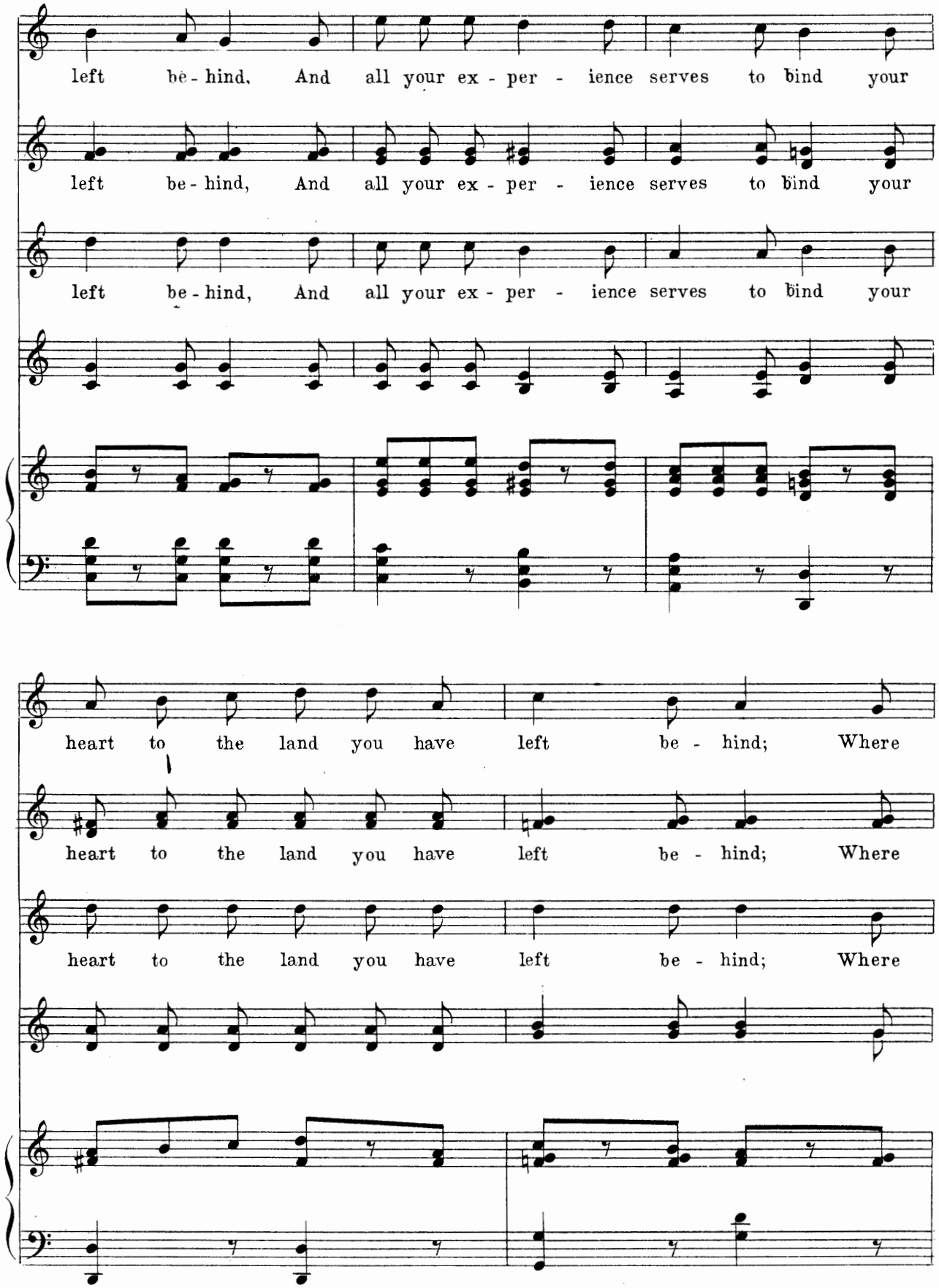
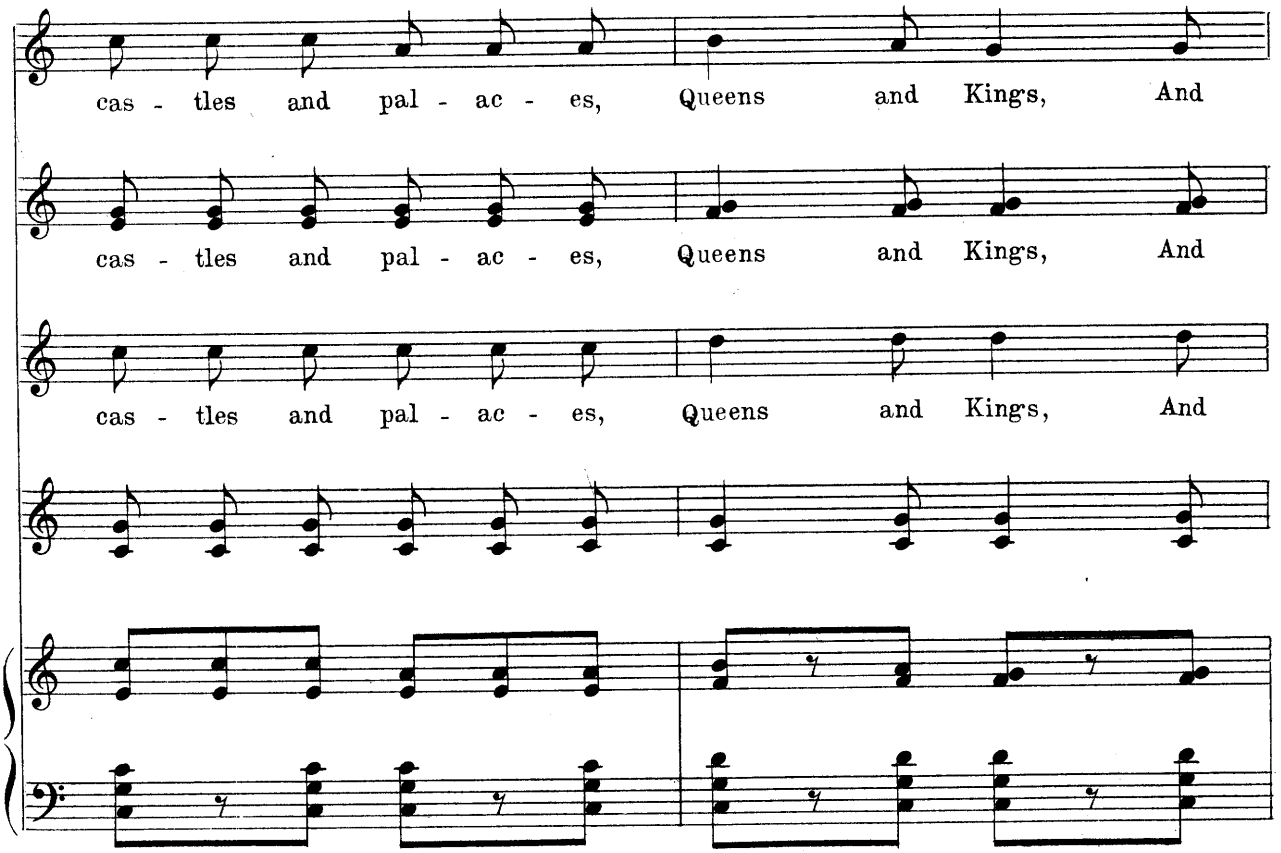
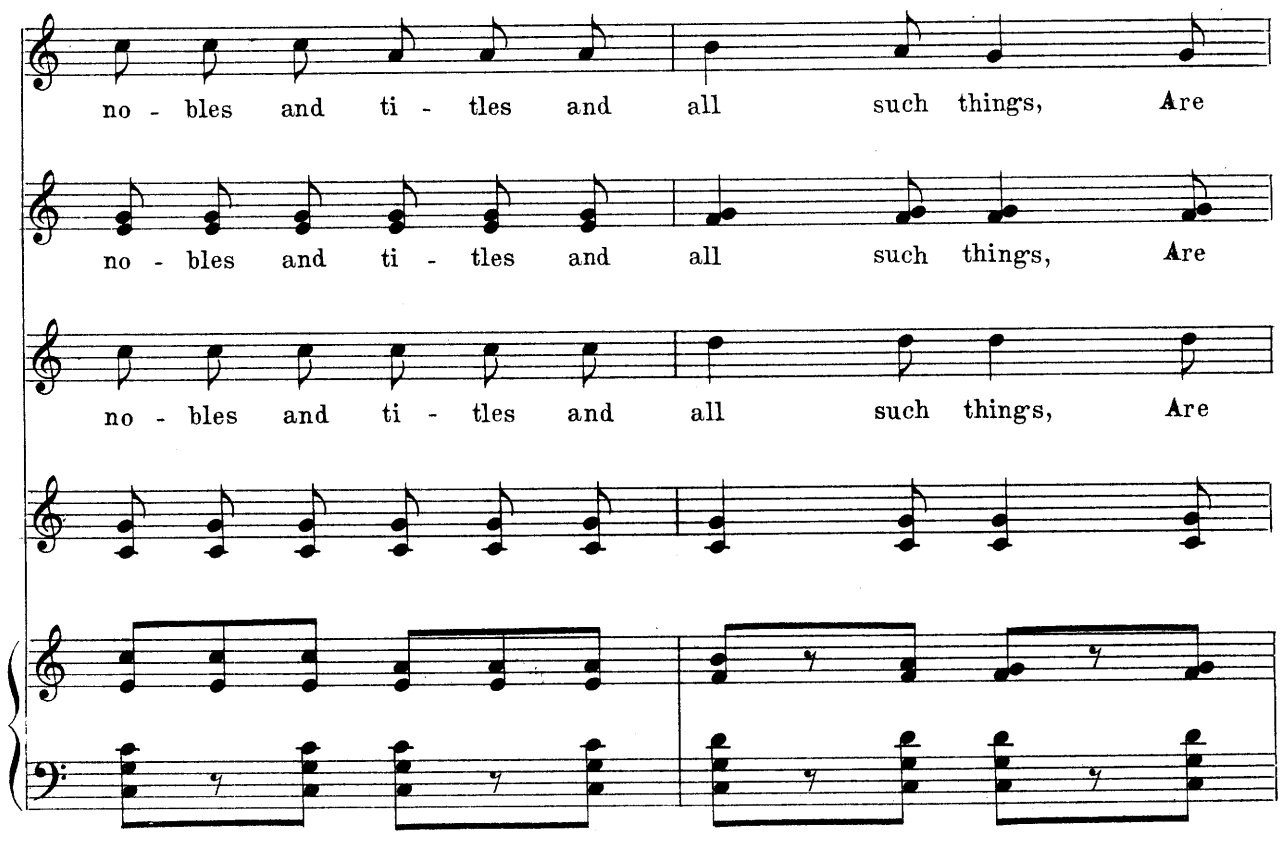
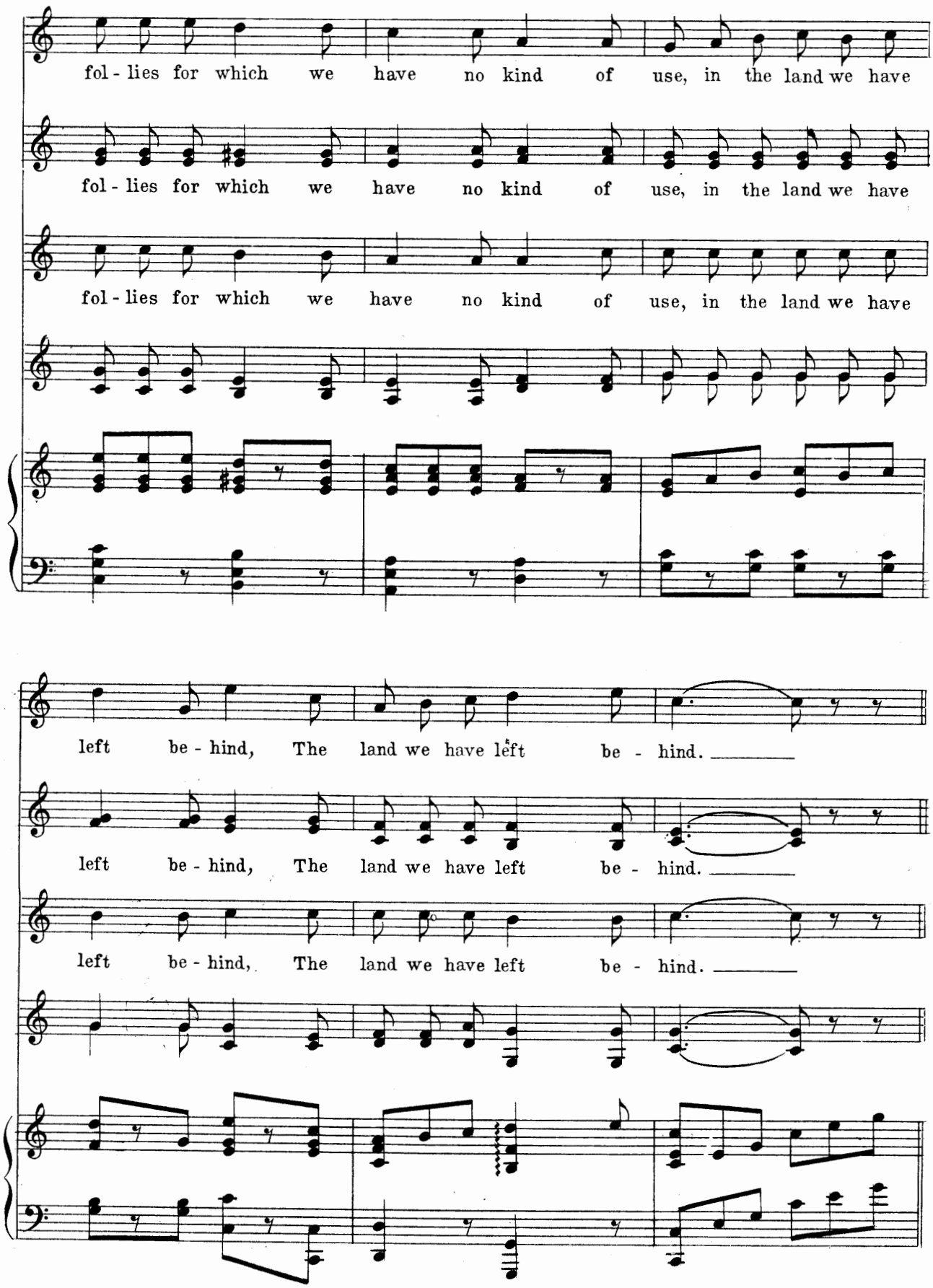
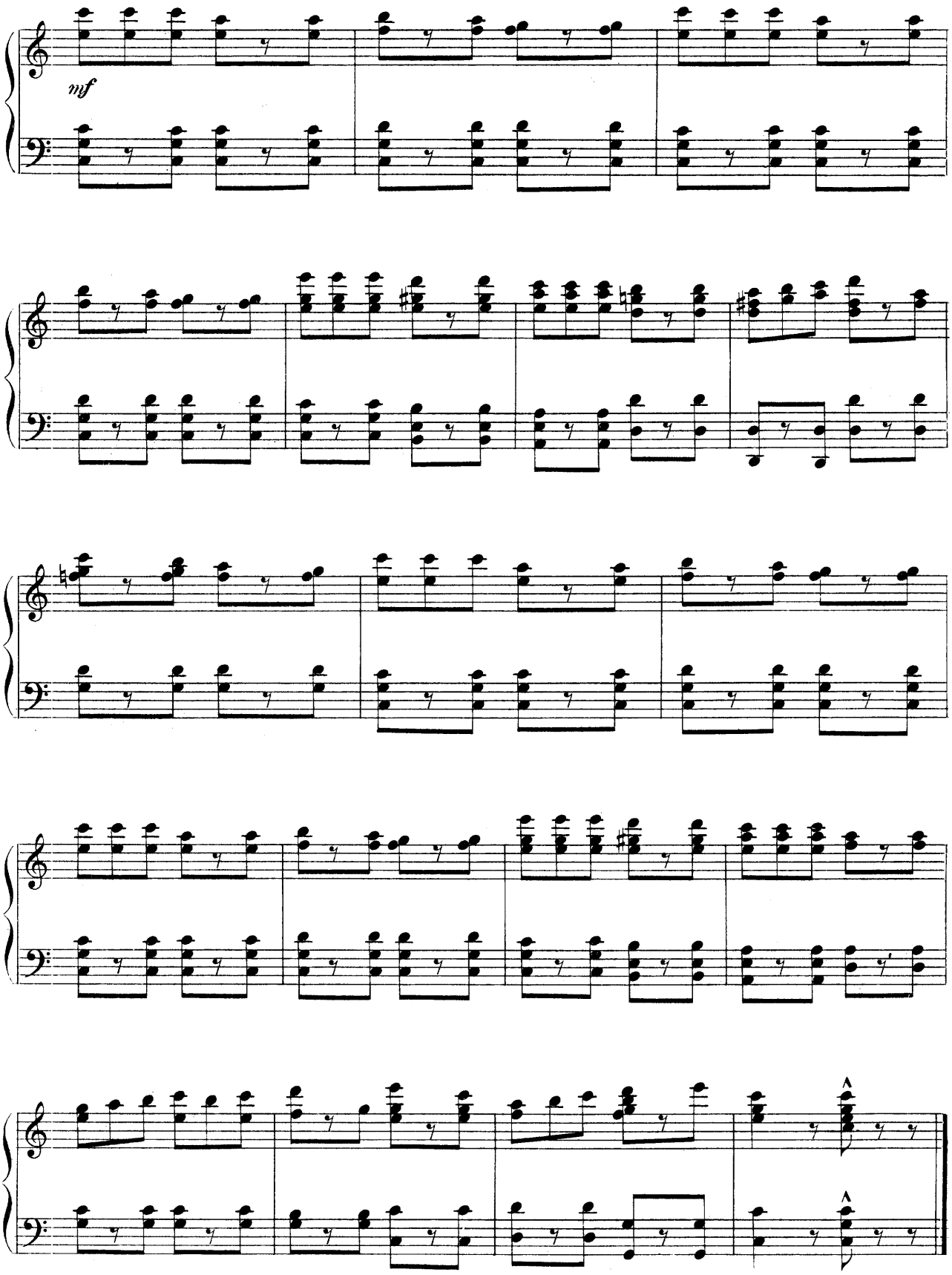

vaunt - ed boast of Eu - rope's host of Grand - eur that's His - tor - ic,
When
But it's
first you view it seems to you Is ut ter-ly The - o - ric But it's
MAYOR.
nice to go trave - ling, then you'll find, How good is the land you've
DAISY Mrs.VANE.
nice to go trave - ling, then you'll find, How good is the land you've
TODD.
nice to go trave - ling, then you'll find, How good is the land you've
TOM. & JACK.


left be - hind, And all your ex - per - ience serves to bind your
left be - hind, And all your ex - per - ience serves to bind your
left be - hind, And all your ex - per - ience serves to bind your
heart to the land you have left be - hind; Where
heart to the land you have left be - hind; Where
heart to the land you have left be - hind; Where


cas - tles and pal - ac - es, Queens and Kings, And
cas - tles and pal - ac - es, Queens and Kings, And
cas - tles and pal - ac - es, Queens and Kings, And


no - bles and ti - tles and all such things, Are
no - bles and ti - tles and all such things, Are
no - bles and ti - tles and all such things, Are


fol - lies for which we have no kind of use, in the land we have
fol - lies for which we have no kind of use, in the land we have
fol - lies for which we have no kind of use, in the land we have
left be - hind, The land we have left be - hind.
left be - hind, The land we have left be - hind.
left be - hind, The land we have left be - hind.


mf

No 7. She's all my own.

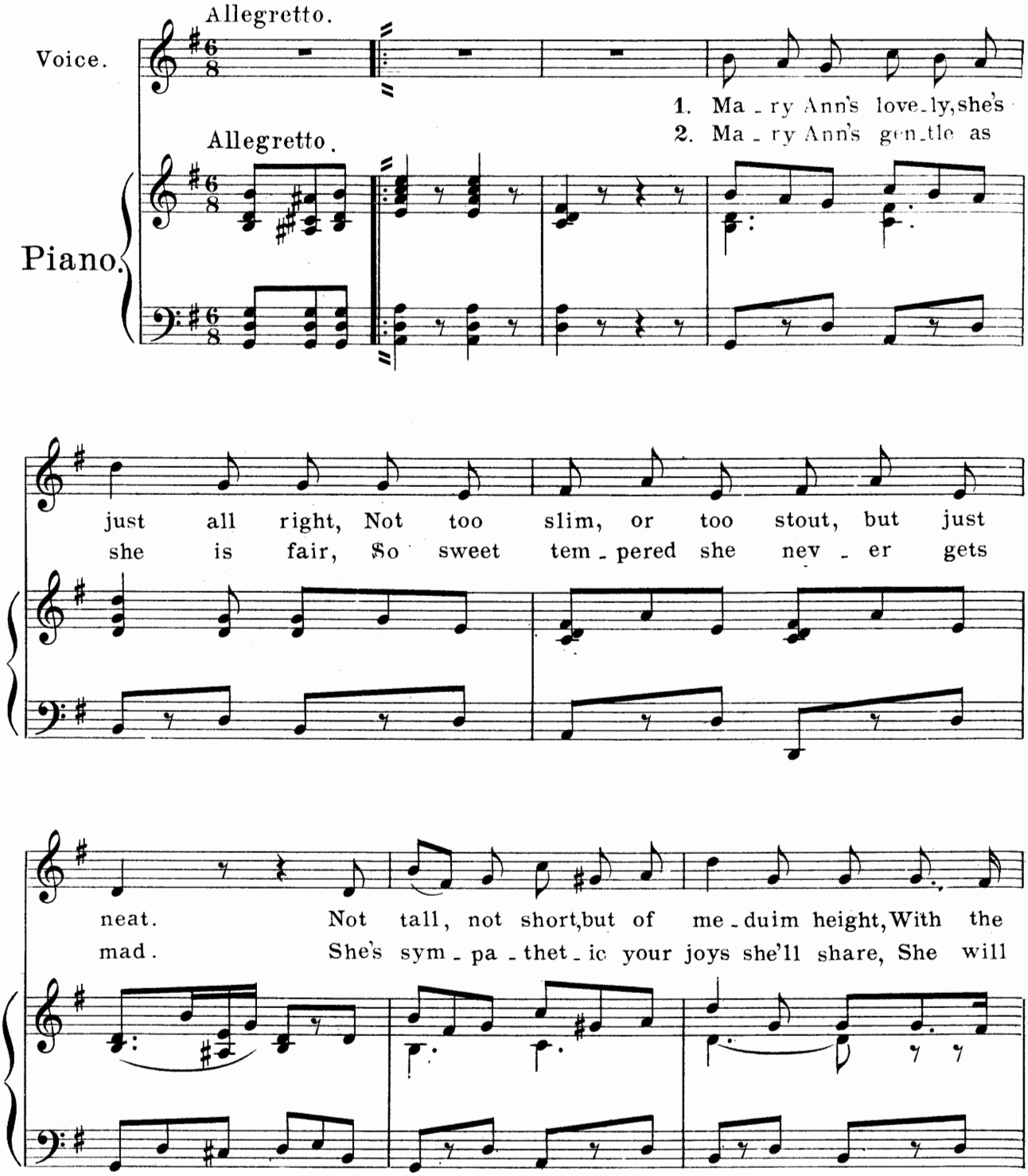
3206

(Mary Ann.)

Song.

Lyric by CHAS. J. CAMPBELL & RALPH M. SKINNER.

Music by JULIAN EDWARDS.



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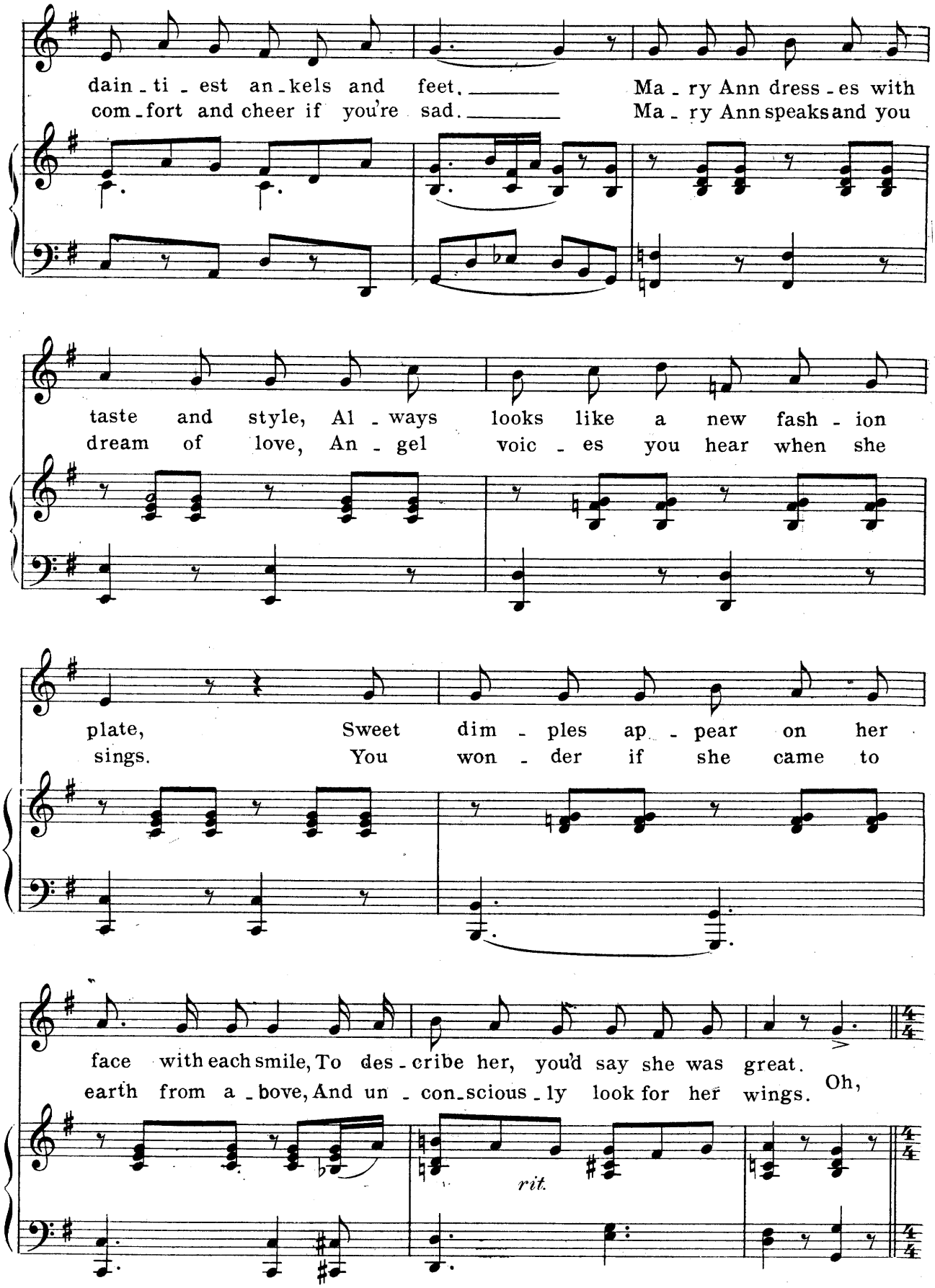
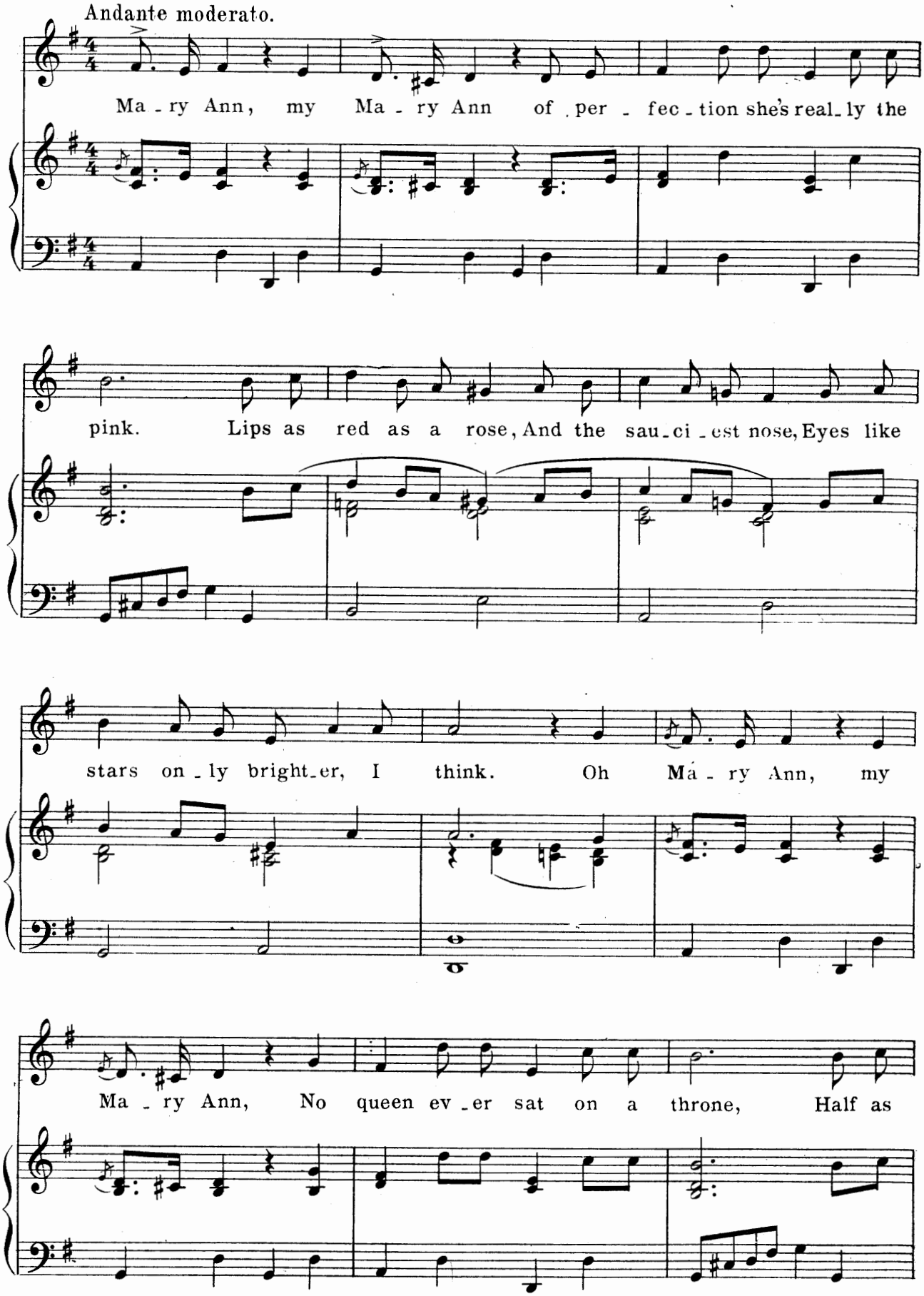
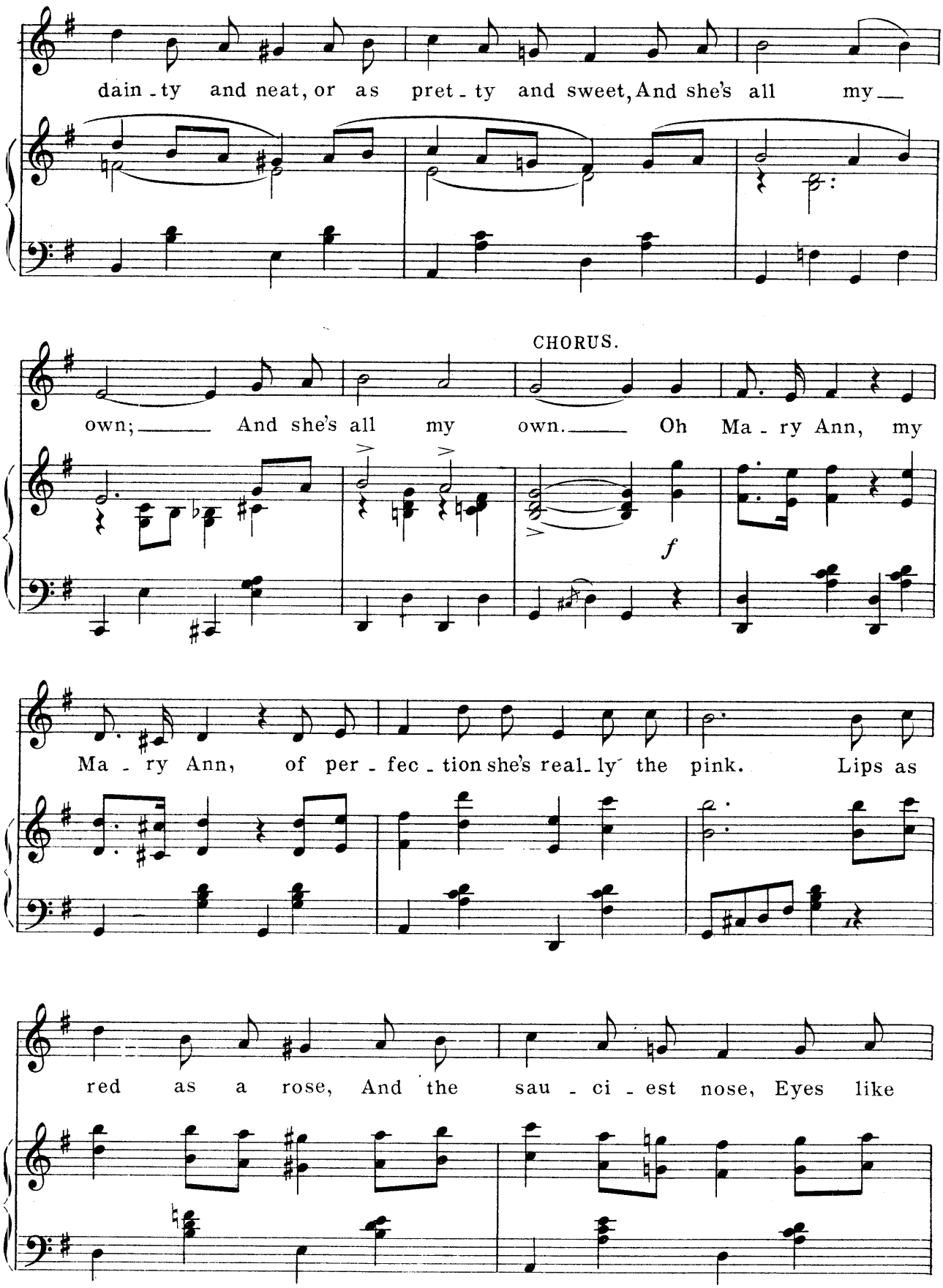
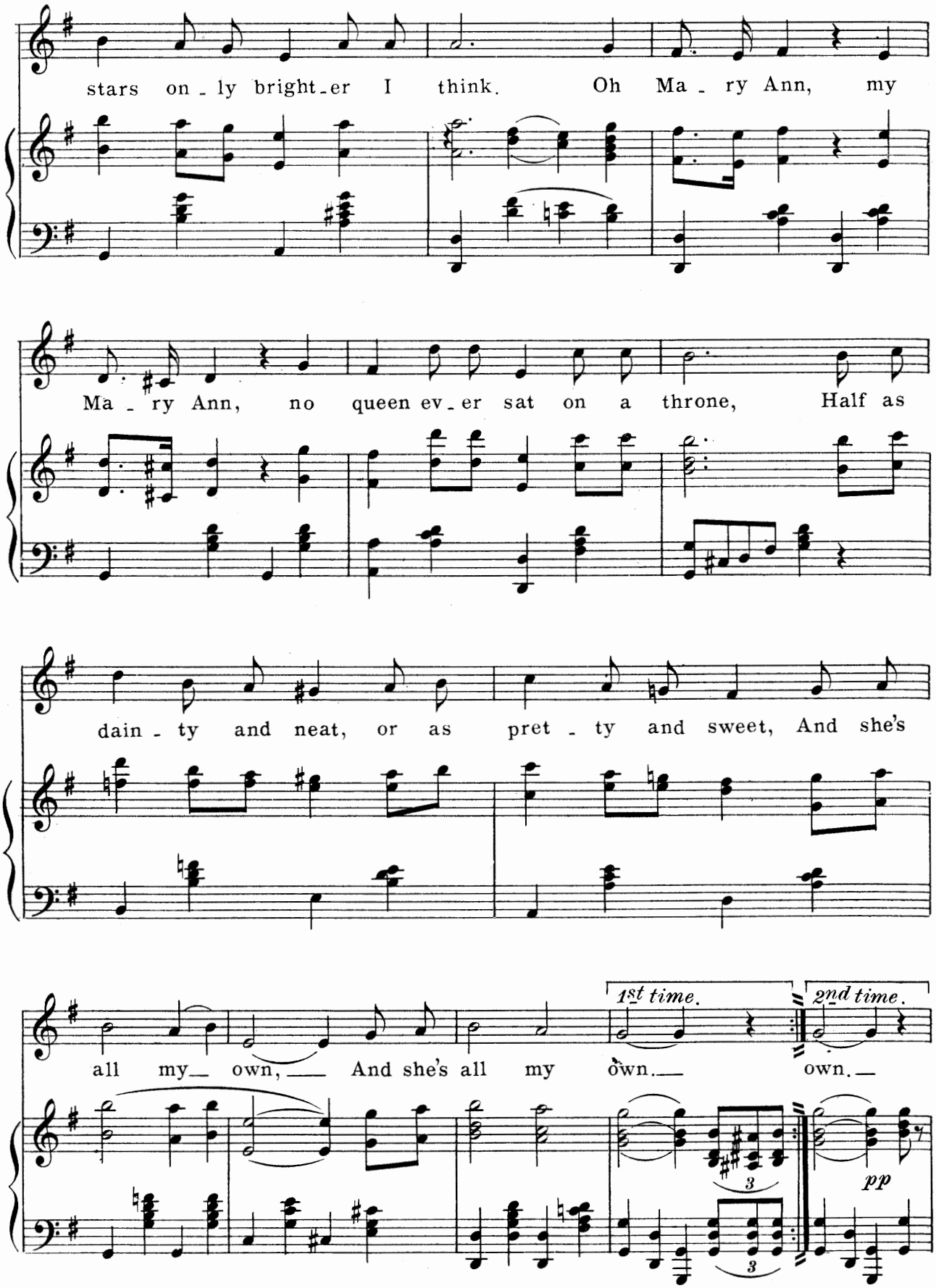
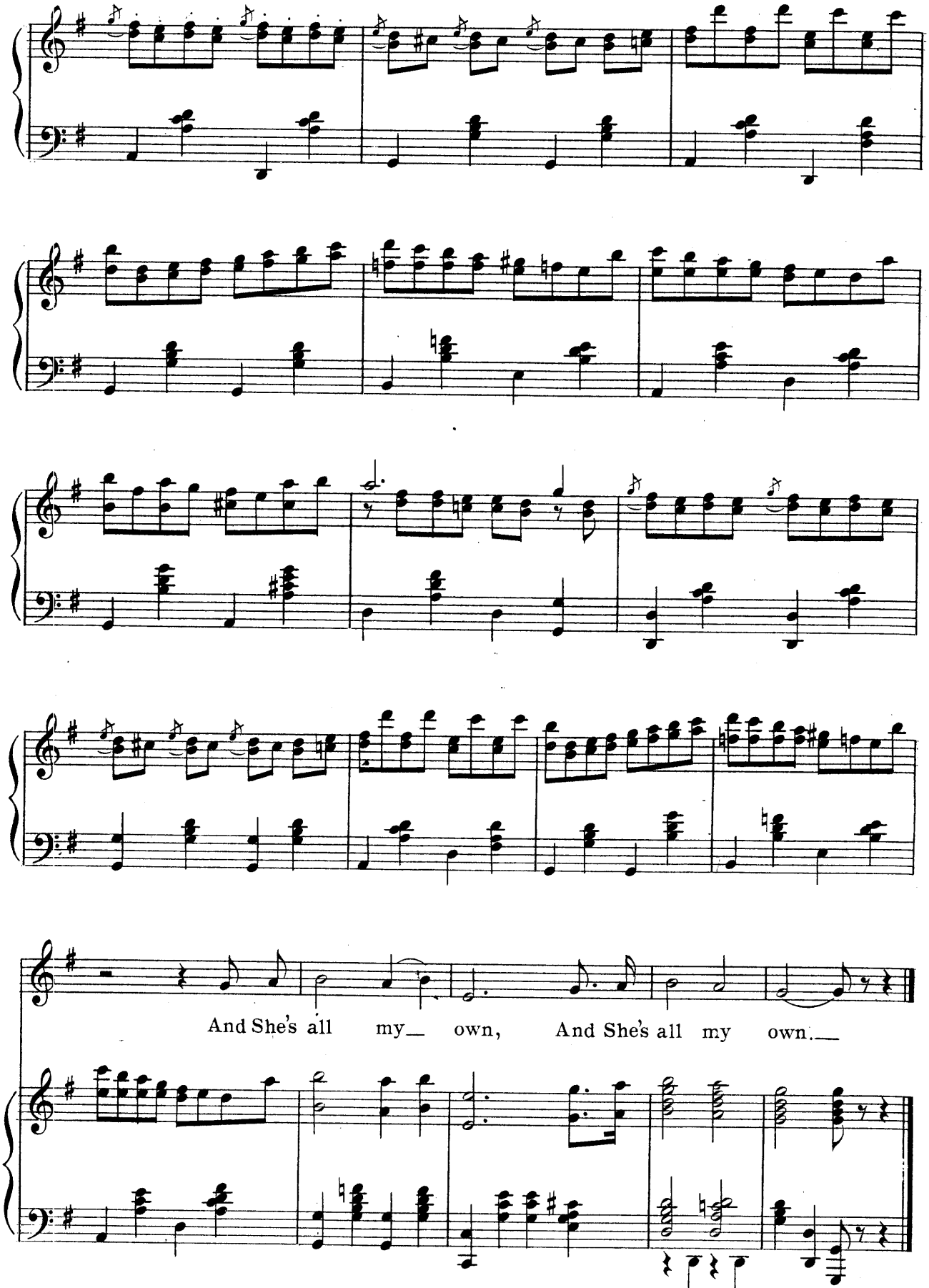

dain - ti - est an - kels and feet. Ma - ry Ann dress - es with
com - fort and cheer if you're sad. Ma - ry Ann speaks and you
taste and style, Al - ways looks like a new fash - ion
dream of love, An - gel voic - es you hear when she
plate, Sweet dim - ples ap - pear on her
sings. You won - der if she came to
face with each smile, To des - cribe her, you'd say she was great.
earth from a - bove, And un - con - scious - ly look for her wings. Oh,
rit.


Andante moderato.
Ma - ry Ann, my Ma - ry Ann of per - fec - tion she's real - ly the
pink. Lips as red as a rose, And the sau - ci - est nose, Eyes like
stars on - ly bright - er, I think. Oh Ma - ry Ann, my
Ma - ry Ann, No queen ev - er sat on a throne, Half as


dain - ty and neat, or as pret - ty and sweet, And she's all my
CHORUS.
own; And she's all my own. Oh Ma - ry Ann, my
f
Ma - ry Ann, of per - fec - tion she's real - ly the pink. Lips as
red as a rose, And the sau - ci - est nose, Eyes like


stars on - ly bright - er I think. Oh Ma - ry Ann, my
Ma - ry Ann, no queen ev - er sat on a throne, Half as
dain - ty and neat, or as pret - ty and sweet, And she's
all my own, And she's all my own.
1st time.
2nd time.
own.
3
3
pp

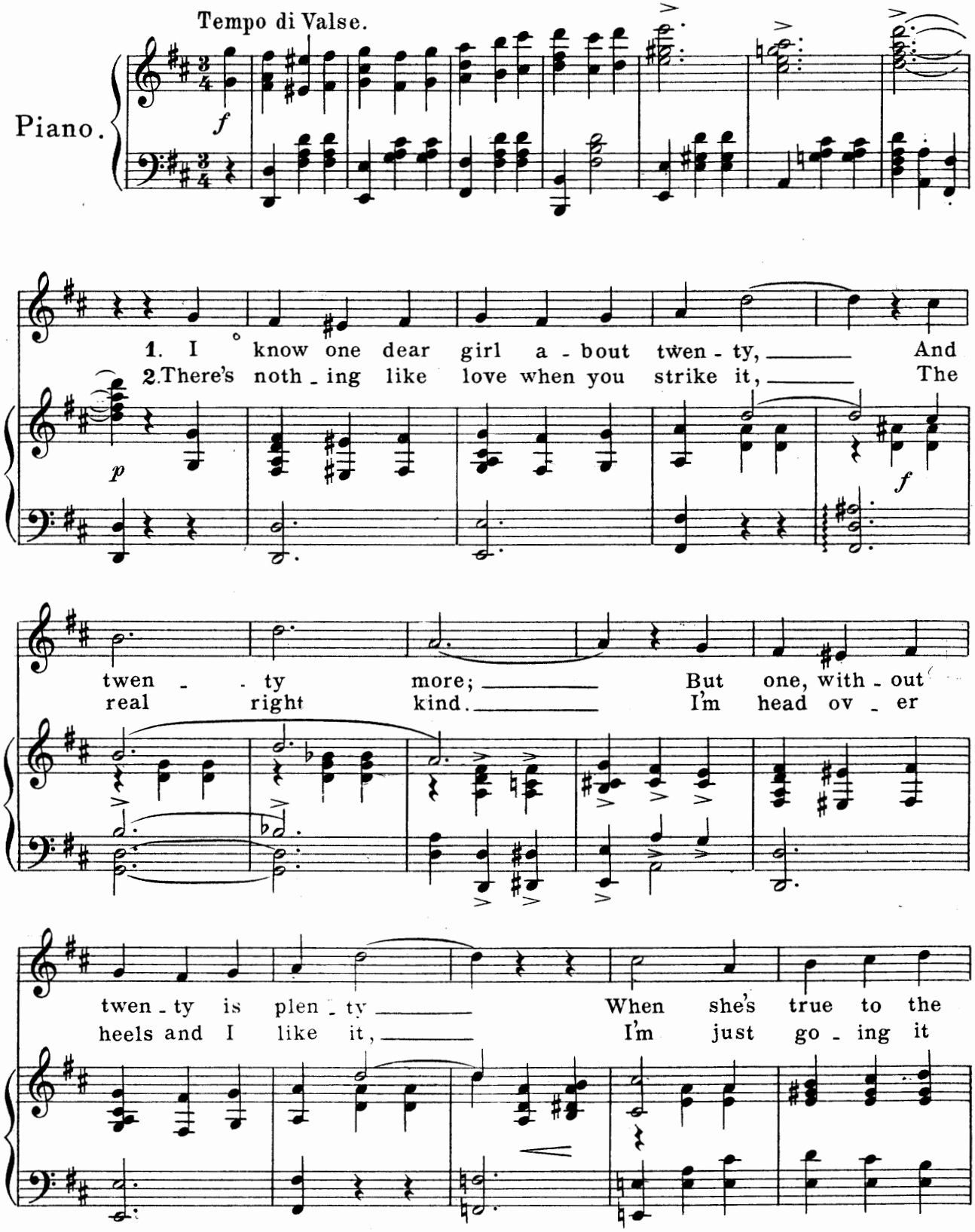

And She's all my_ own, And She's all my own._

№ 8
3217

Call around on Sunday.

Lyric by CHAS. J. CAMPBELL &
RALPH M. SKINNER.

Music by
ALFRED E. AARONS.



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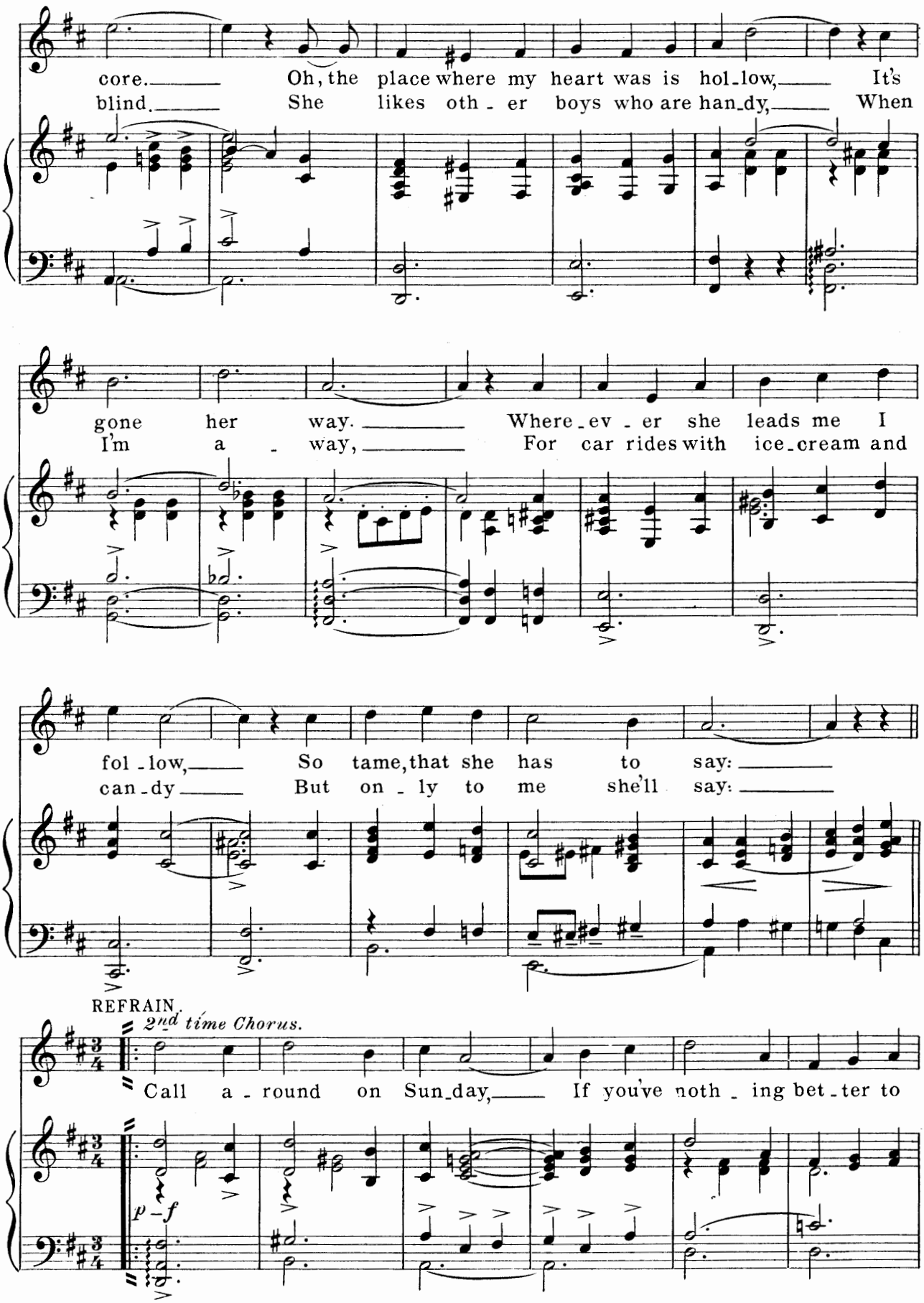
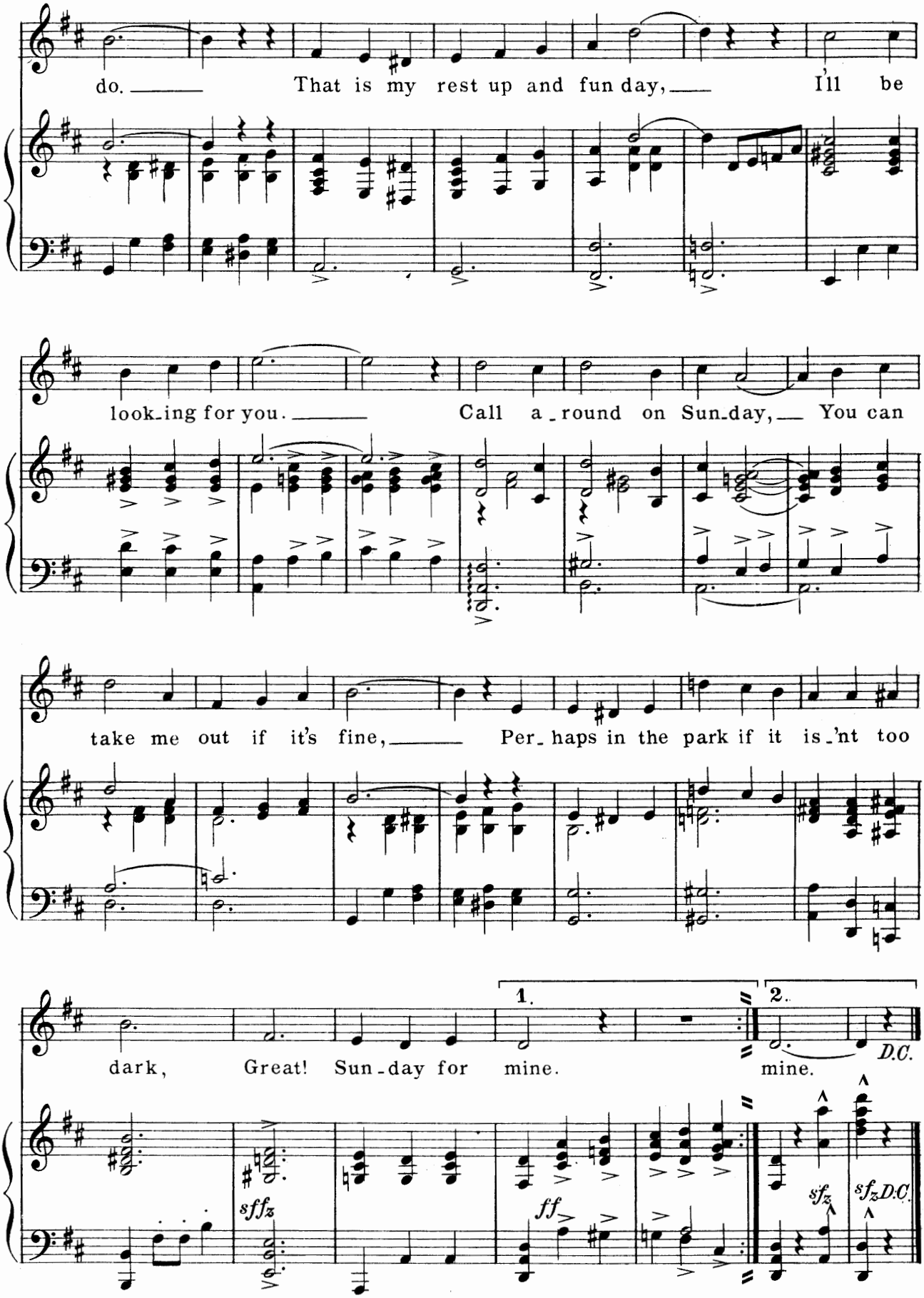
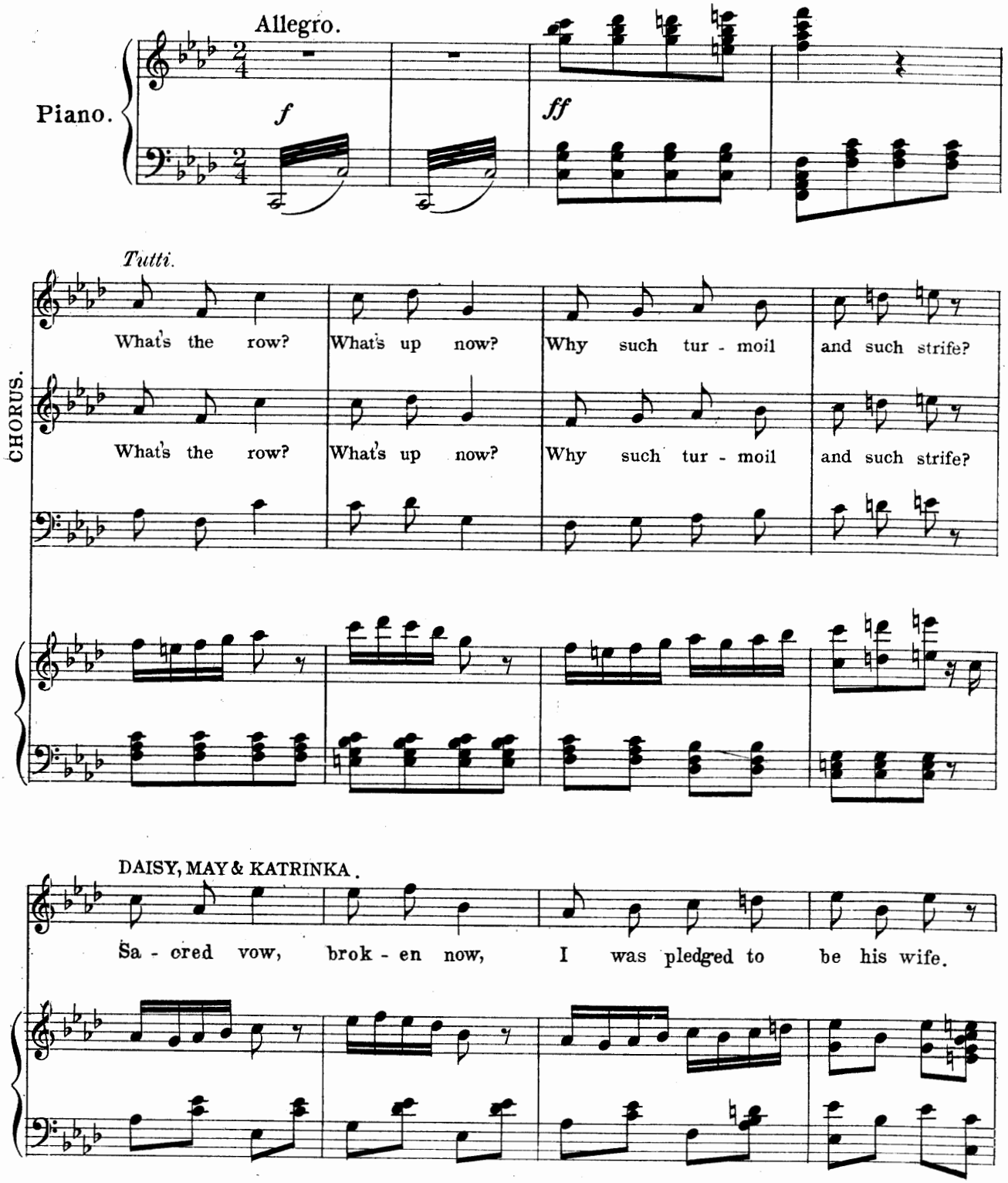

core. Oh, the place where my heart was is hol-low, It's
blind. She likes oth-er boys who are han-dy, When
gone her way. Where-ev-er she leads me I
I'm a-way, For car rides with ice-cream and
fol-low, So tame, that she has to say:
can-dy But on-ly to me she'll say:
REFRAIN.
2nd time Chorus.
Call a-round on Sun-day, If you've noth-ing bet-ter to
p – f


do. That is my rest up and fun day, I'll be
look-ing for you. Call a-round on Sun-day, You can
take me out if it's fine, Per-haps in the park if it is-'nt too
dark, Great! Sun-day for mine.
1.
2.
mine.
D.C.
sffz
ff
sfz
sfzD.C.

No. 9. Finale I.

Lyric by
CHAS. J. CAMPBELL & RALPH M. SKINNER.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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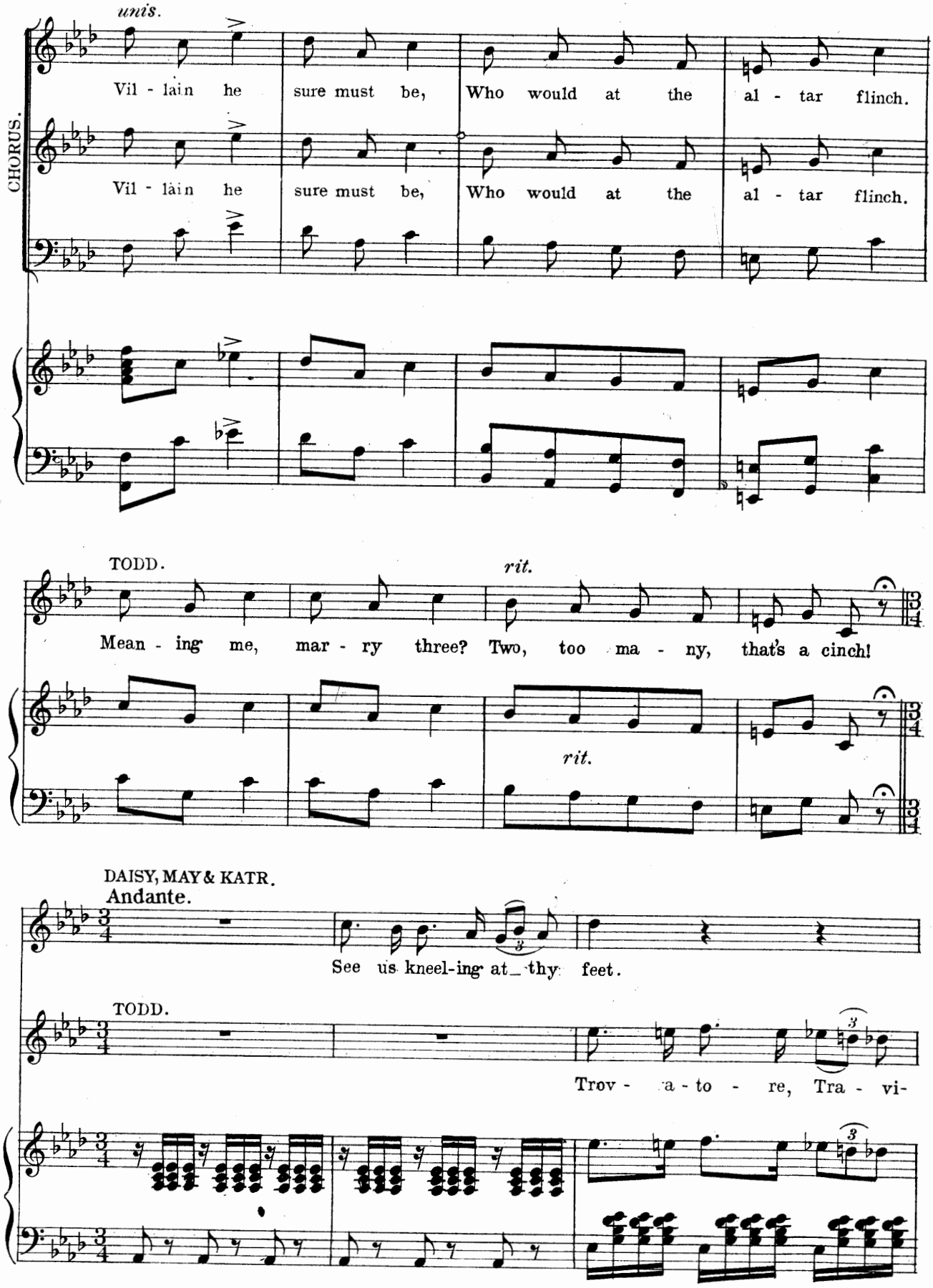
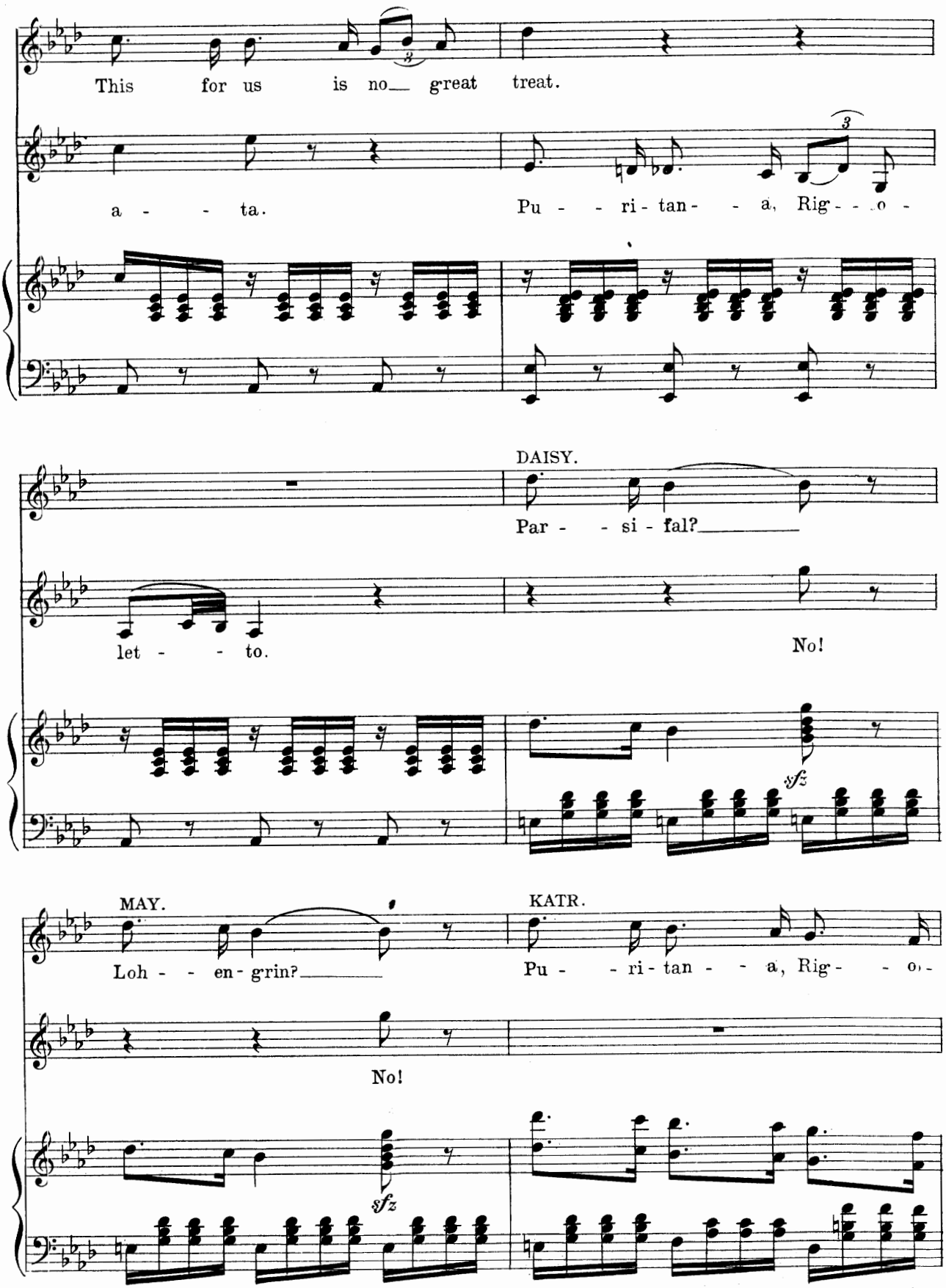
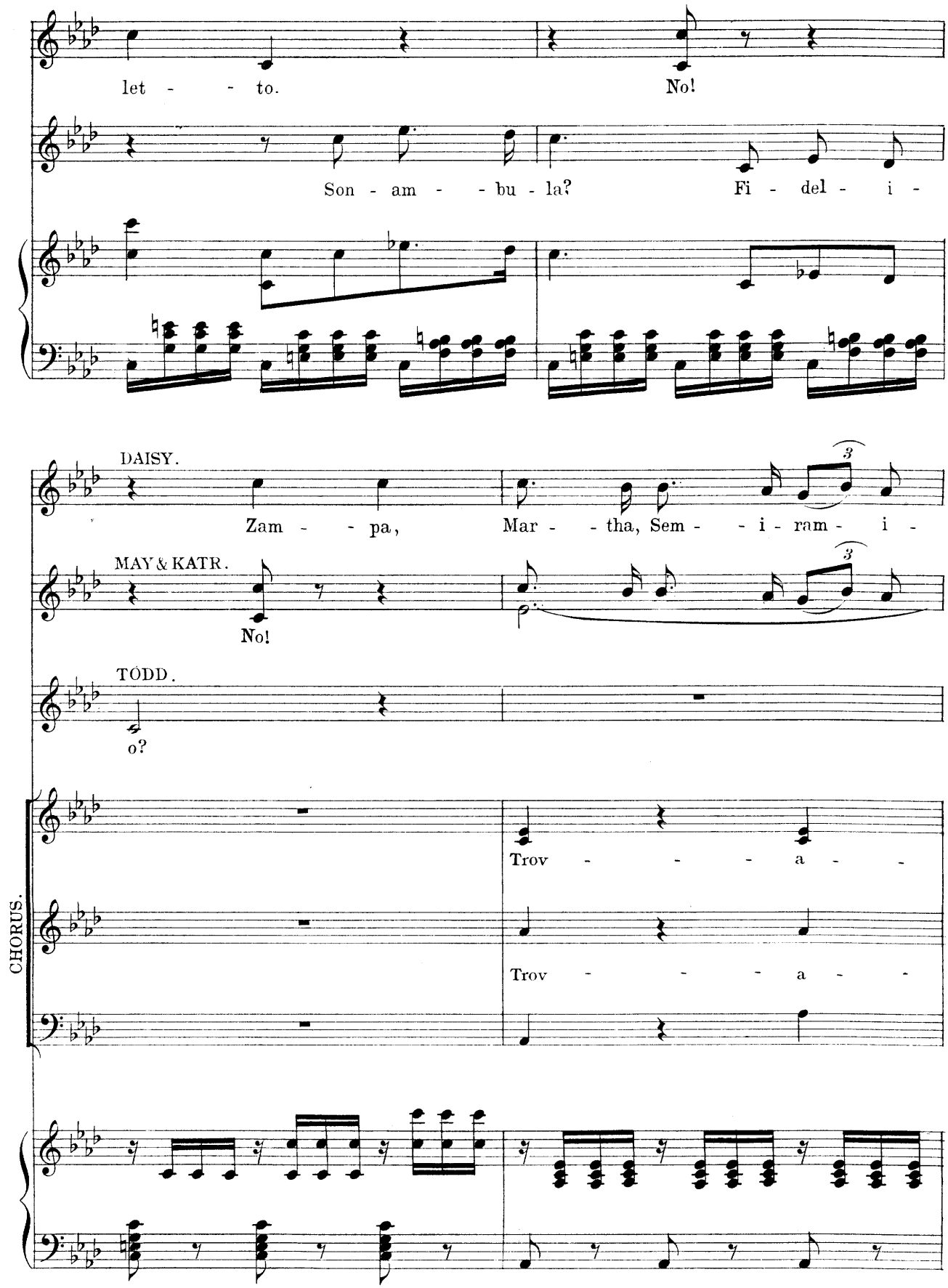
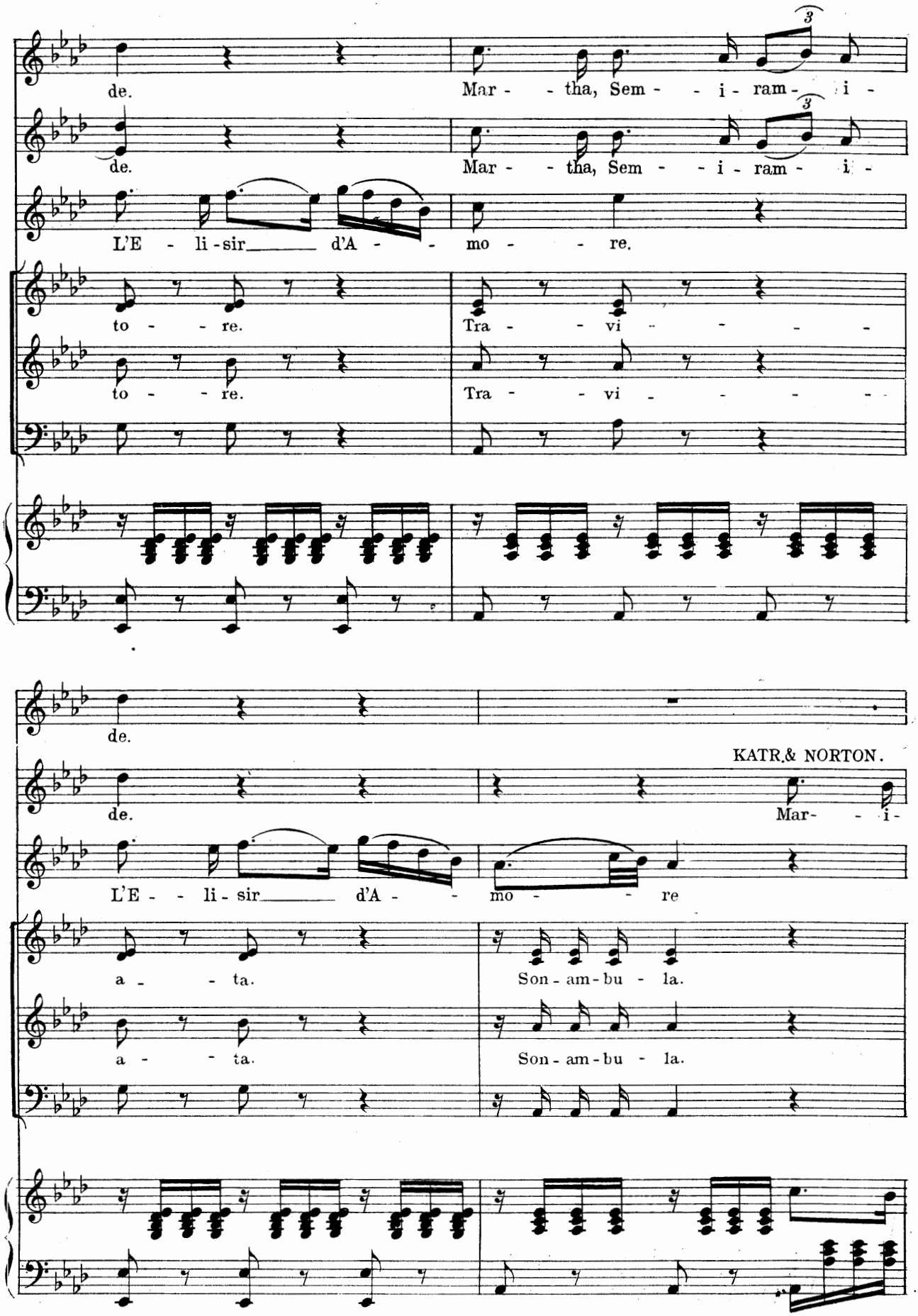
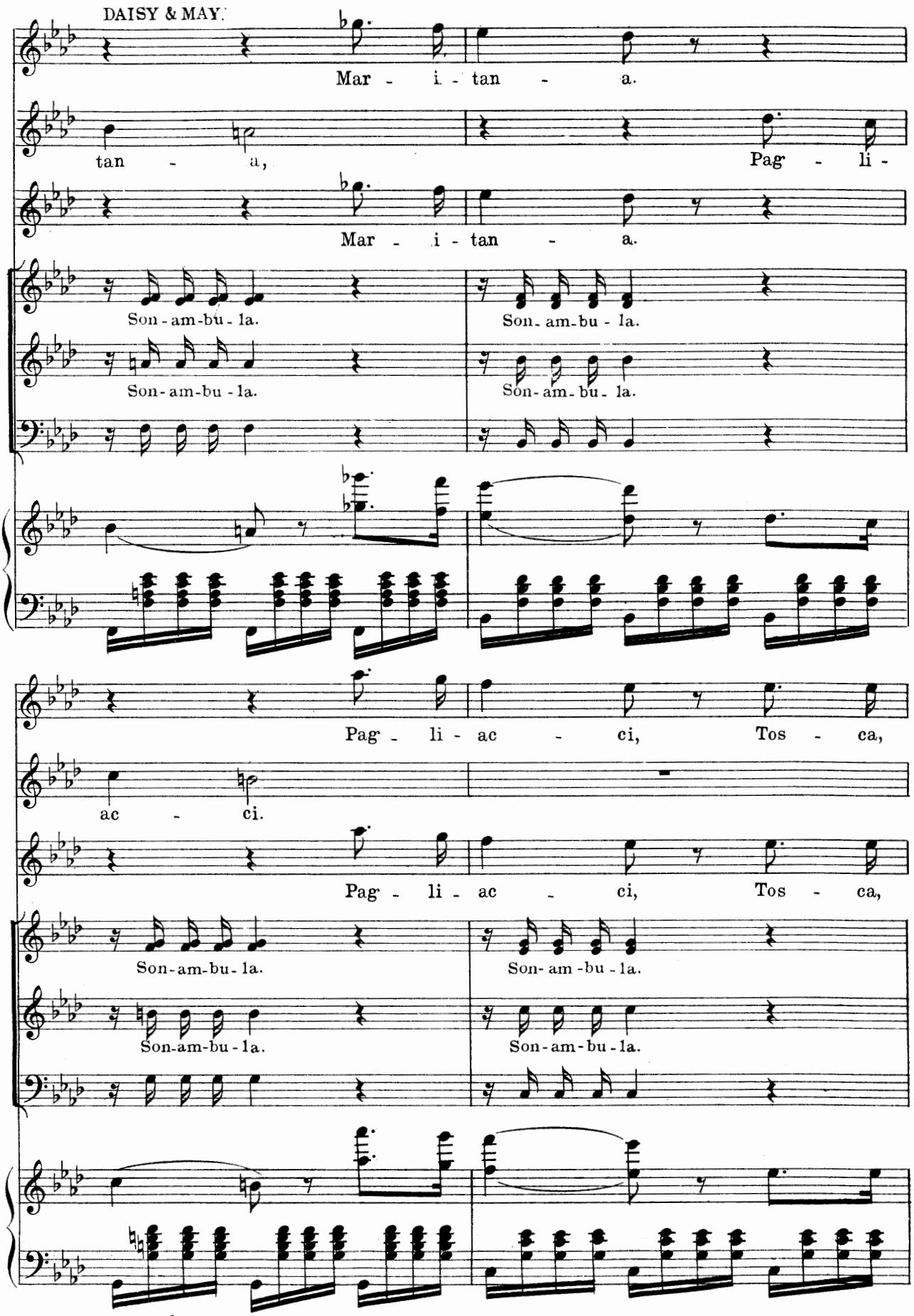
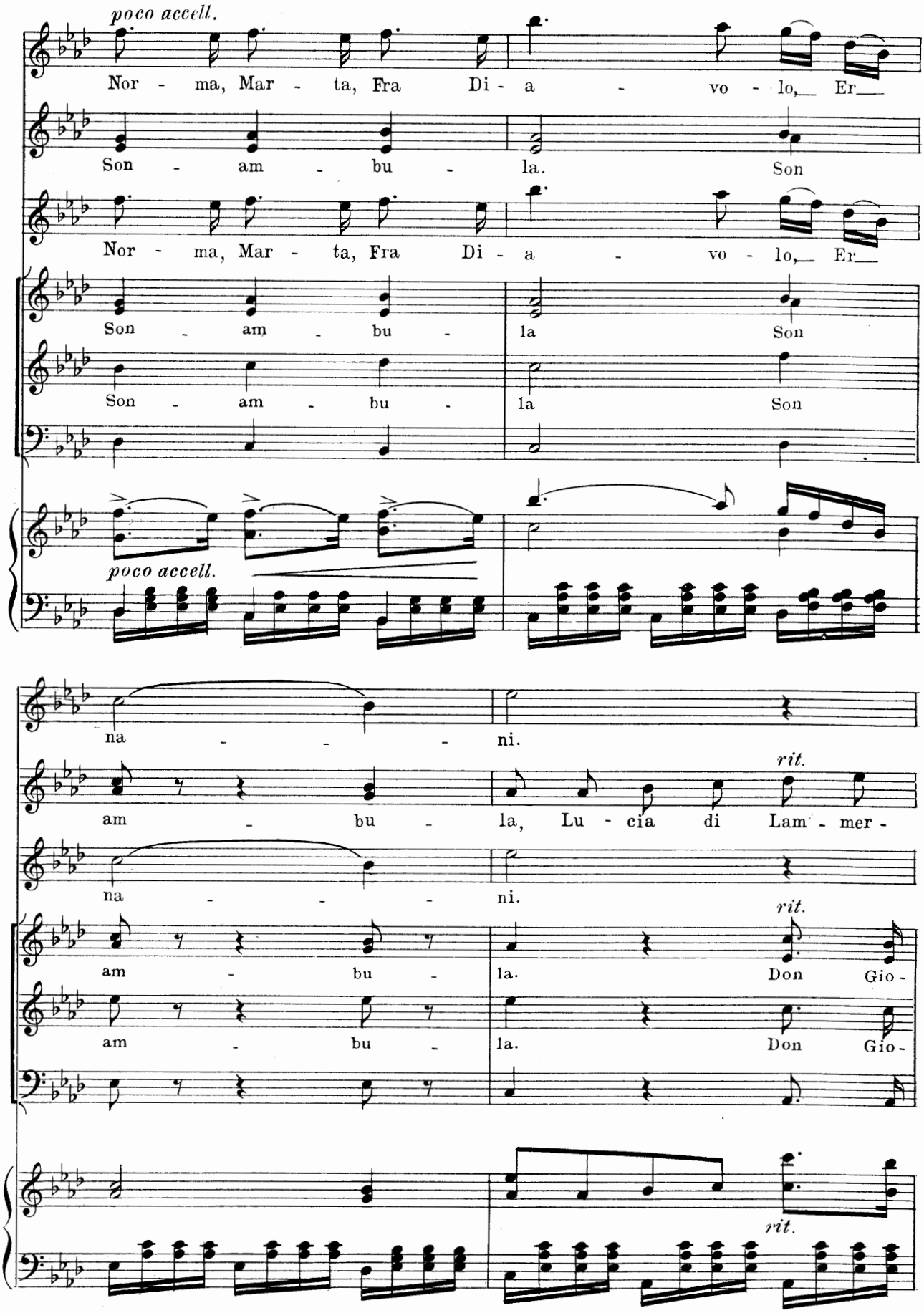

unis.
CHORUS.
Vil - lain he sure must be, Who would at the al - tar flinch.
Vil - lain he sure must be, Who would at the al - tar flinch.
TODD.
rit.
Mean - ing me, mar - ry three? Two, too ma - ny, that's a cinch!
rit.
DAISY, MAY & KATR.
Andante.
See us kneel-ing at thy feet.
TODD.
Trov - a - to - re, Tra - vi-

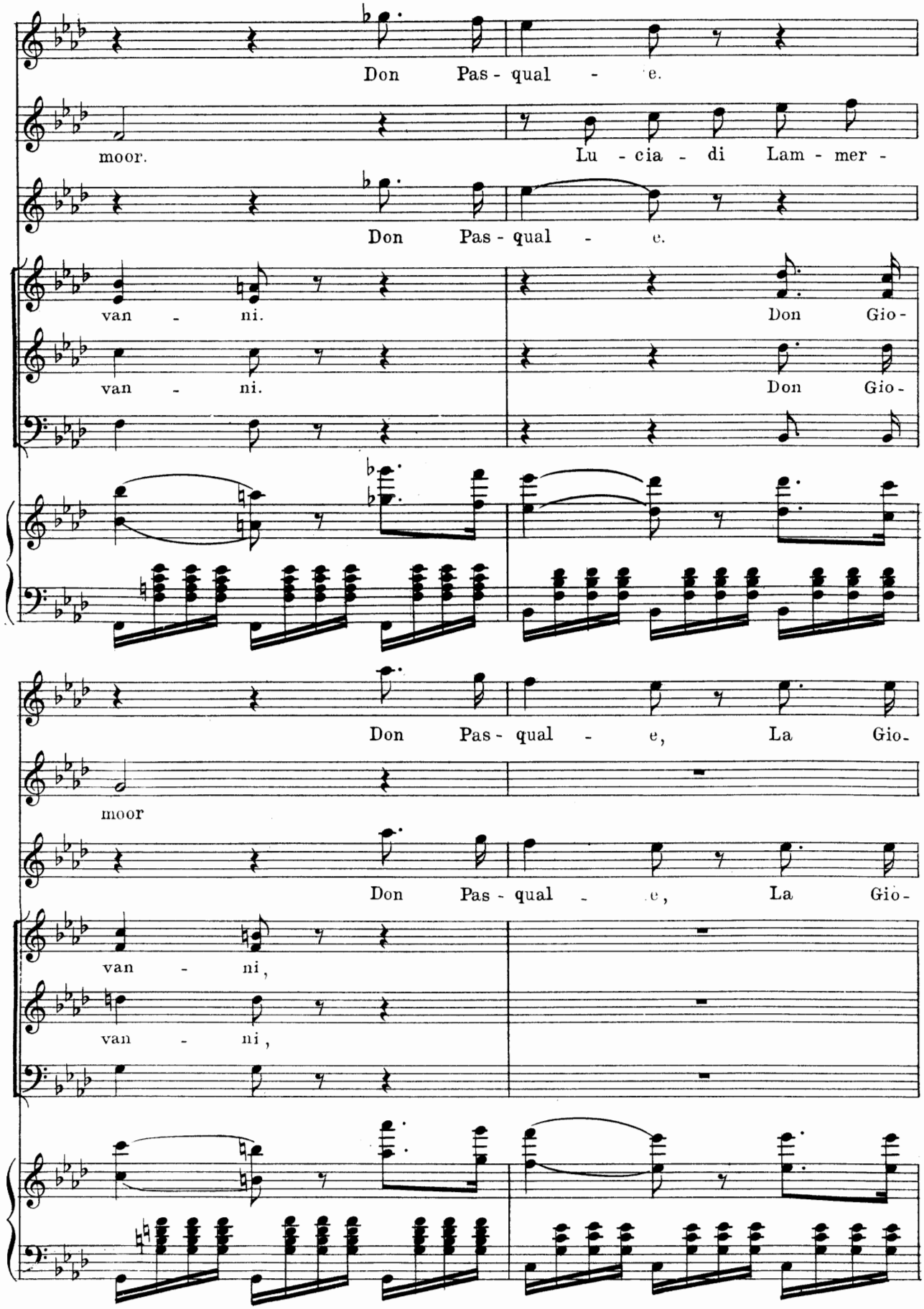

This for us is no great treat.
a - - ta.
Pu - - ri - tan - - a, Rig - - o -
DAISY.
Par - - si - fal?
let - - to.
No!
sfz
MAY.
KATR.
Loh - - en - grin?
Pu - - ri - tan - - a, Rig - - o -
No!
sfz

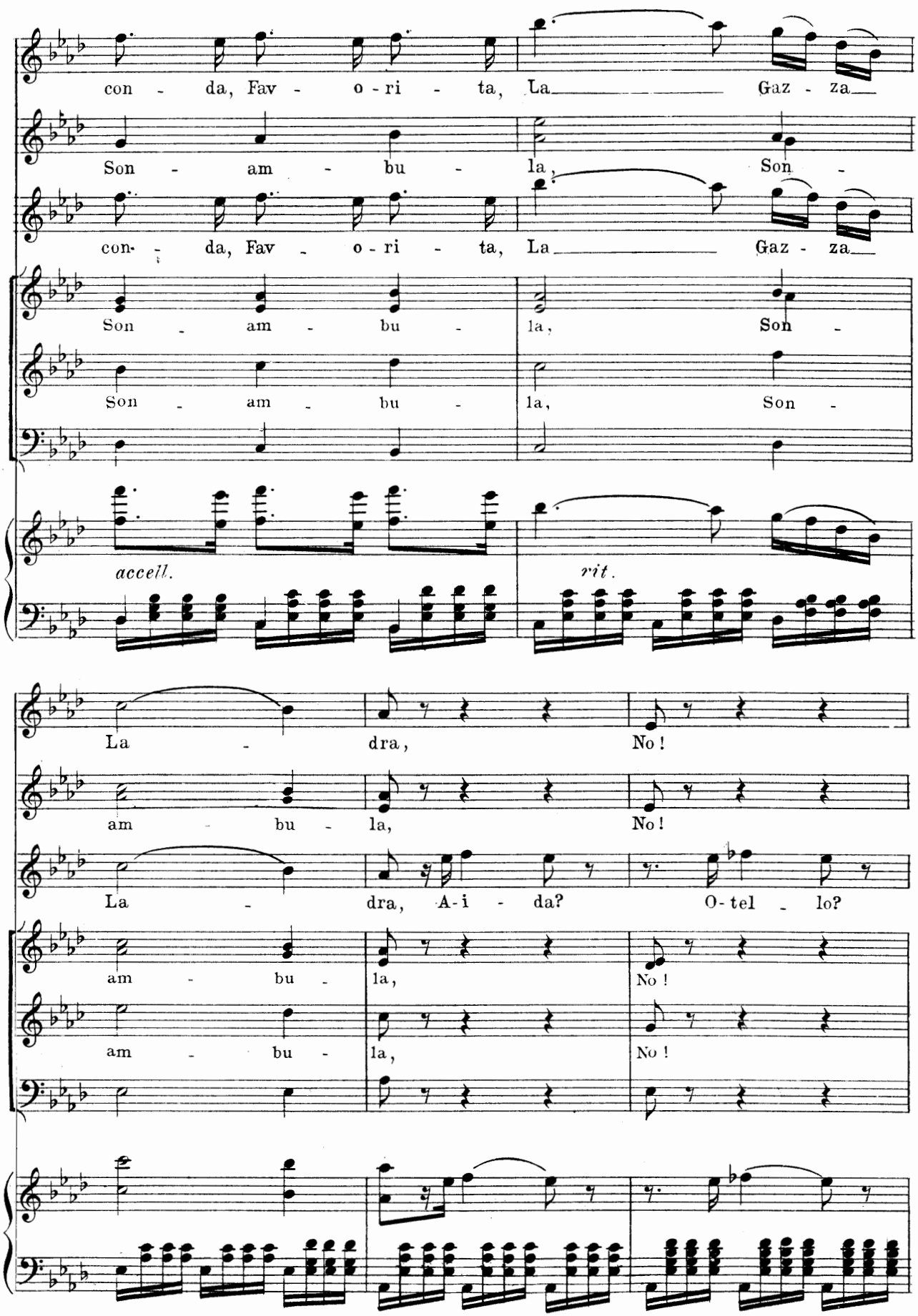

let - - to.
No!
Son - am - - bu - la?
Fi - del - i -
DAISY.
Zam - - pa,
Mar - - tha, Sem - - i - ram - i -
MAY & KATR.
No!
TODD.
o?
CHORUS.
Trov - - - a - -
Trov - - - a - -

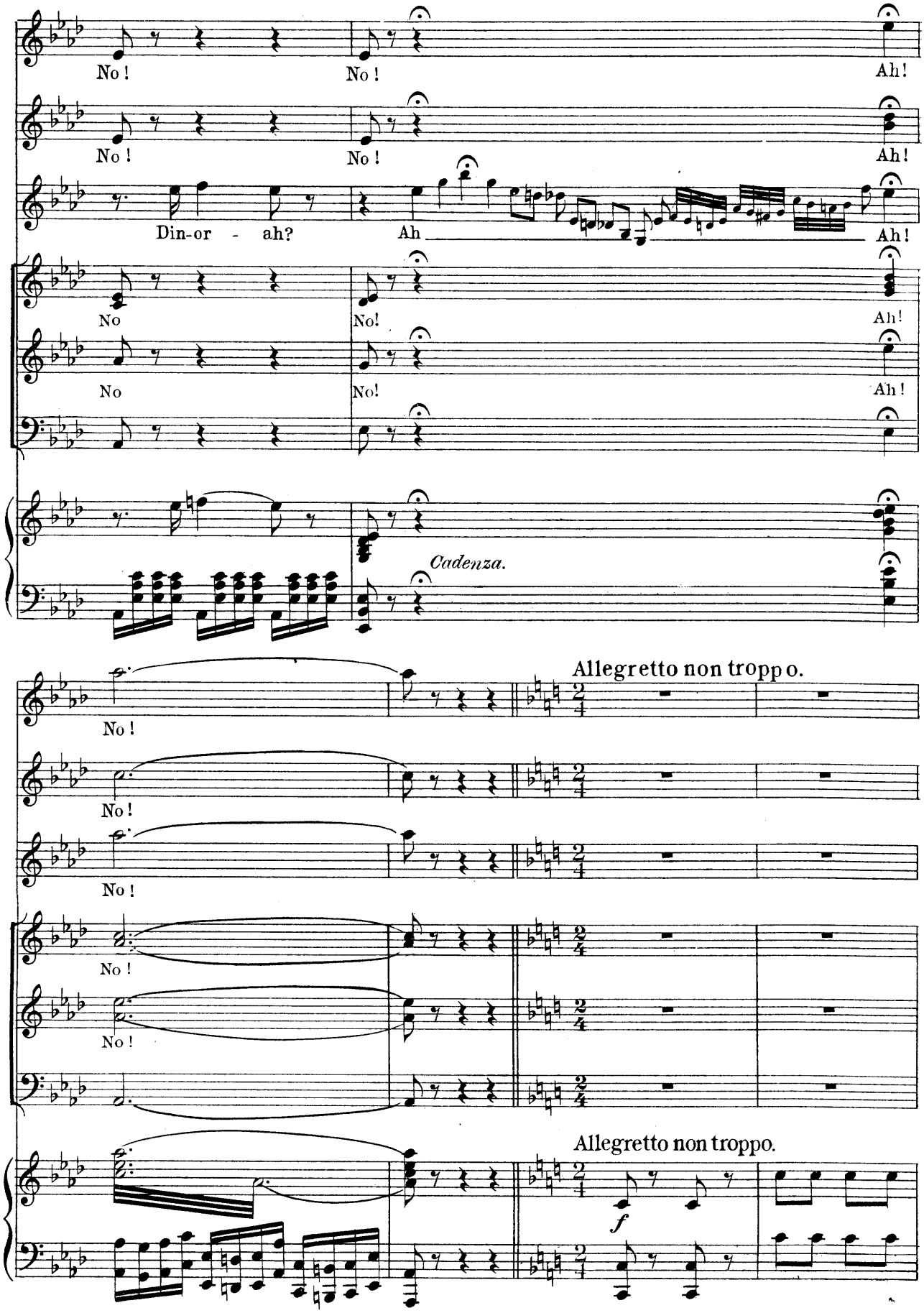

de.
Mar - - tha, Sem - - i - ram - i -
de.
Mar - - tha, Sem - - i - ram - i -
L'E - li - sir d'A - - mo - - re.
to - - re.
Tra - - vi - - - - -
to - - re.
Tra - - vi - - - - -
de.
KATR.& NORTON.
de.
Mar- - i-
L'E - - li - sir d'A - - mo - - re
a - - ta.
Son - am - bu - la.
a - - ta.
Son - am - bu - la.

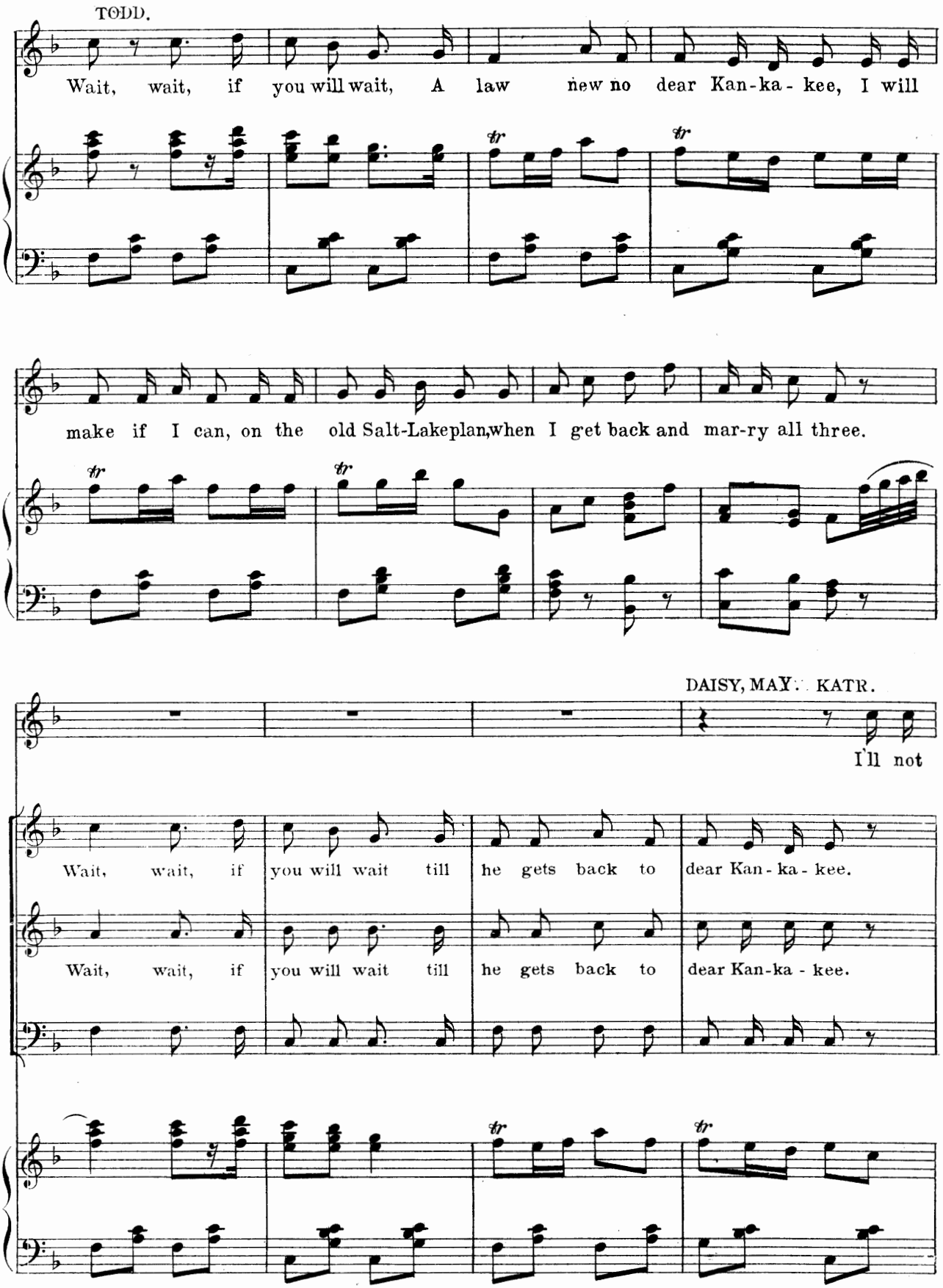

DAISY & MAY.
Mar - i - tan - a.
tan - a,
Pag - li -
Mar - i - tan - a.
Son-am-bu-la.
Son-am-bu-la.
Son-am-bu-la.
Son-am-bu-la.
Son-am-bu-la.
Son-am-bu-la.
Pag - li - ac - ci, Tos - ca,
ac - ci.
Pag - li - ac - ci, Tos - ca,
Son-am-bu-la.
Son-am-bu-la.
Son-am-bu-la.
Son-am-bu-la.
Son-am-bu-la.
Son-am-bu-la.

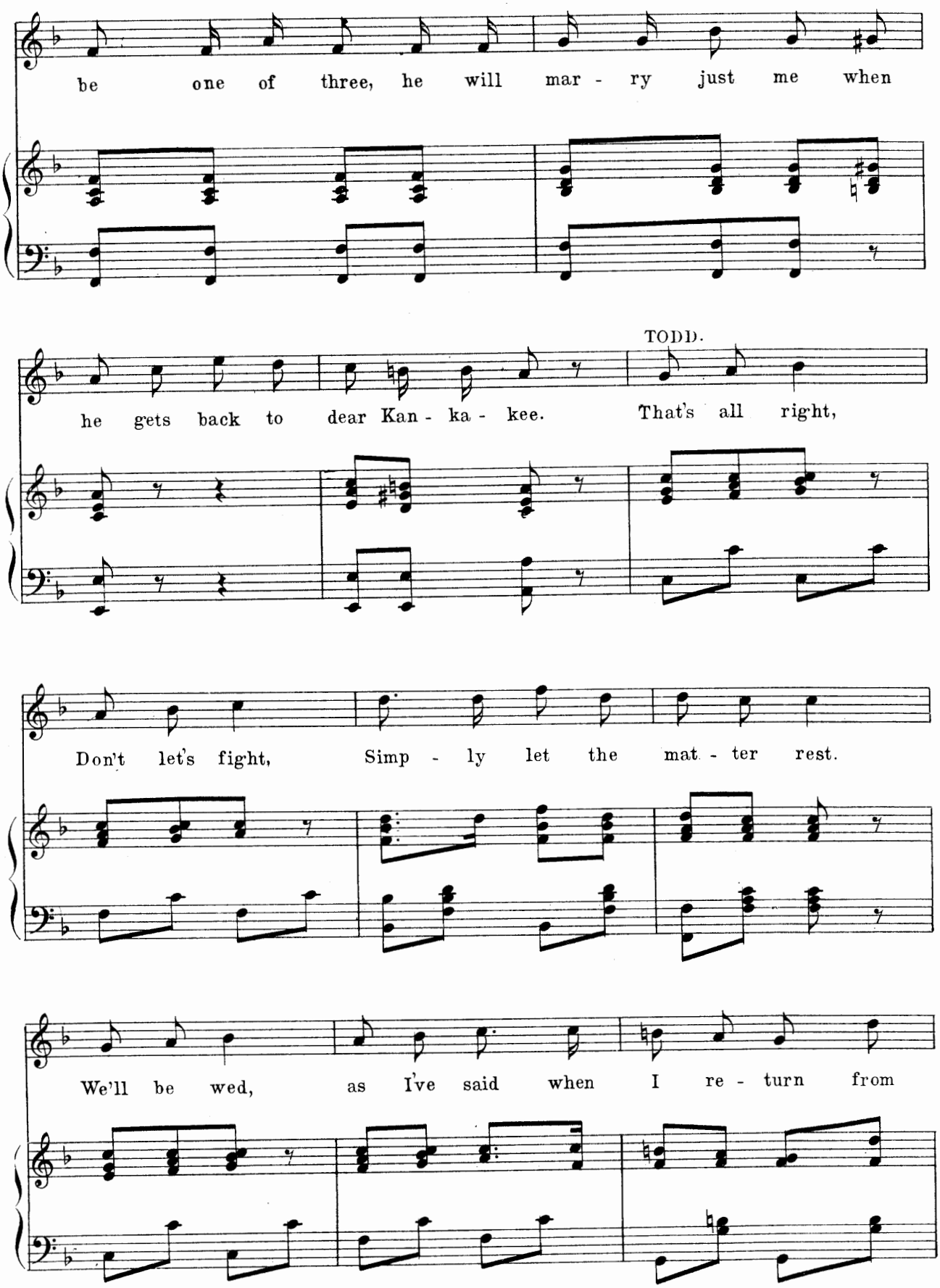

poco accell.
Nor - ma, Mar - ta, Fra Di - a - vo - lo, Er
Son - am - bu - la. Son
Nor - ma, Mar - ta, Fra Di - a - vo - lo, Er
Son - am - bu - la Son
Son - am - bu - la Son
poco accell.
na - - - ni.
rit.
am - bu - la, Lu - cia di Lam - mer -
na - - - ni.
rit.
am - bu - la. Don Gio -
am - bu - la. Don Gio -
rit.

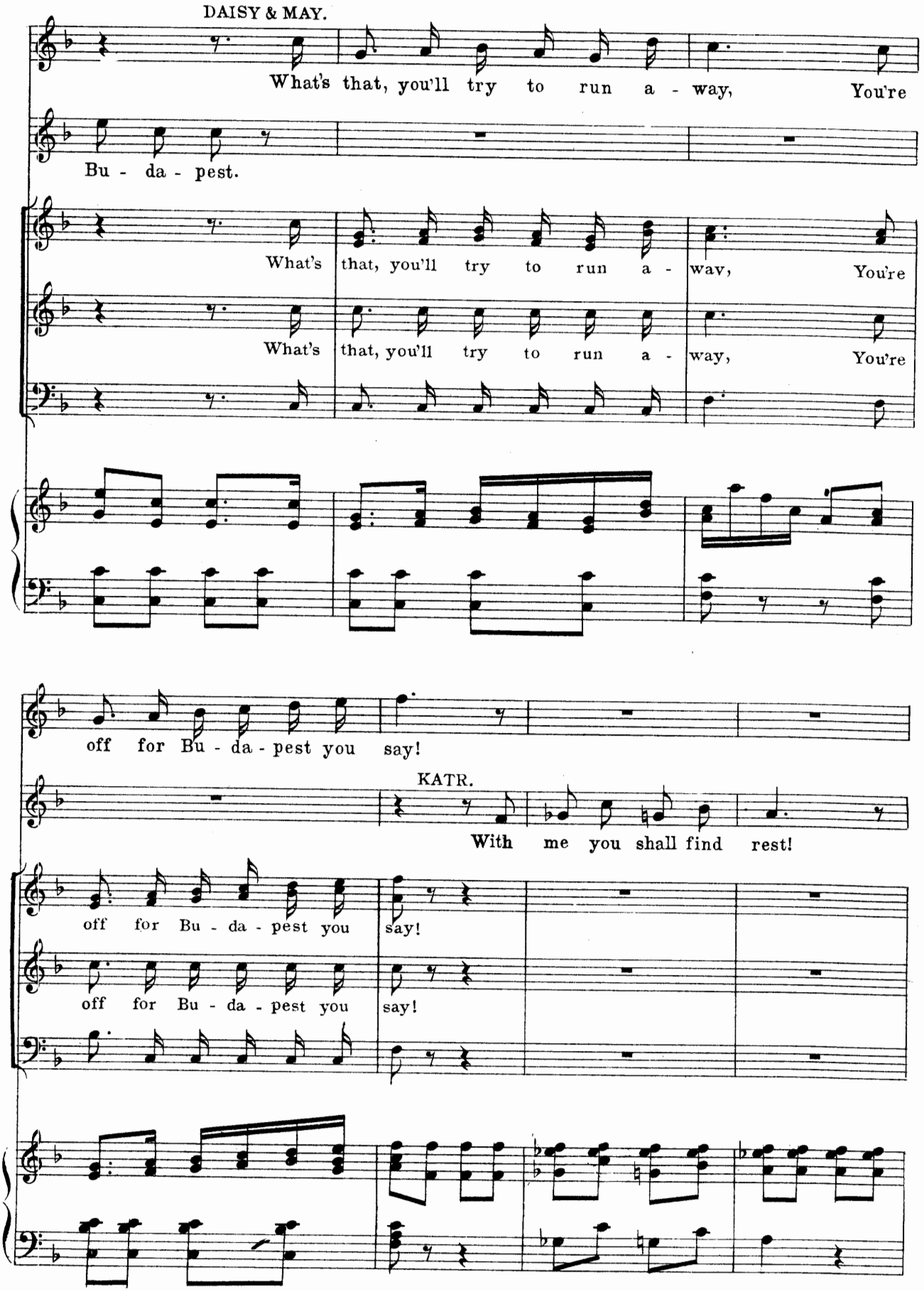

Don Pas - qual - e.
moor.
Lu - cia - di Lam - mer -
Don Pas - qual - e.
van - ni.
Don Gio -
van - ni.
Don Gio -
Don Pas - qual - e, La Gio -
moor
Don Pas - qual - e, La Gio -
van - ni,
van - ni,

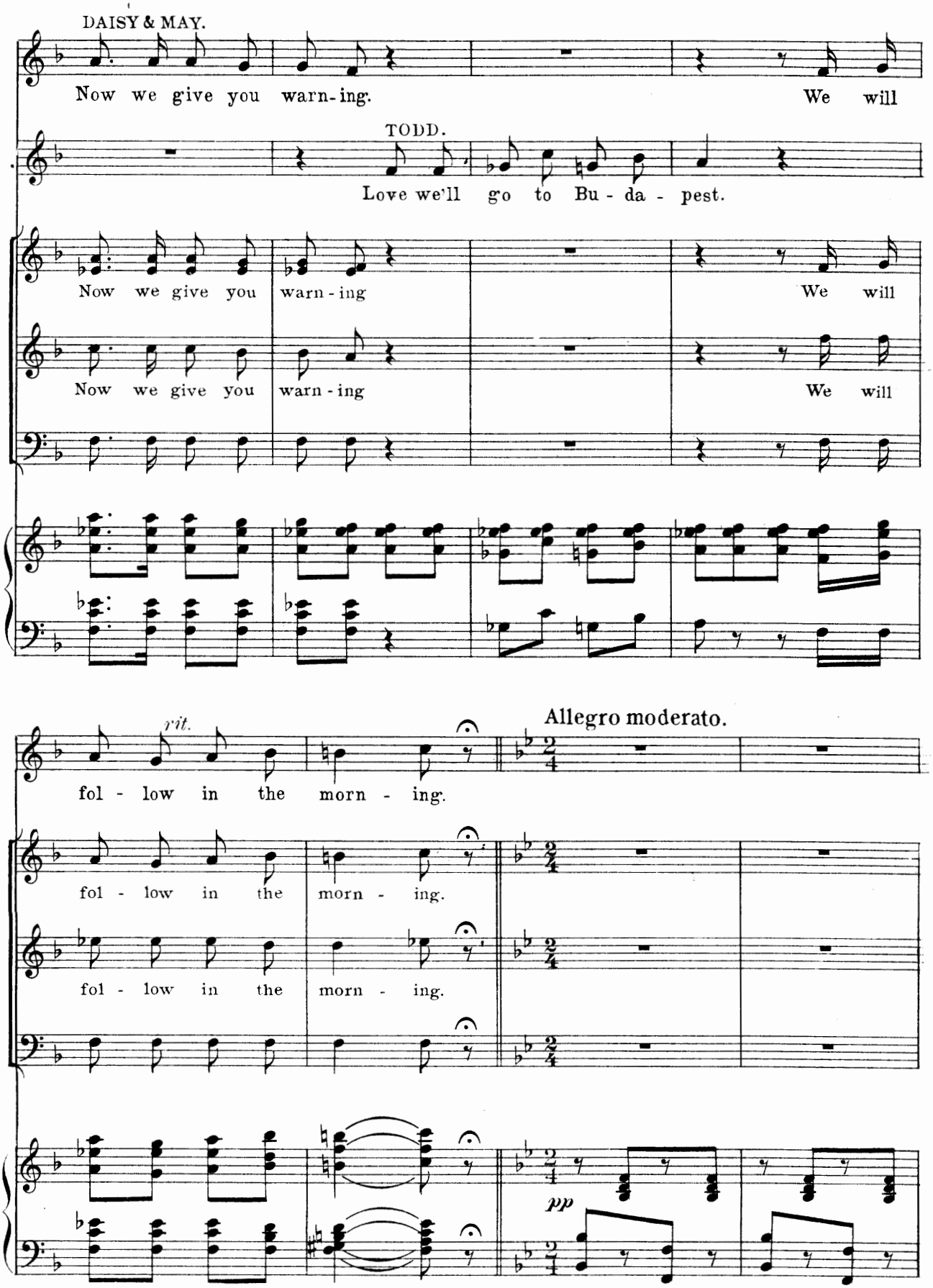

con - da, Fav - o - ri - ta, La Gaz - za
Son - am - bu - la, Son -
con - da, Fav - o - ri - ta, La Gaz - za
Son - am - bu - la, Son -
Son - am - bu - la, Son -
accell.
rit.
La - dra, No!
am - bu - la, No!
La - dra, A-i - da? O-tel - lo?
am - bu - la, No!
am - bu - la, No!

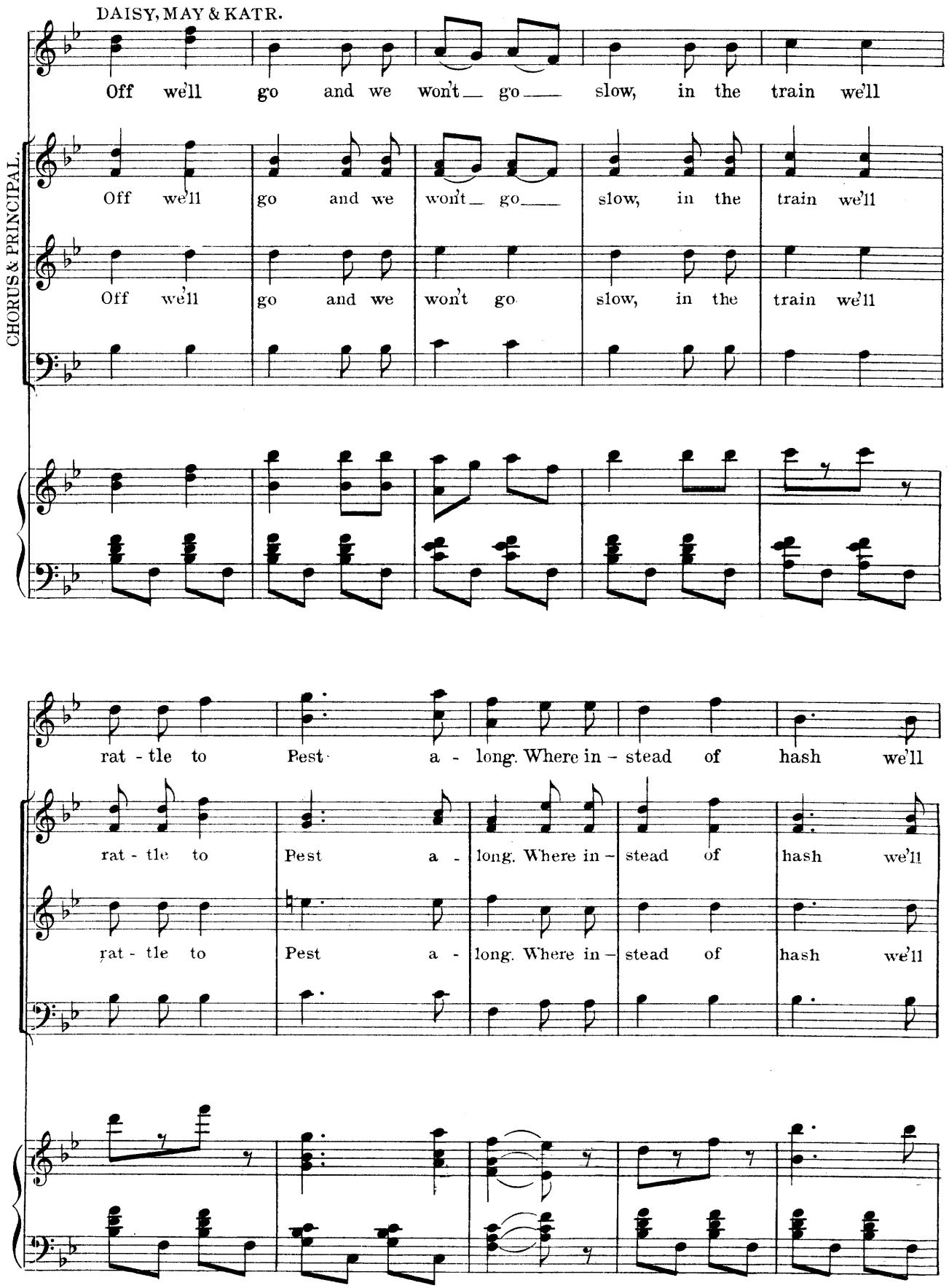

No!
No!
Ah!
No!
No!
Ah!
Din-or - ah?
Ah
Ah!
No
No!
Ah!
No
No!
Ah!
Cadenza.
Allegretto non troppo.
No!
No!
No!
No!
No!
Allegretto non troppo.
f

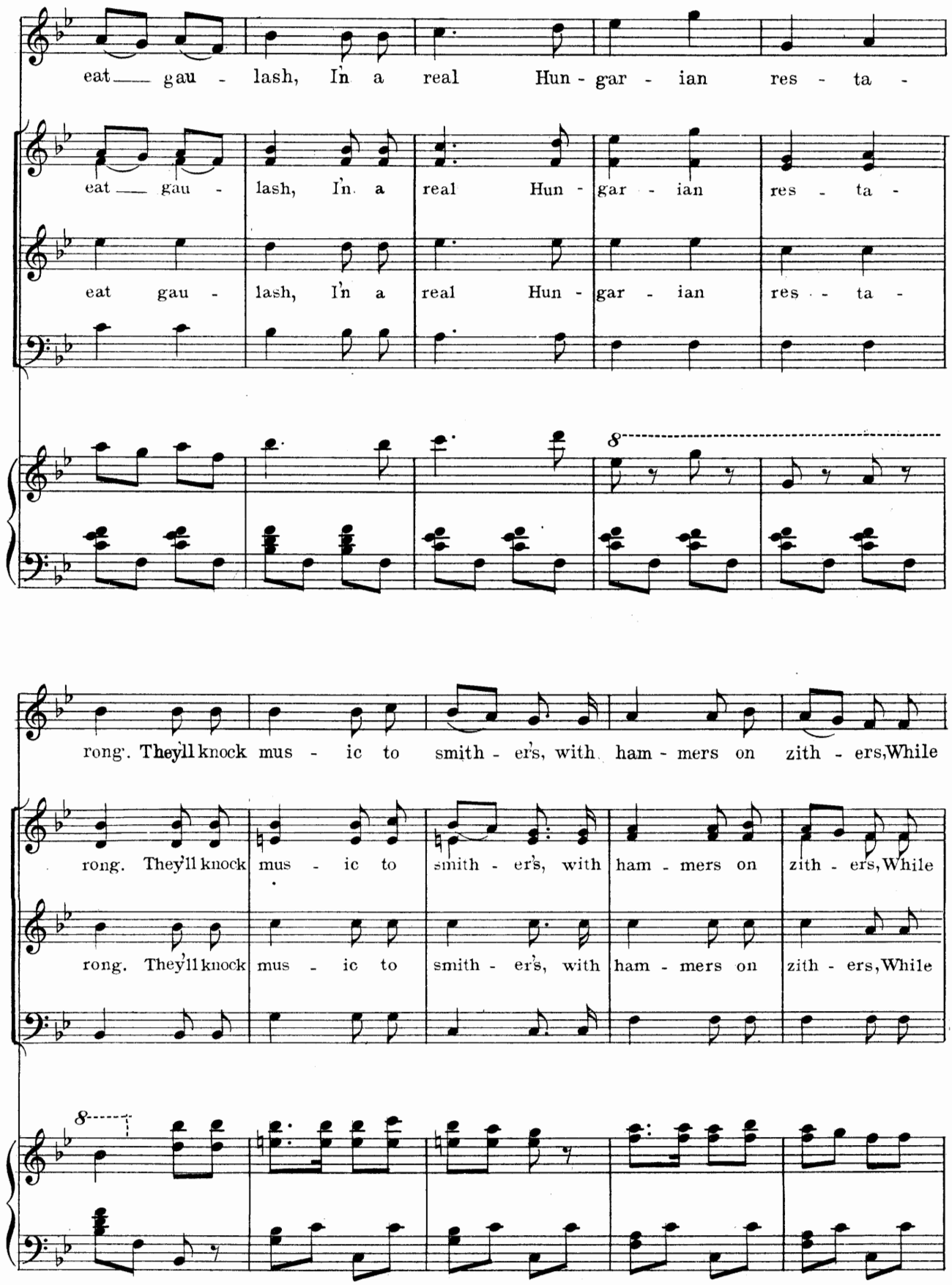

TODD.
Wait, wait, if you will wait, A law new no dear Kan-ka-kee, I will
make if I can, on the old Salt-Lakeplan, when I get back and mar-ry all three.
DAISY, MAY. KATR.
I'll not
Wait, wait, if you will wait till he gets back to dear Kan-ka-kee.
Wait, wait, if you will wait till he gets back to dear Kan-ka-kee.

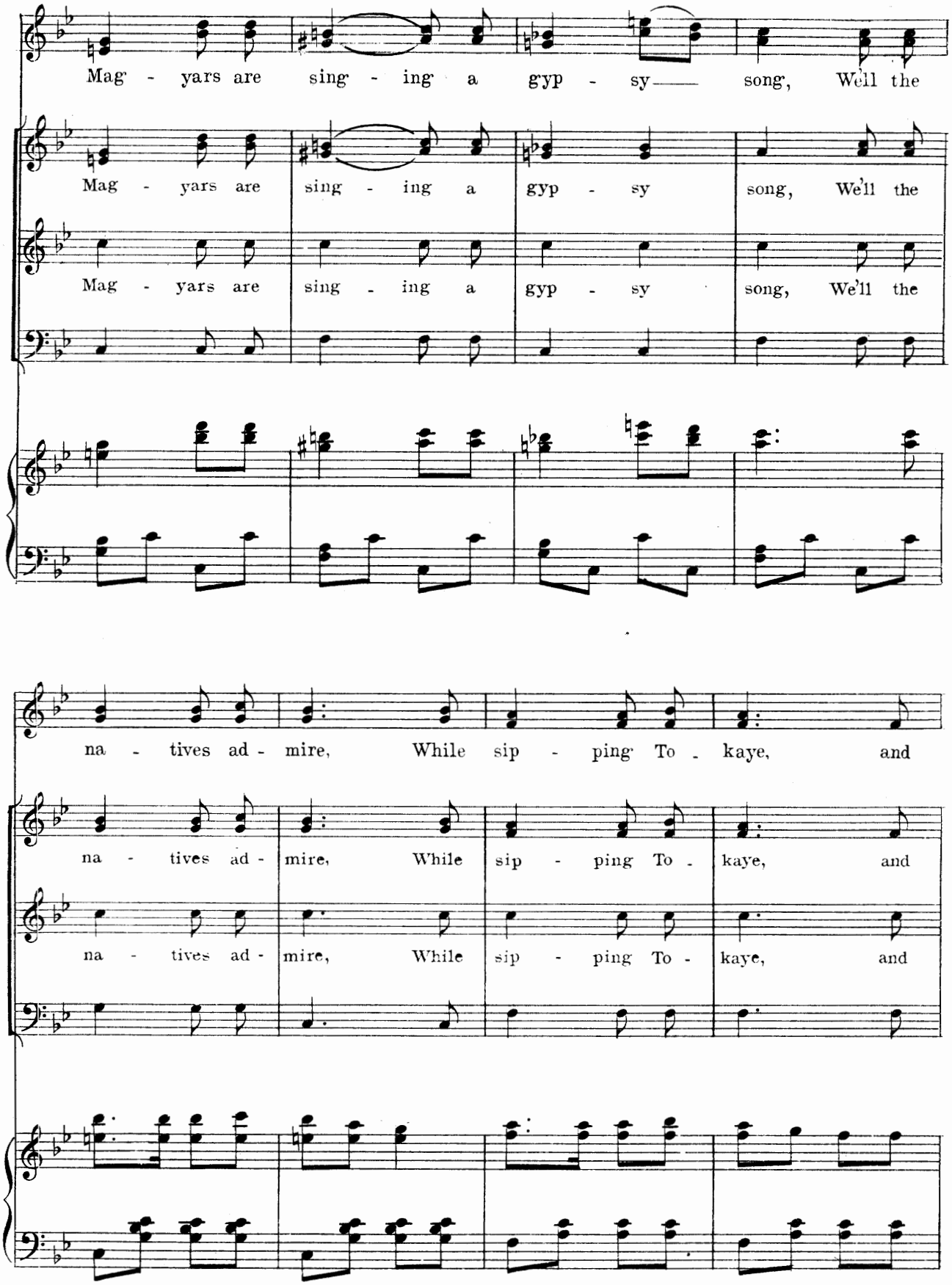

be one of three, he will mar - ry just me when
he gets back to dear Kan - ka - kee.
TODD.
That's all right,
Don't let's fight,
Simp - ly let the mat - ter rest.
We'll be wed,
as I've said when I re - turn from

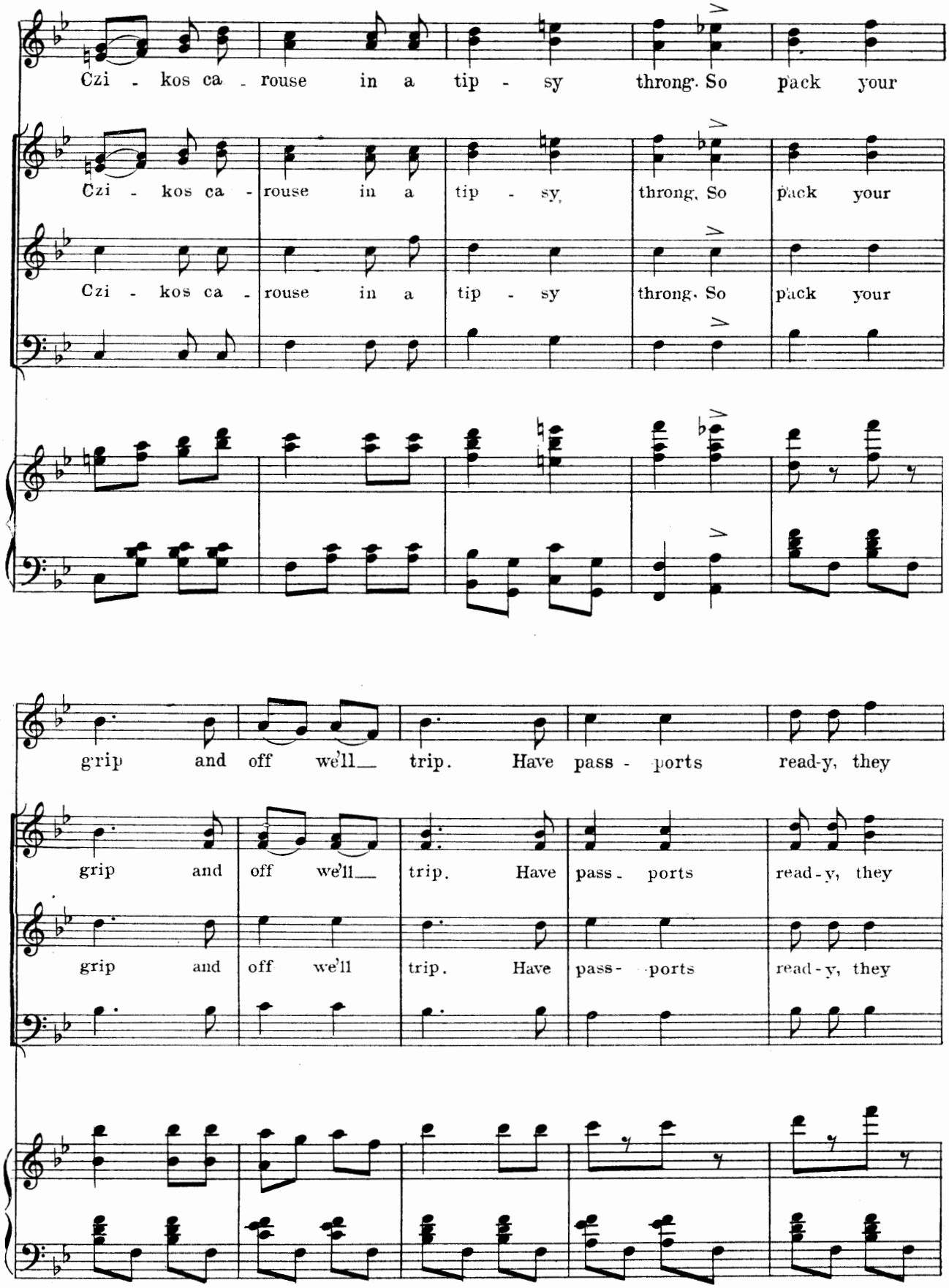

DAISY & MAY.
What's that, you'll try to run a - way, You're
Bu - da - pest.
What's that, you'll try to run a - way, You're
What's that, you'll try to run a - way, You're
off for Bu - da - pest you say!
KATR.
With me you shall find rest!
off for Bu - da - pest you say!
off for Bu - da - pest you say!

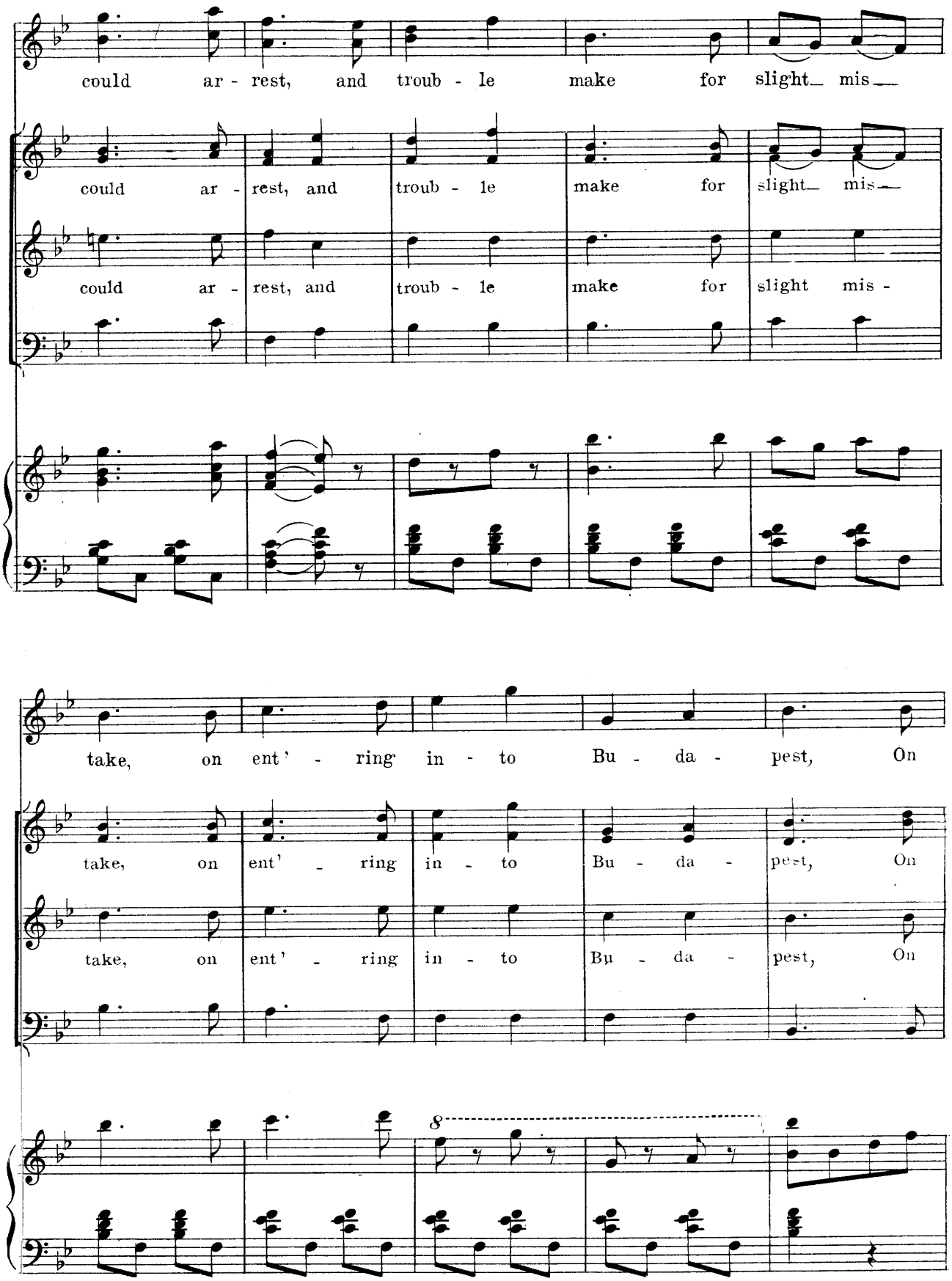

DAISY & MAY.
Now we give you warn-ing. We will
TODD.
Love we'll go to Bu - da - pest.
Now we give you warn - ing We will
Now we give you warn - ing We will
rit.
fol - low in the morn - ing.
Allegro moderato.
fol - low in the morn - ing.
fol - low in the morn - ing.
pp

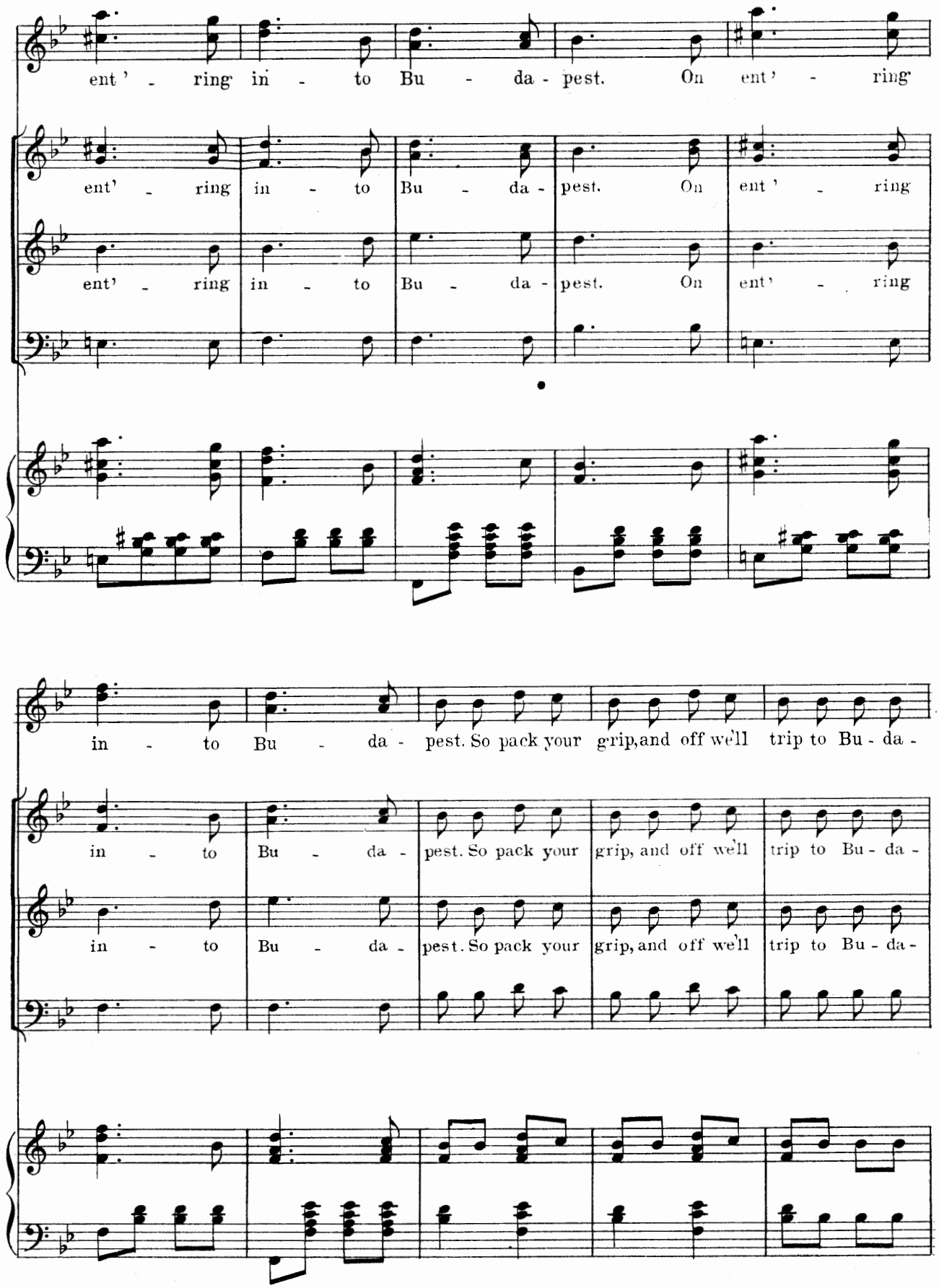

DAISY, MAY & KATR.
Off we'll go and we won't go slow, in the train we'll
CHORUS & PRINCIPAL.
Off we'll go and we won't go slow, in the train we'll
Off we'll go and we won't go slow, in the train we'll
rat - tle to Pest a - long. Where in - stead of hash we'll
rat - tle to Pest a - long. Where in - stead of hash we'll
rat - tle to Pest a - long. Where in - stead of hash we'll

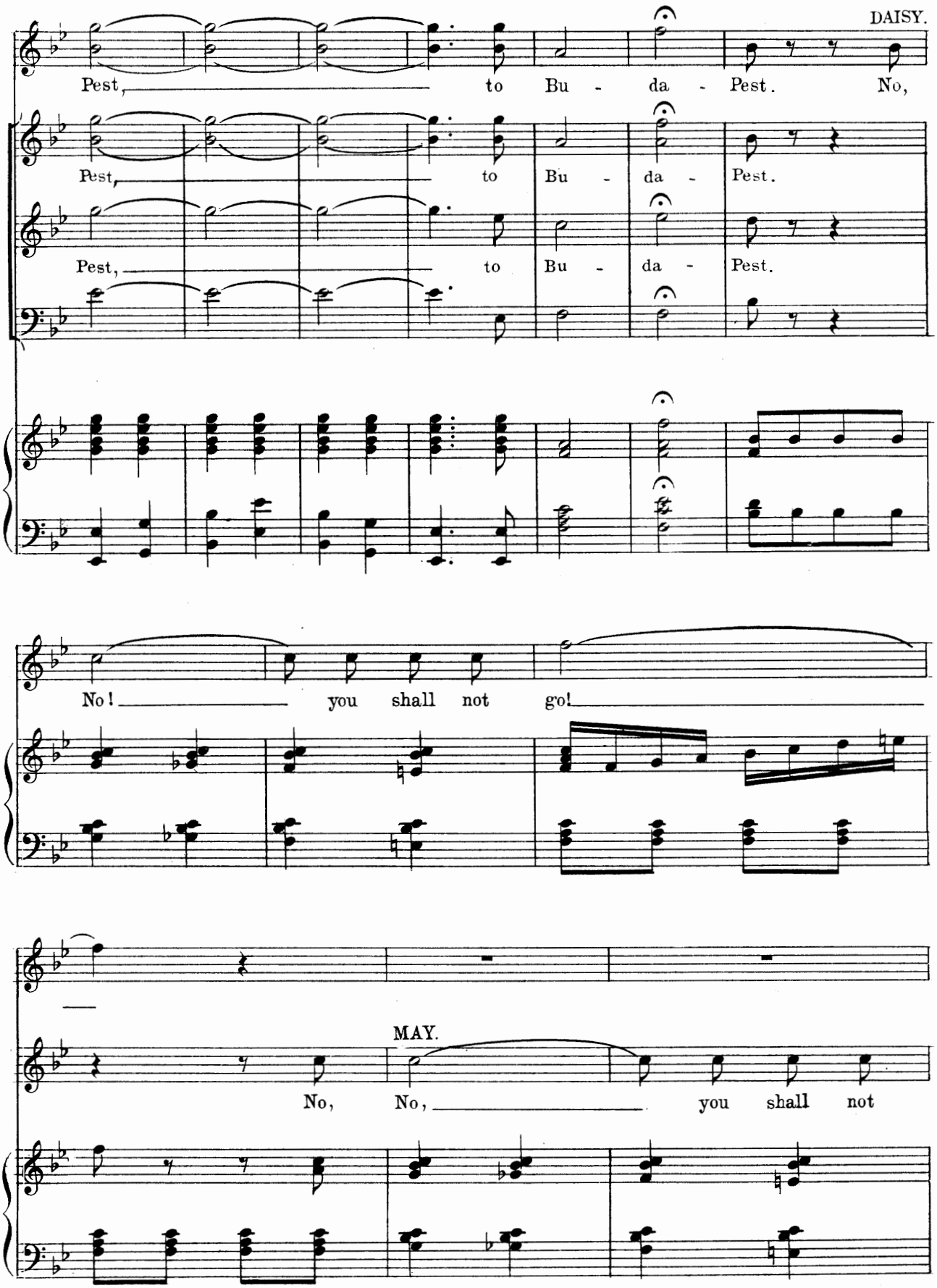

eat gau - lash, In a real Hun - gar - ian res - ta -
eat gau - lash, In a real Hun - gar - ian res - ta -
eat gau - lash, In a real Hun - gar - ian res - ta -
8
rong. They'll knock mus - ic to smith - er's, with ham - mers on zith - ers, While
rong. They'll knock mus - ic to smith - er's, with ham - mers on zith - ers, While
rong. They'll knock mus - ic to smith - er's, with ham - mers on zith - ers, While
8

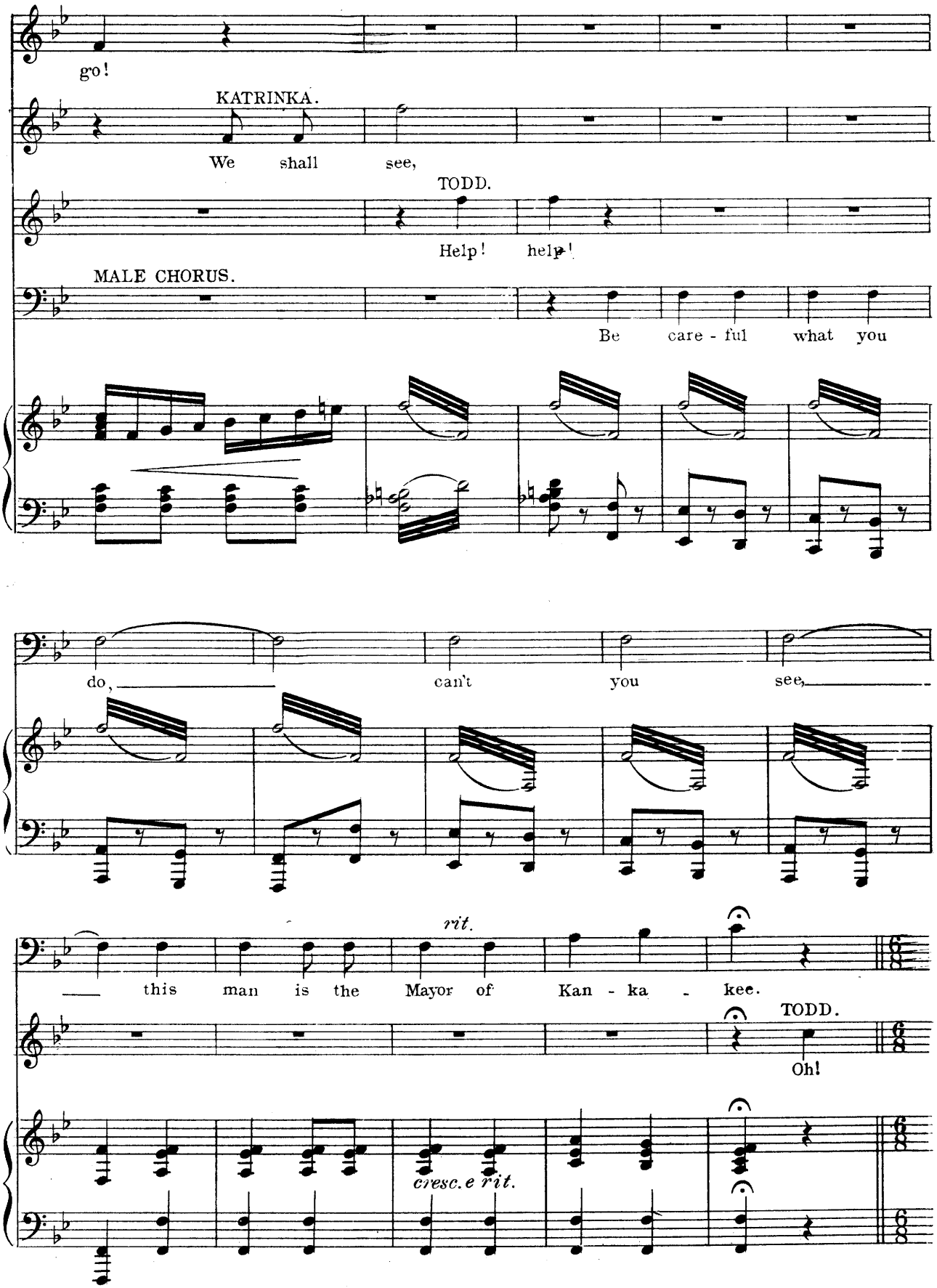

Mag - yars are sing - ing a gyp - sy song, We'll the
Mag - yars are sing - ing a gyp - sy song, We'll the
Mag - yars are sing - ing a gyp - sy song, We'll the
na - tives ad - mire, While sip - ping To - kaye, and
na - tives ad - mire, While sip - ping To - kaye, and
na - tives ad - mire, While sip - ping To - kaye, and

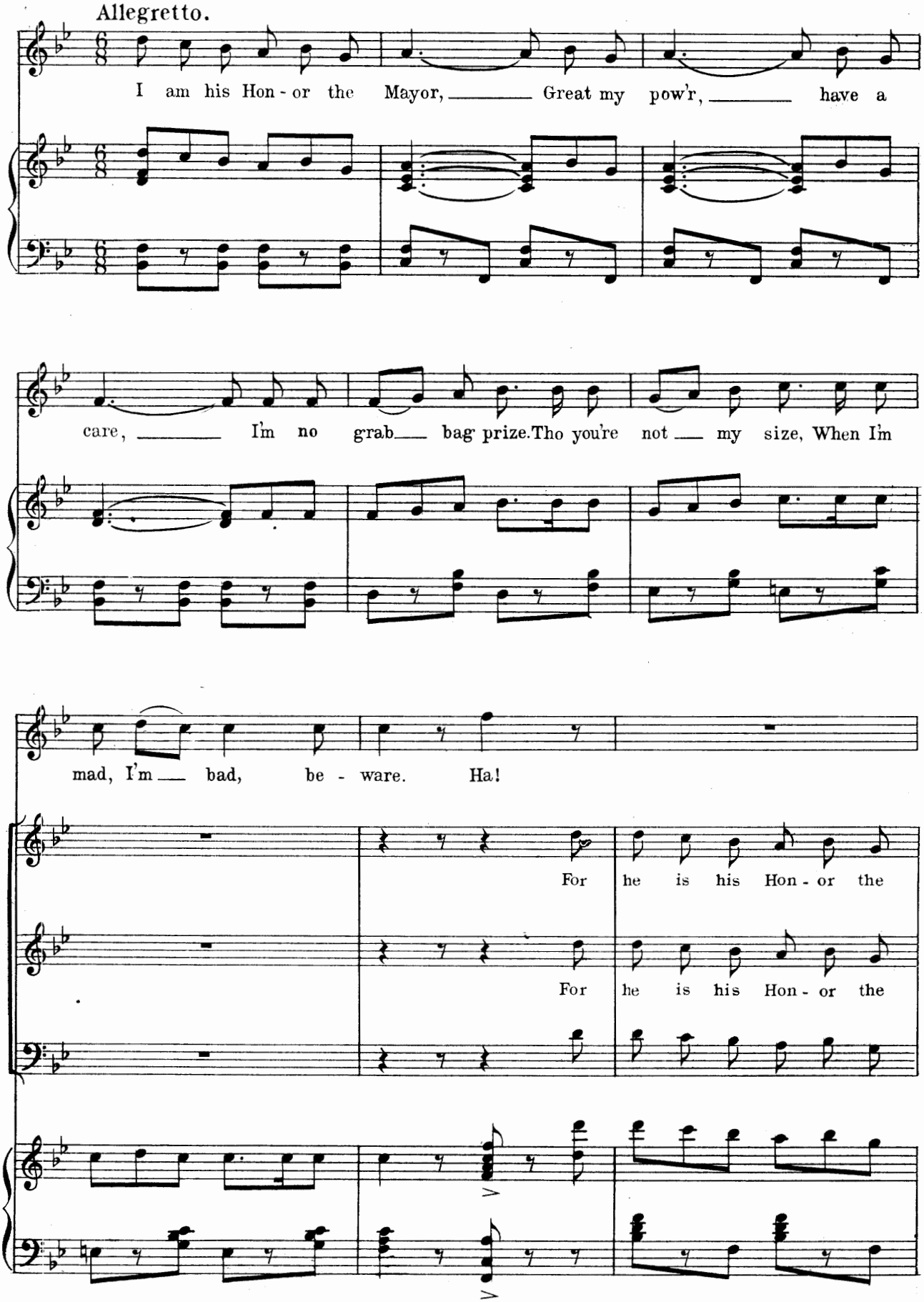

Czi - kos ca - rouse in a tip - sy throng. So pack your
Czi - kos ca - rouse in a tip - sy throng. So pack your
Czi - kos ca - rouse in a tip - sy throng. So pack your
grip and off we'll trip. Have pass - ports read-y, they
grip and off we'll trip. Have pass - ports read-y, they
grip and off we'll trip. Have pass - ports read-y, they

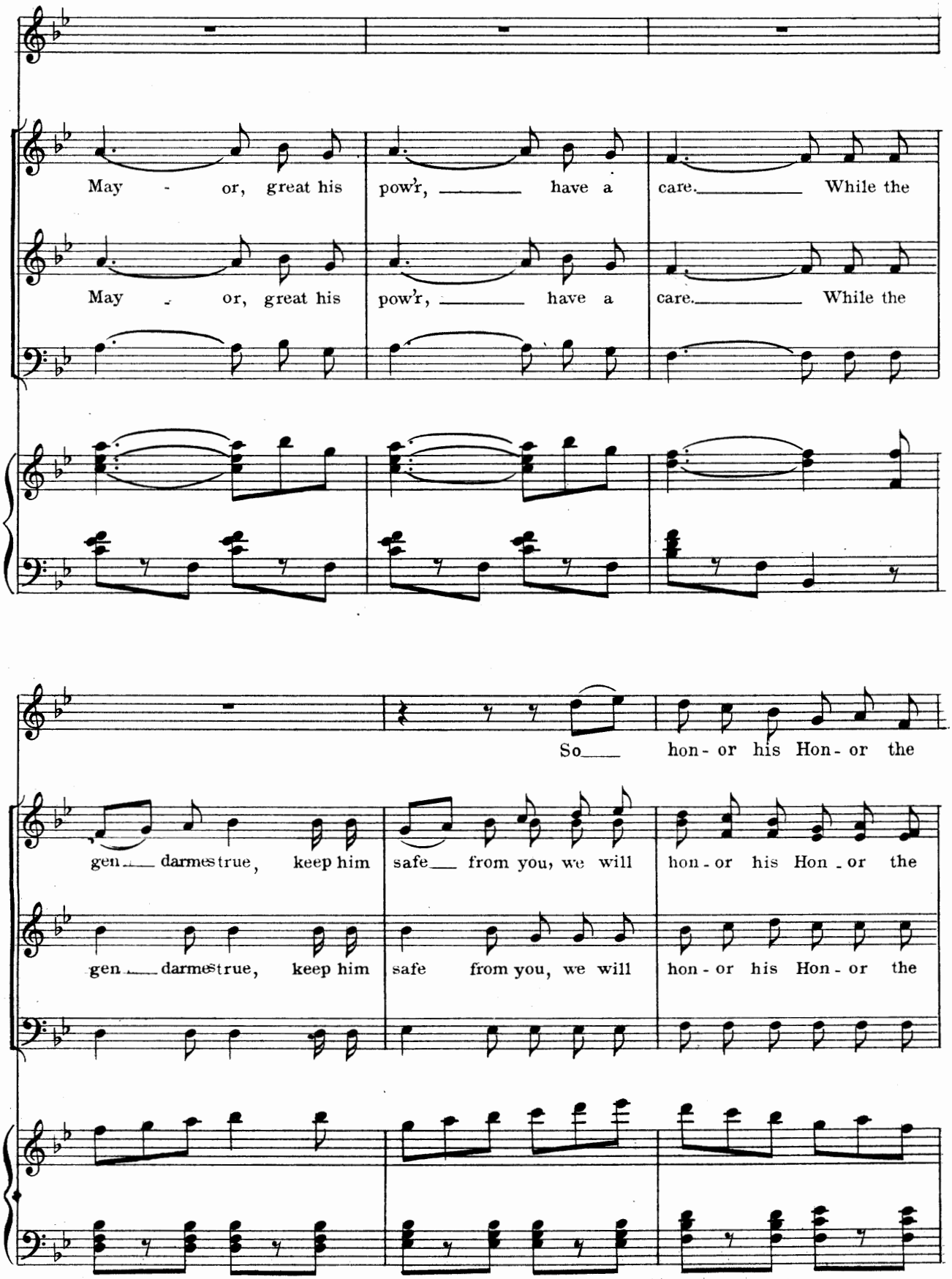

could ar - rest, and troub - le make for slight mis -
could ar - rest, and troub - le make for slight mis -
could ar - rest, and troub - le make for slight mis -
take, on ent' - ring in - to Bu - da - pest, On
take, on ent' - ring in - to Bu - da - pest, On
take, on ent' - ring in - to Bu - da - pest, On
8

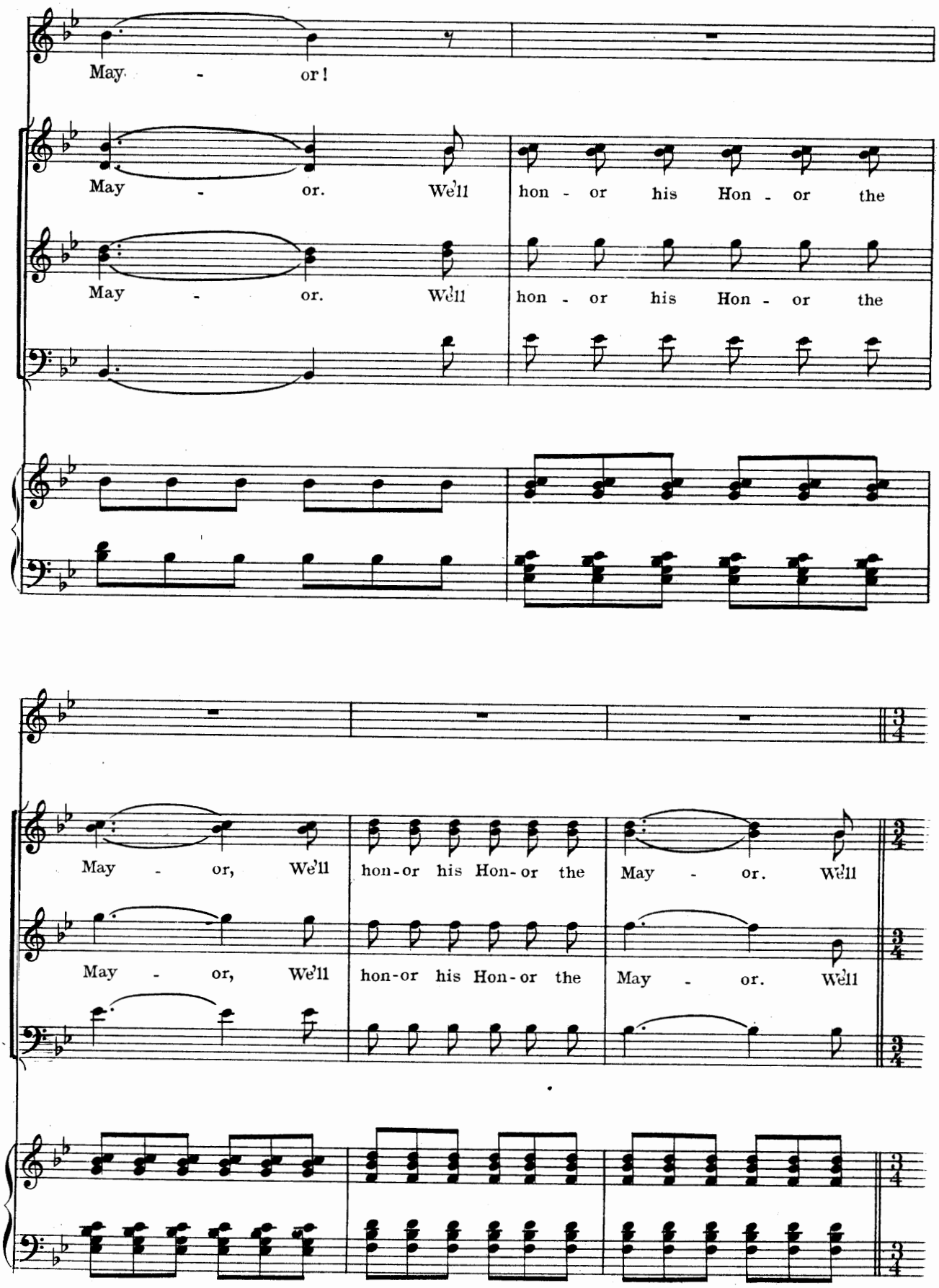

ent' - ring in - to Bu - da - pest. On ent' - ring
ent' - ring in - to Bu - da - pest. On ent' - ring
ent' - ring in - to Bu - da - pest. On ent' - ring
in - to Bu - da - pest. So pack your grip, and off we'll trip to Bu - da -
in - to Bu - da - pest. So pack your grip, and off we'll trip to Bu - da -
in - to Bu - da - pest. So pack your grip, and off we'll trip to Bu - da -

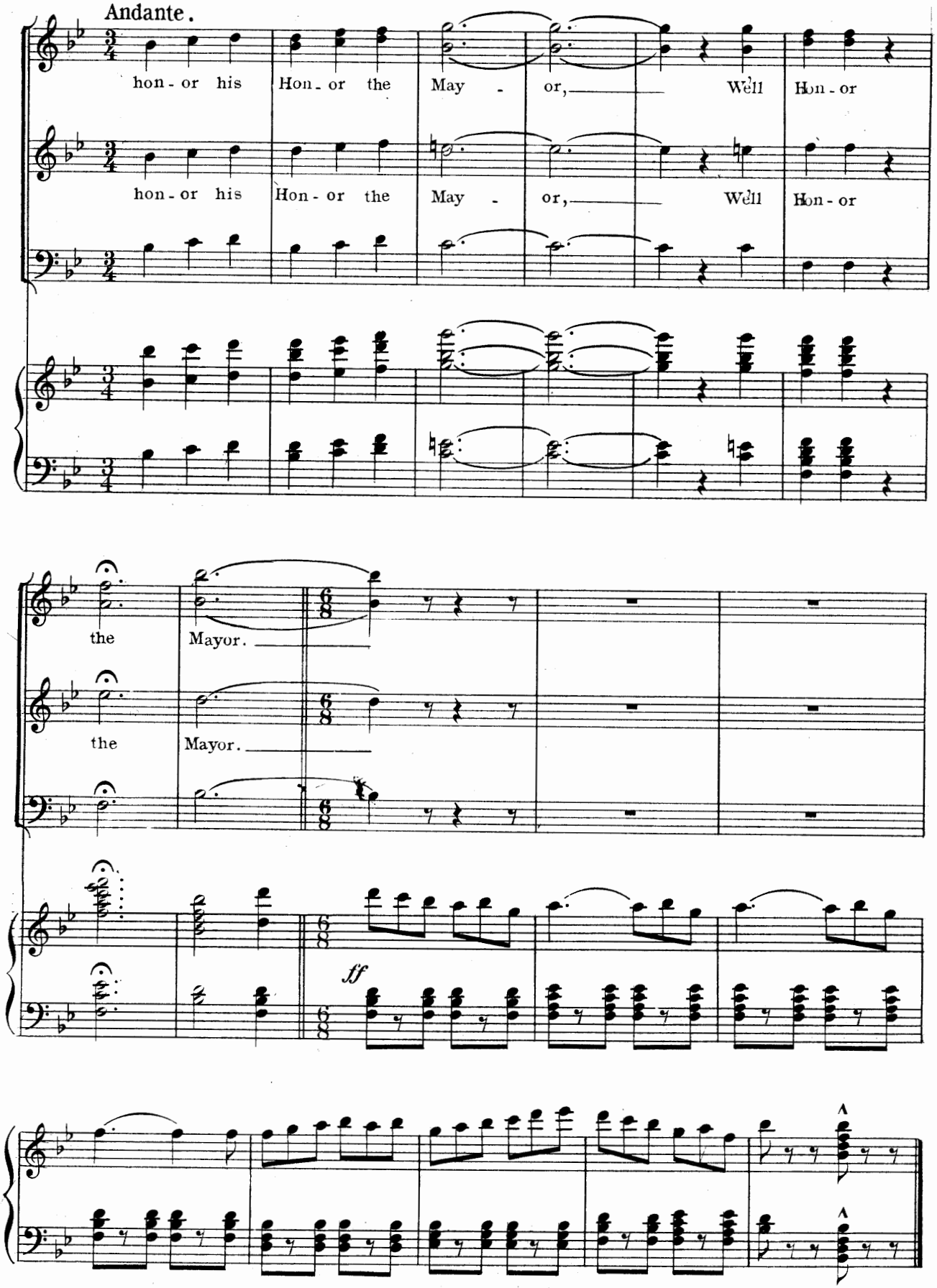

DAISY.
Pest, to Bu - da - Pest. No,
Pest, to Bu - da - Pest.
Pest, to Bu - da - Pest.
No! you shall not go!
MAY.
No, No, you shall not


go!
KATRINKA.
We shall see,
TODD.
Help! help!
MALE CHORUS.
Be care - ful what you
do, can't you see,
rit.
this man is the Mayor of Kan - ka - kee.
TODD.
Oh!
cresc. e rit.


Allegretto.
I am his Hon - or the Mayor, Great my pow'r, have a
care, I'm no grab bag prize. Tho you're not my size, When I'm
mad, I'm bad, be - ware. Ha!
For he is his Hon - or the
For he is his Hon - or the


May - or, great his pow'r, have a care. While the
May - or, great his pow'r, have a care. While the
So hon - or his Hon - or the
gen - darme true, keep him safe from you, we will hon - or his Hon - or the
gen - darme true, keep him safe from you, we will hon - or his Hon - or the


May - or!
May - or. We'll hon - or his Hon - or the
May - or. We'll hon - or his Hon - or the
May - or, We'll hon-or his Hon-or the May - or. We'll
May - or, We'll hon-or his Hon-or the May - or. We'll

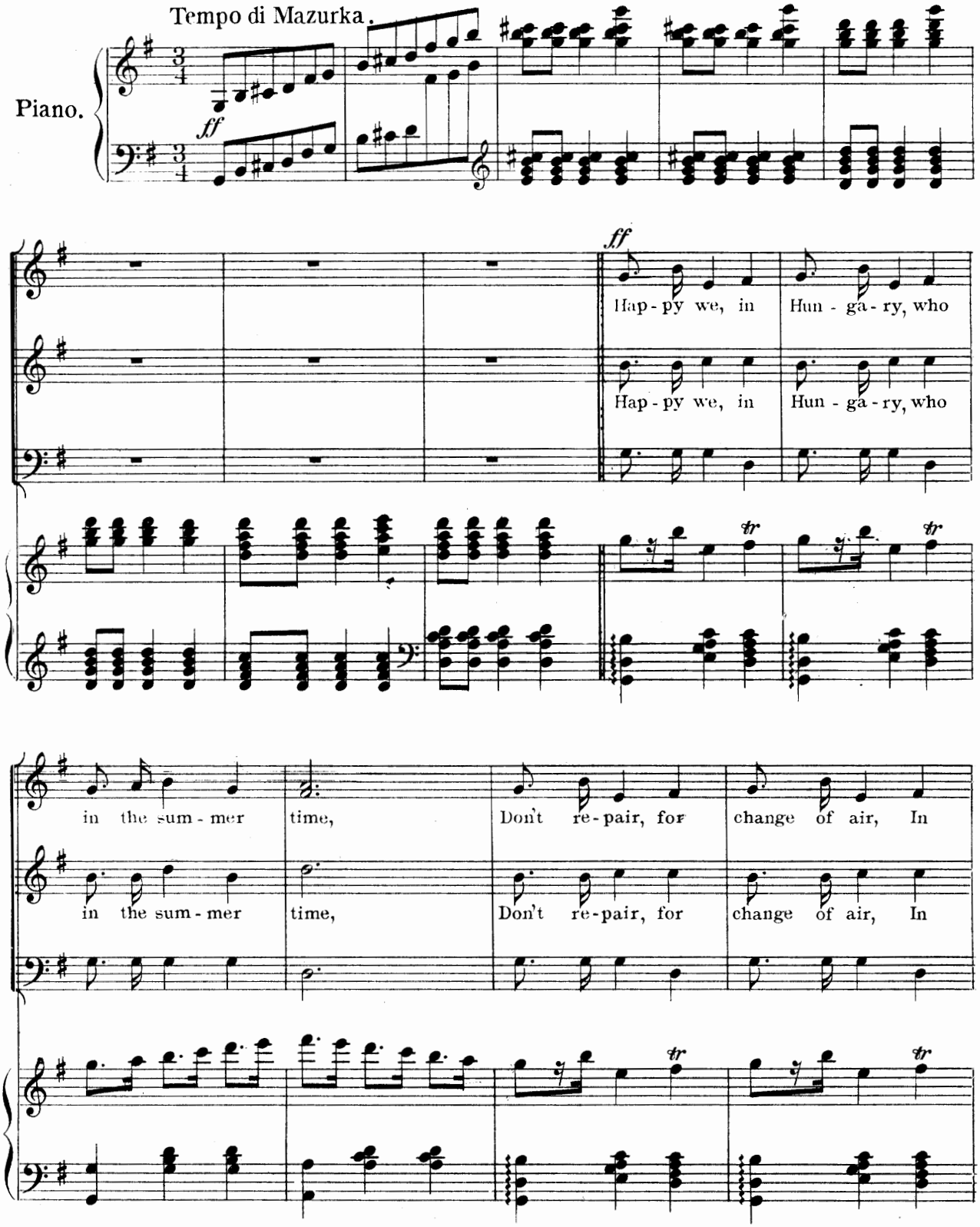

Andante.
hon - or his
Hon - or the
May - or,
Well
Hon - or
hon - or his
Hon - or the
May - or,
Well
Hon - or
the
Mayor.
the
Mayor.
ff

ACT II.

No. 10. Opening Chorus.

Lyric by
CHAS. J. CAMPBELL & RALPH M. SKINNER.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS.



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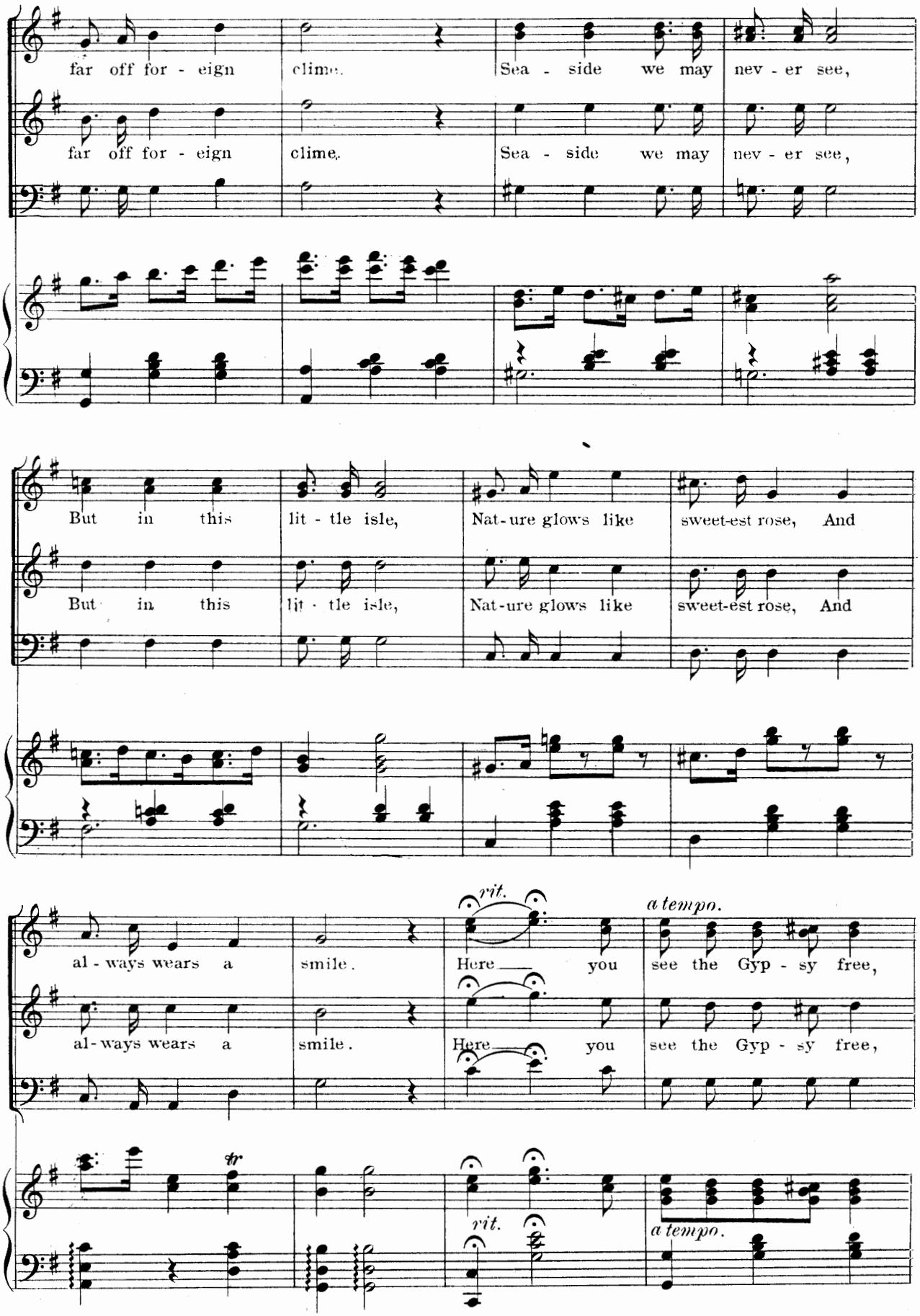
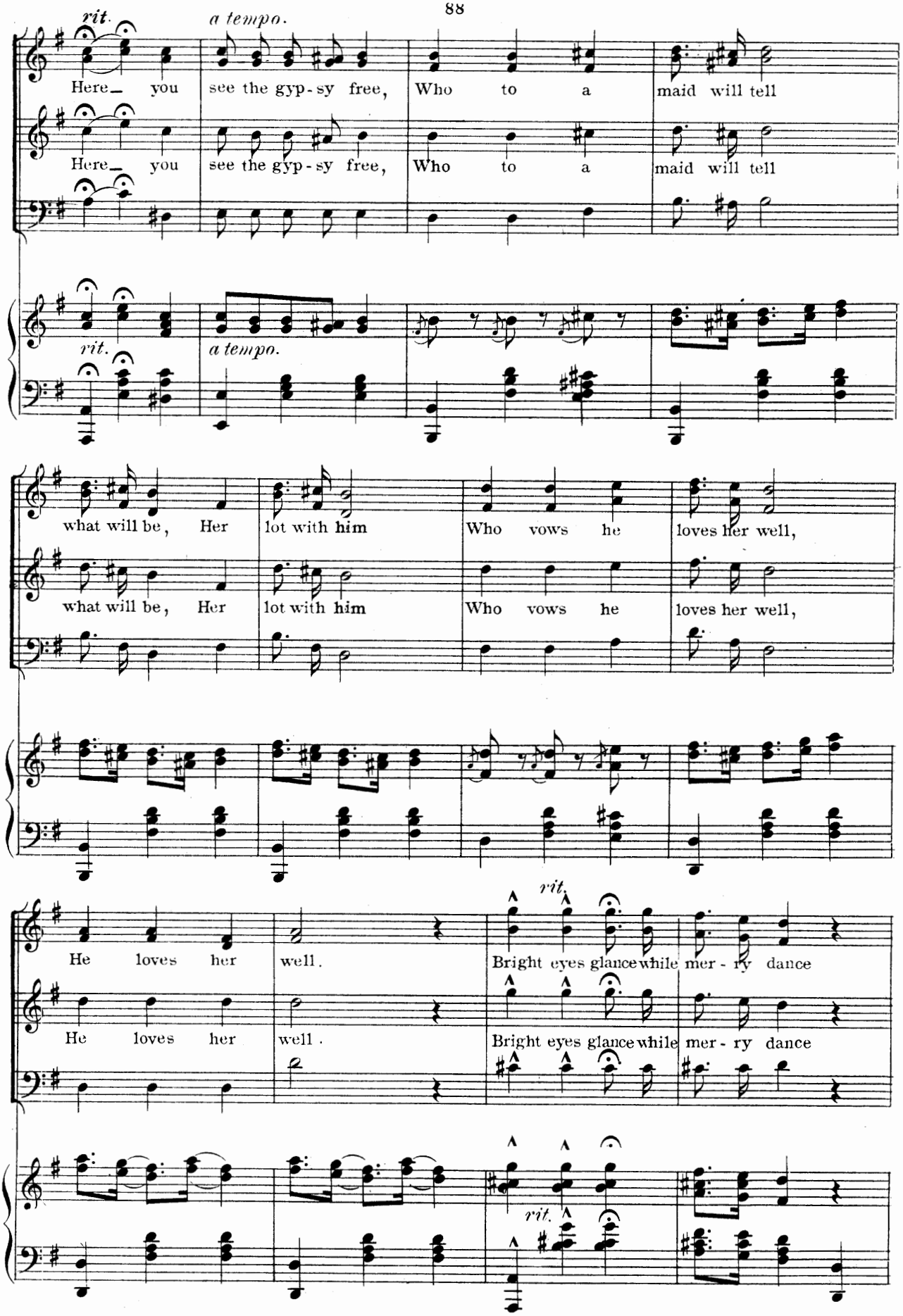
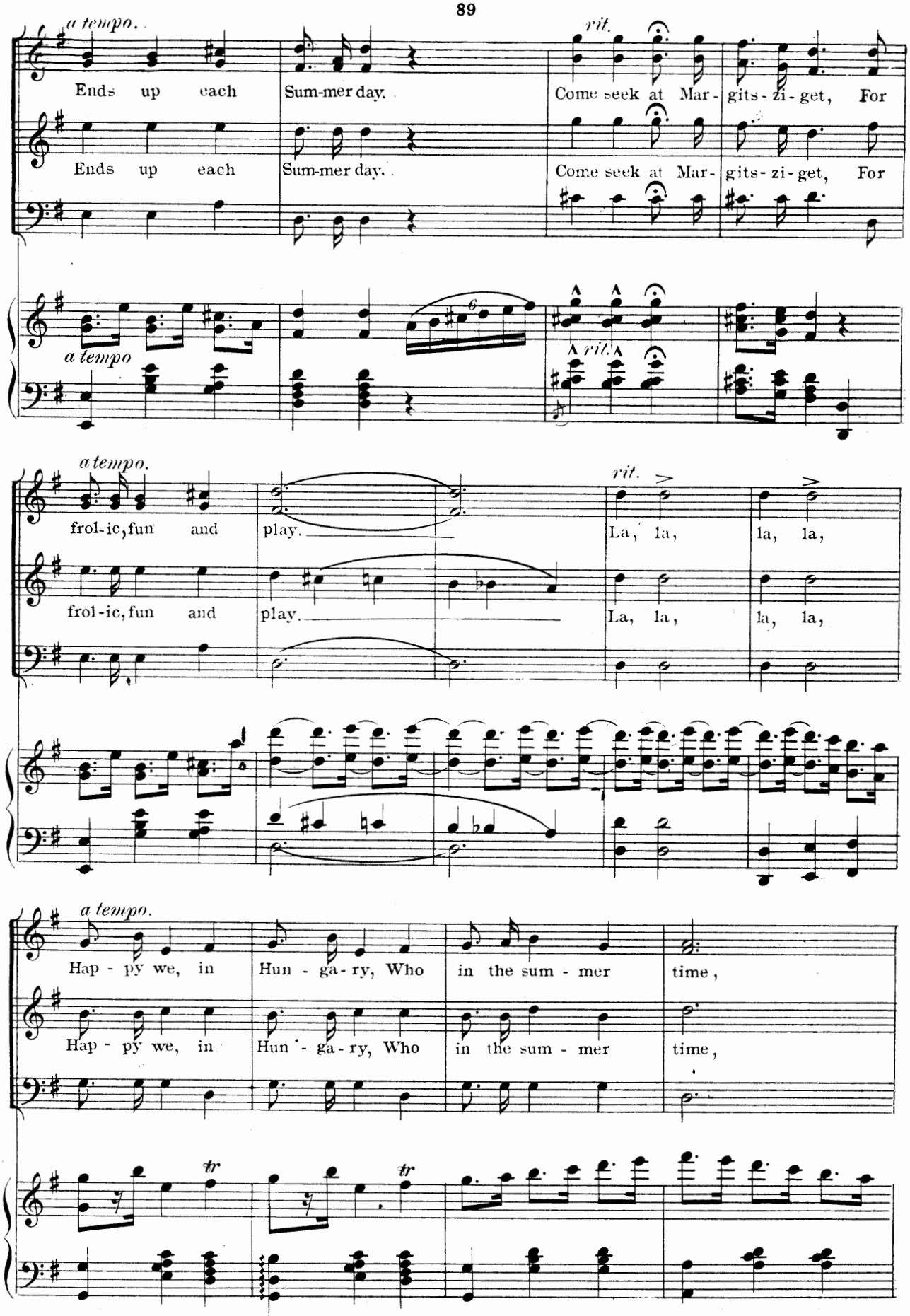
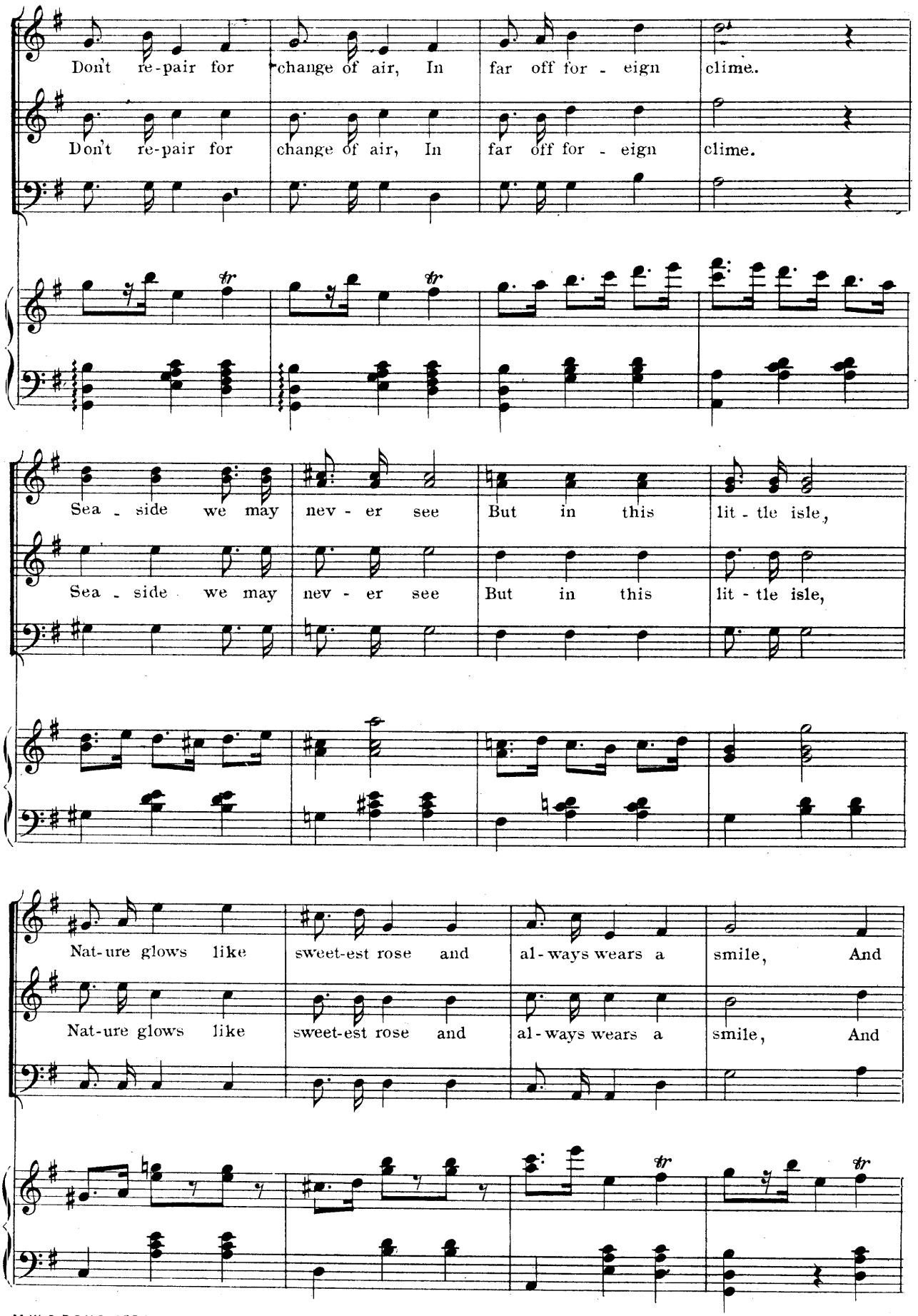
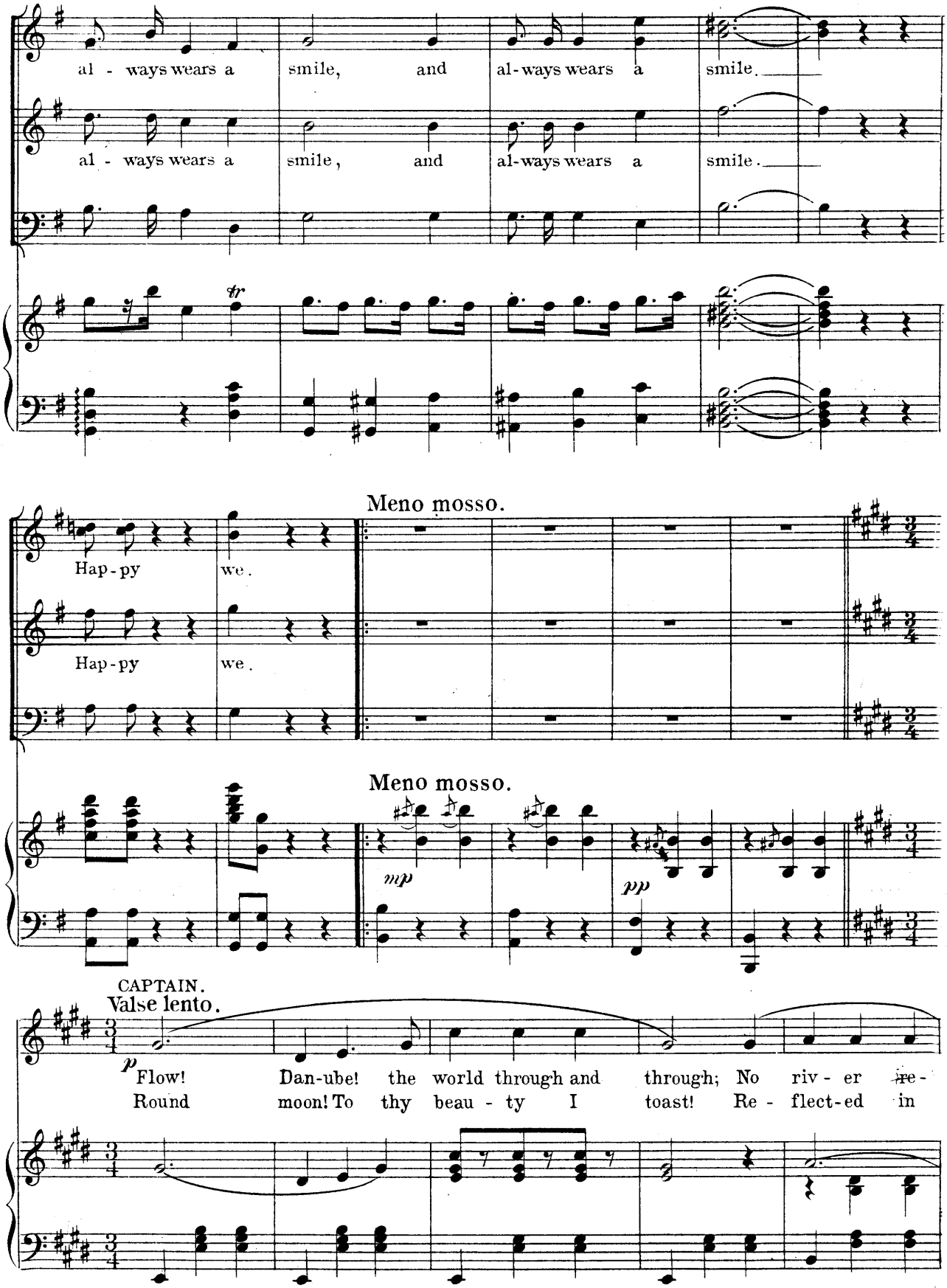
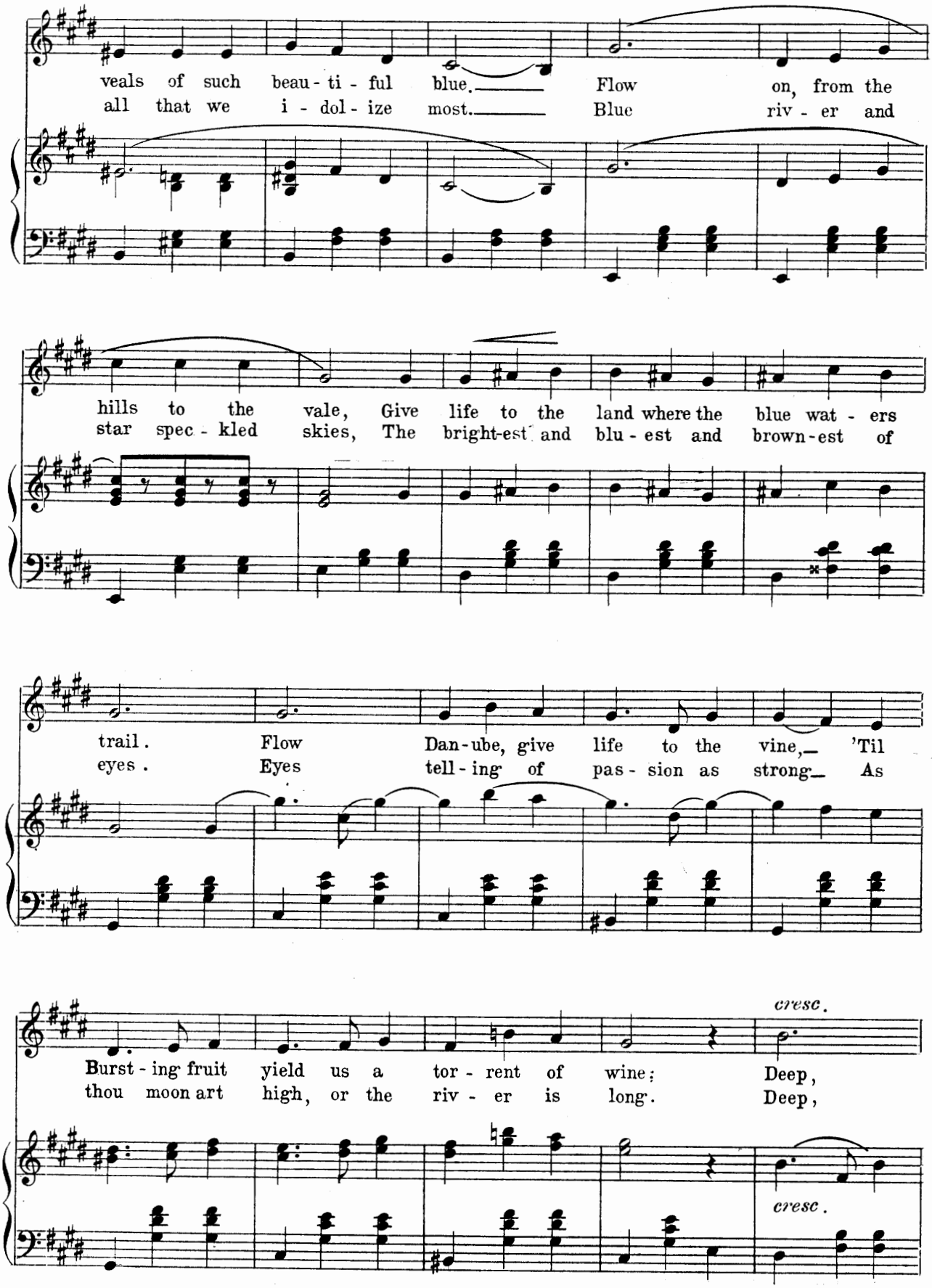

far off for - eign clime. Sea - side we may nev - er see,
far off for - eign clime. Sea - side we may nev - er see,
But in this lit - tle isle, Nat-ure glows like sweet-est rose, And
But in this lit - tle isle, Nat-ure glows like sweet-est rose, And
al - ways wears a smile. Here you see the Gyp - sy free,
al - ways wears a smile. Here you see the Gyp - sy free,
rit.
a tempo.
rit.
a tempo.

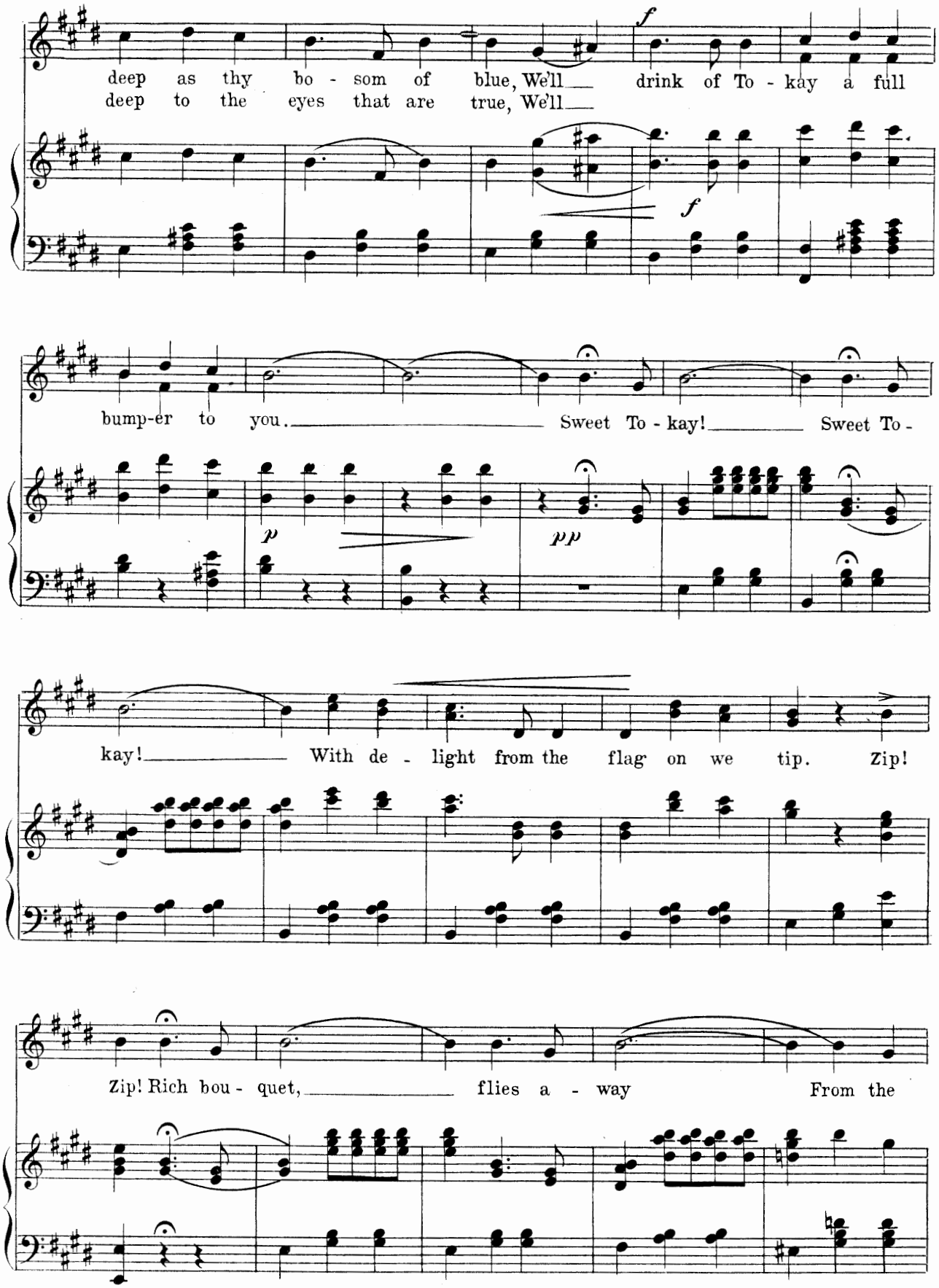

rit.
a tempo.
Here_ you see the gyp-sy free, Who to a maid will tell
Here_ you see the gyp-sy free, Who to a maid will tell
rit.
a tempo.
what will be, Her lot with him Who vows he loves her well,
what will be, Her lot with him Who vows he loves her well,
He loves her well.
rit.
Bright eyes glance while mer-ry dance
He loves her well.
Bright eyes glance while mer-ry dance
rit.

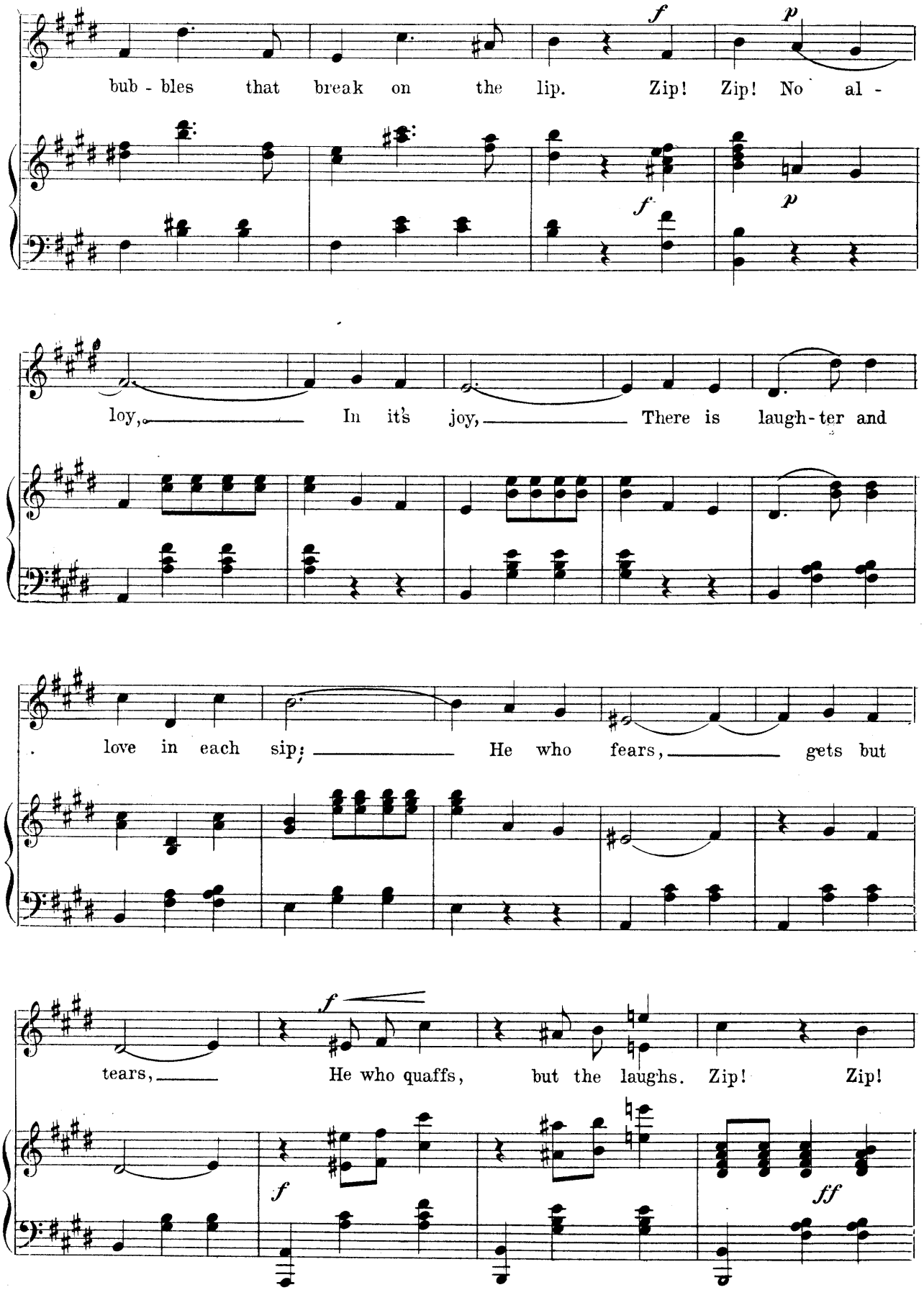

a tempo.
Ends up each Sum-mer day.
rit.
Come seek at Mar- gits- zi- get, For
Ends up each Sum-mer day.
Come seek at Mar- gits- zi- get, For
a tempo
rit.
a tempo.
frol-ic, fun and play.
rit.
La, la, la, la,
frol-ic, fun and play.
La, la, la, la,
a tempo.
Hap- py we, in Hun- ga- ry, Who in the sum- mer time,
Hap- py we, in Hun- ga- ry, Who in the sum- mer time,
tr
tr

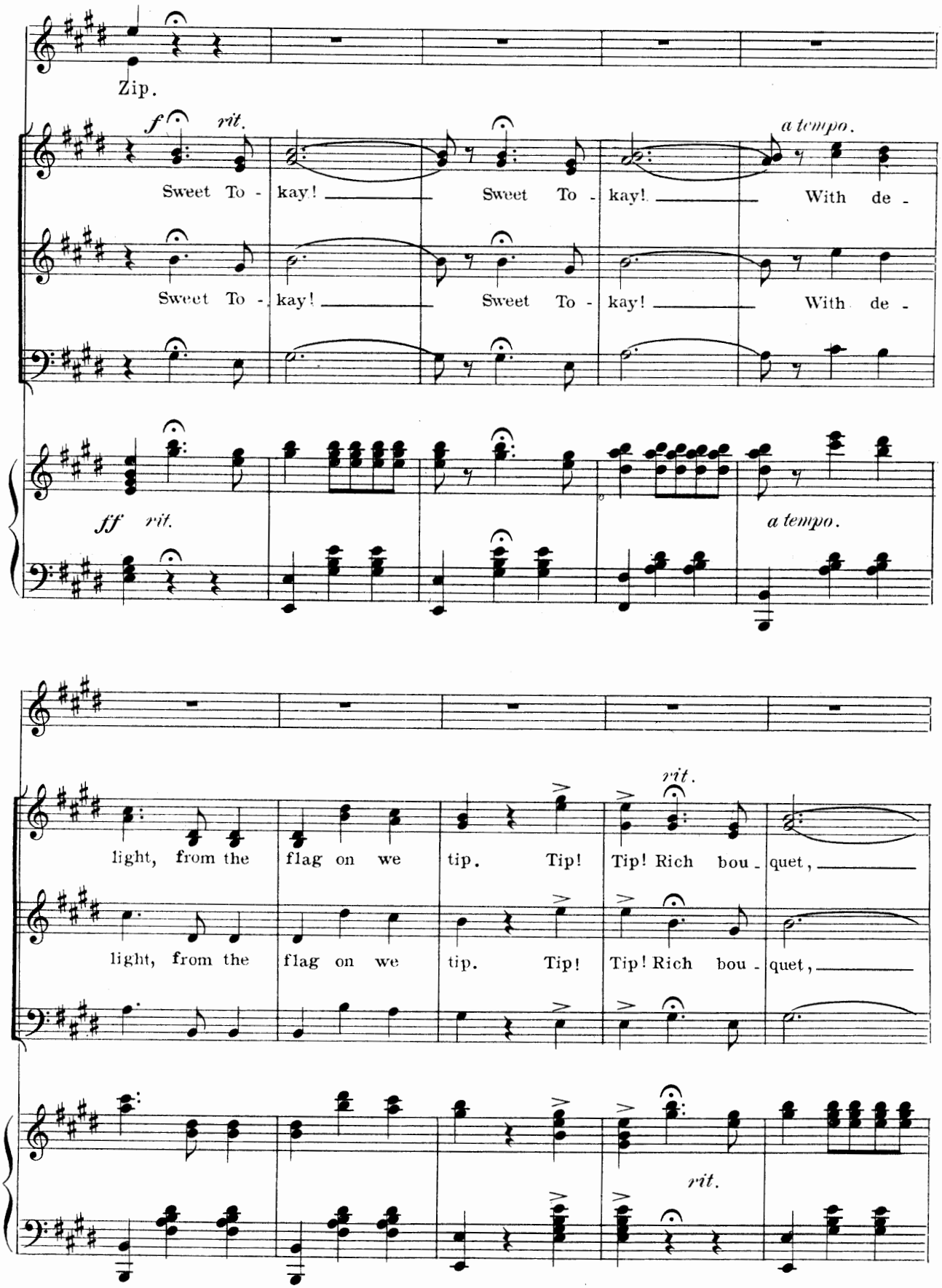

Don't re-pair for change of air, In far off for - eign clime.
Don't re-pair for change of air, In far off for - eign clime.
Sea - side we may nev - er see But in this lit - tle isle,
Sea - side we may nev - er see But in this lit - tle isle,
Nat-ure glows like sweet-est rose and al-ways wears a smile, And
Nat-ure glows like sweet-est rose and al-ways wears a smile, And

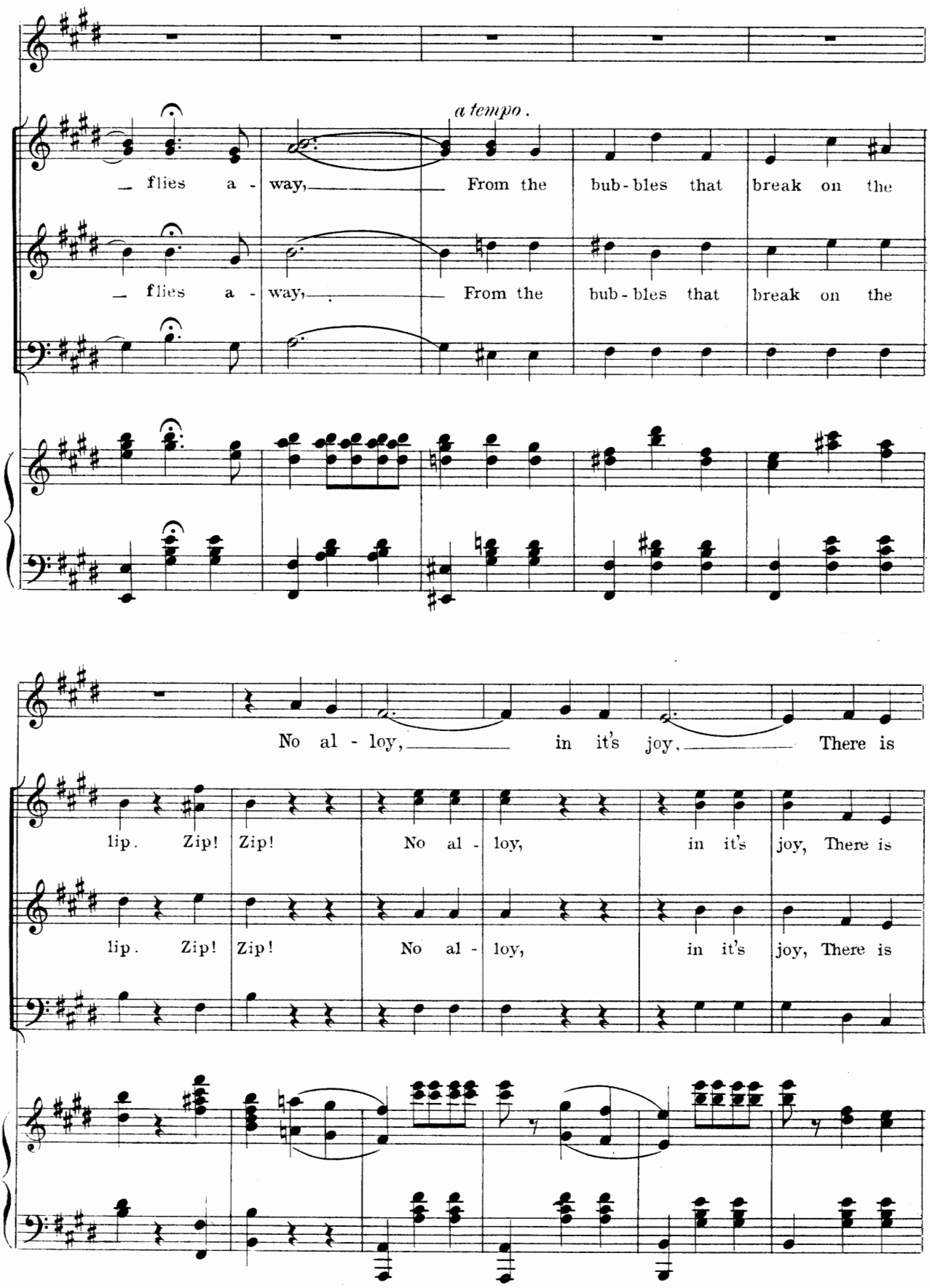

al - ways wears a smile, and al-ways wears a smile.
al - ways wears a smile, and al-ways wears a smile.
Meno mosso.
Hap-py we.
Hap-py we.
Meno mosso.
mp
pp
CAPTAIN.
Valse lento.
p
Flow! Dan-ube! the world through and through; No riv - er re-
Round moon! To thy beau - ty I toast! Re - flect-ed in

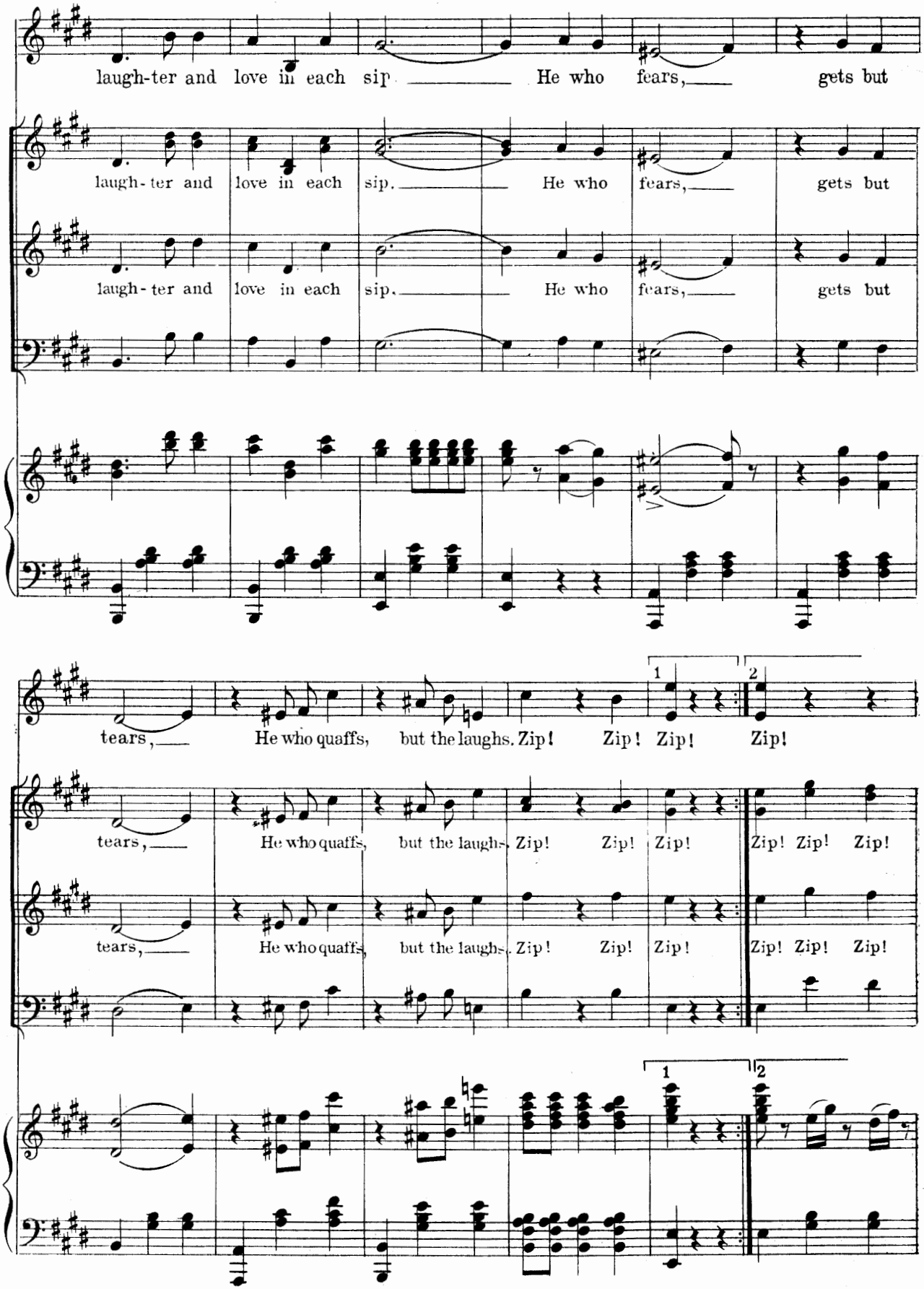

veals of such beau - ti - ful blue. Flow on, from the
all that we i - dol - ize most. Blue riv - er and
hills to the vale, Give life to the land where the blue wat - ers
star spec - kled skies, The bright-est and blu - est and brown-est of
trail. Flow Dan-ube, give life to the vine, 'Til
eyes. Eyes tell - ing of pas - sion as strong As
cresc.
Burst - ing fruit yield us a tor - rent of wine; Deep,
thou moon art high, or the riv - er is long. Deep,
cresc.

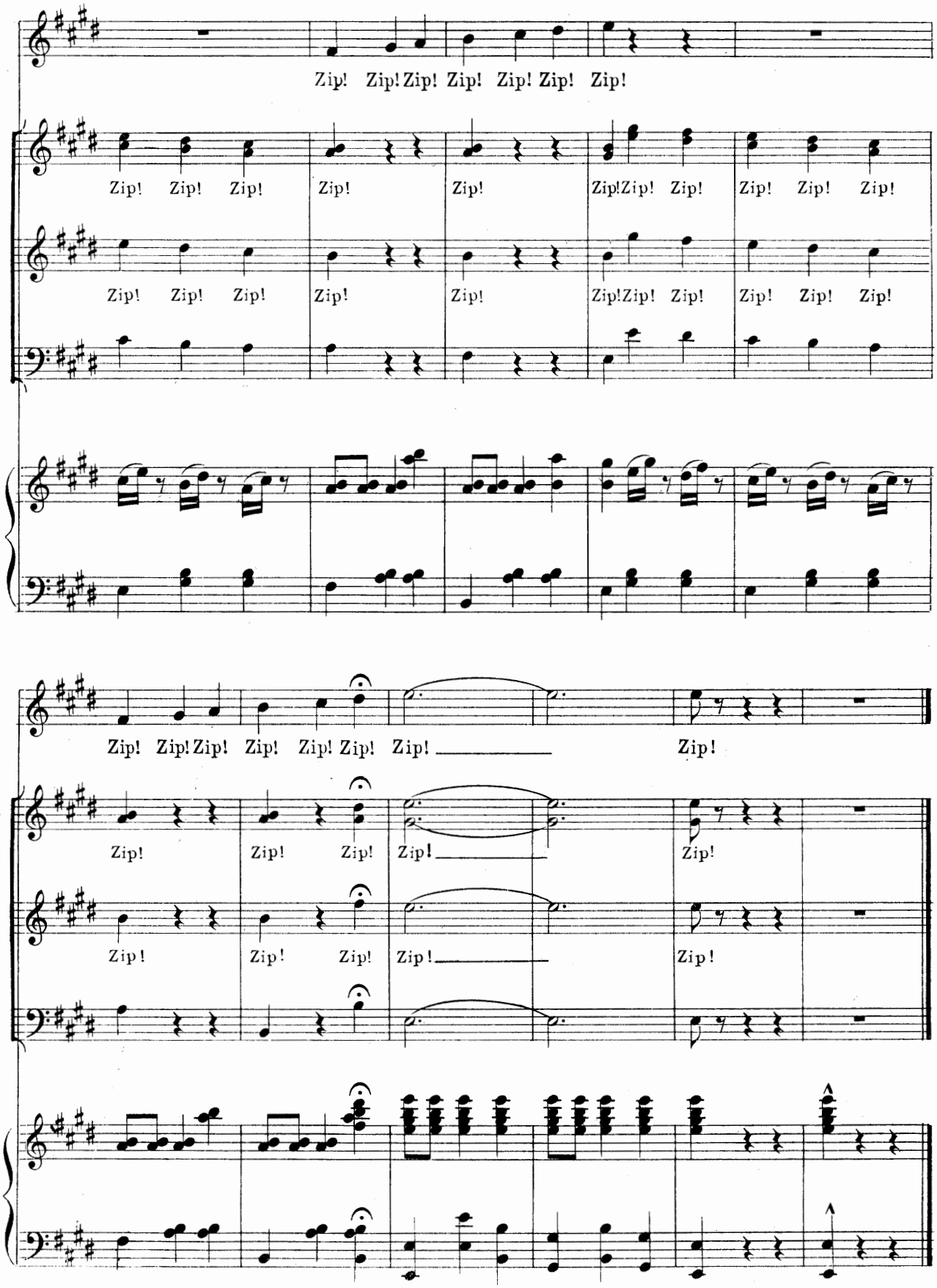

deep as thy bo - som of blue, We'll drink of To - kay a full
deep to the eyes that are true, We'll
f
f
bump-er to you. Sweet To - kay! Sweet To -
p
pp
kay! With de - light from the flag on we tip. Zip!
Zip! Rich bou - quet, flies a - way From the


bub - bles that break on the lip. Zip! Zip! No al -
loy, In it's joy, There is laugh - ter and
love in each sip; He who fears, gets but
tears, He who quaffs, but the laughs. Zip! Zip!


Zip.
f
rit.
Sweet To - kay! Sweet To - kay!
a tempo.
With de -
Sweet To - kay! Sweet To - kay!
With de -
ff
rit.
a tempo.
light, from the flag on we tip. Tip! Tip! Rich bou - quet,
rit.
light, from the flag on we tip. Tip! Tip! Rich bou - quet,
rit.


a tempo.
flies a - way, From the bub - bles that break on the
flies a - way, From the bub - bles that break on the
No al - loy, in it's joy, There is
lip. Zip! Zip! No al - loy, in it's joy, There is
lip. Zip! Zip! No al - loy, in it's joy, There is


laugh-ter and love in each sip. He who fears, gets but
laugh-ter and love in each sip. He who fears, gets but
laugh-ter and love in each sip. He who fears, gets but
tears, He who quaffs, but the laughs. Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip!
tears, He who quaffs, but the laughs. Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip!
tears, He who quaffs, but the laughs. Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip!
1
2


Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip!
Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip!
Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip!
Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip!
Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip!
Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip!
Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip! Zip!

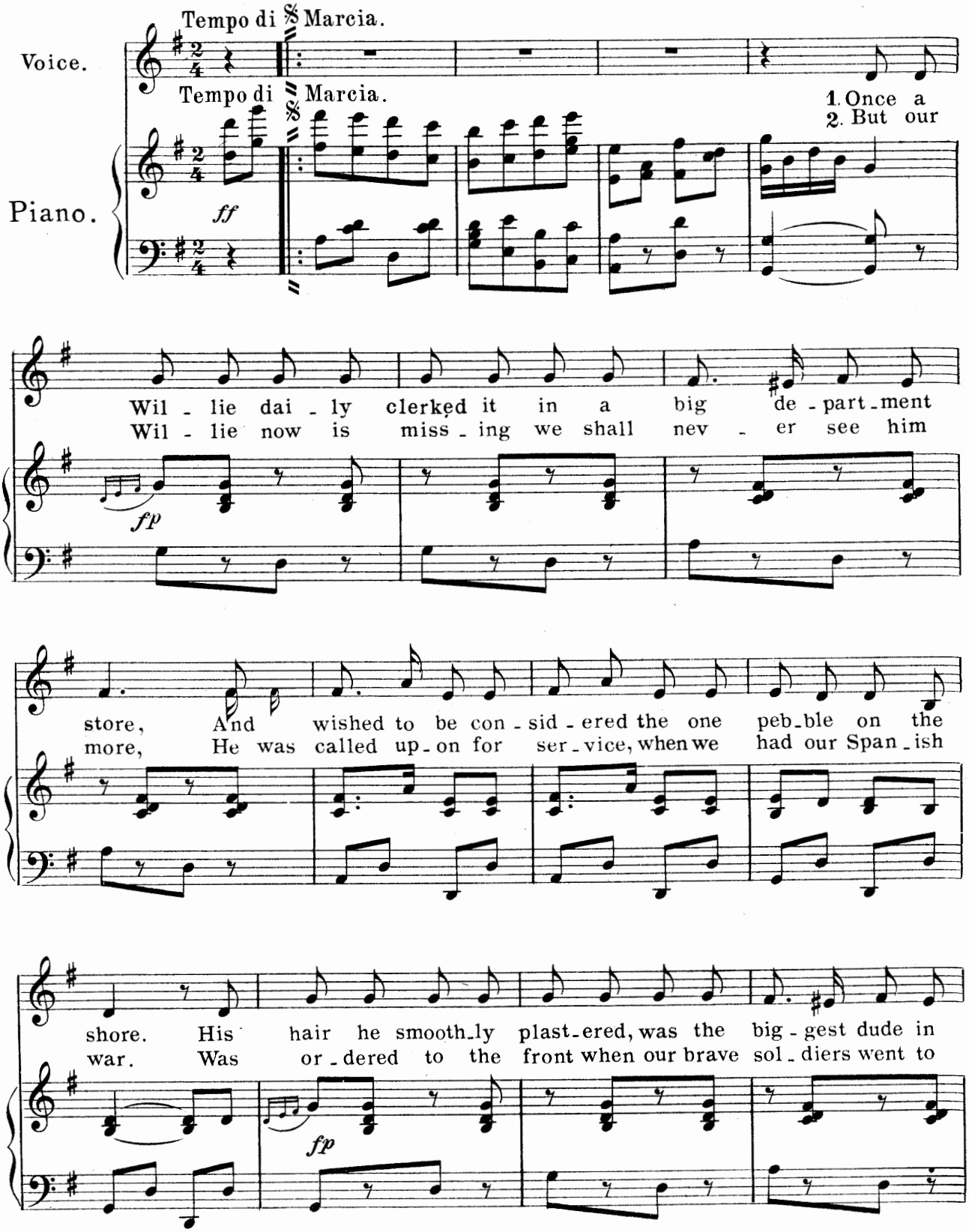
Military Willie.

3232
№ 11.

Song and Chorus.

Lyric by CHAS. J CAMPBELL &
RALPH M. SKINNER.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS



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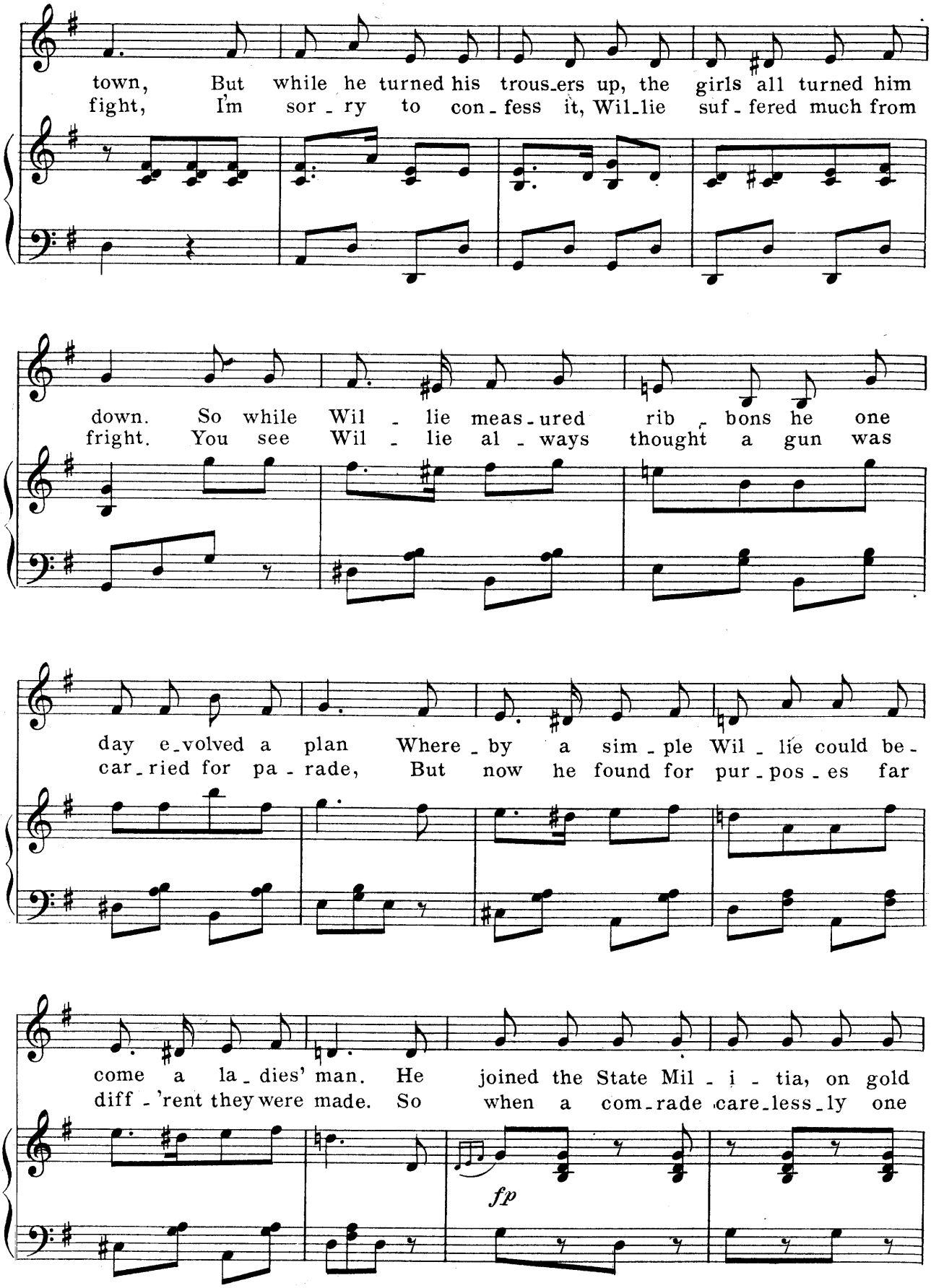
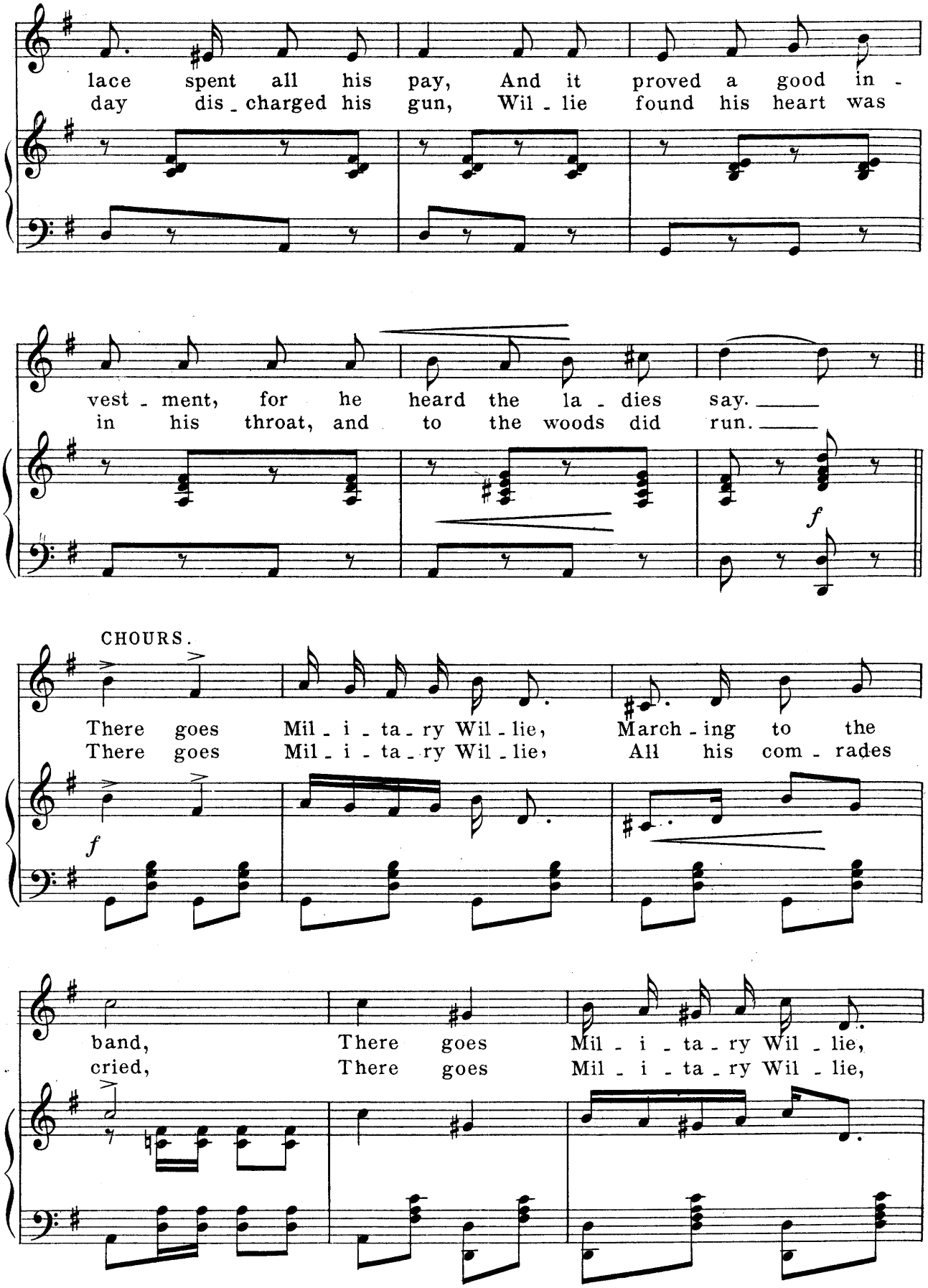
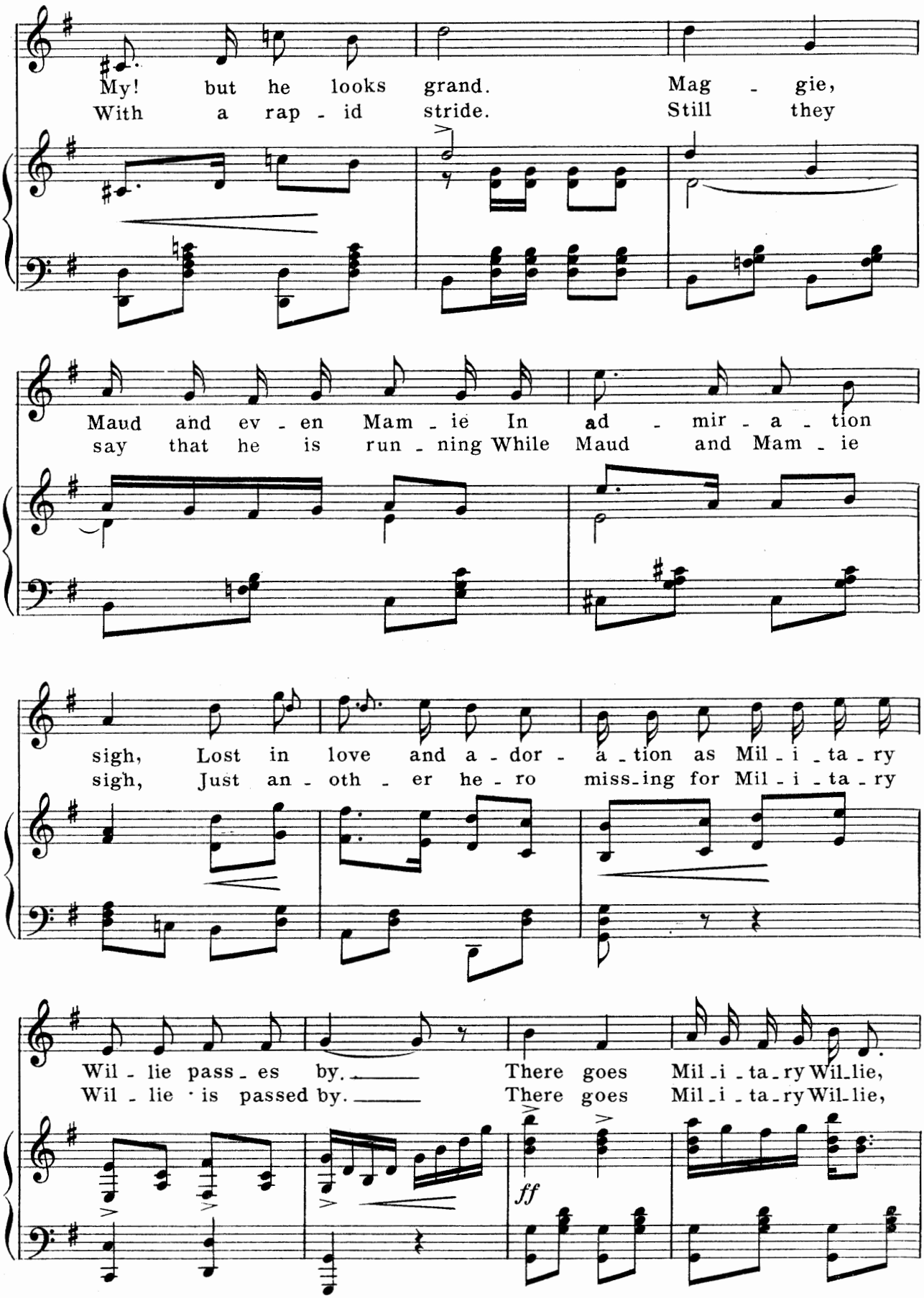
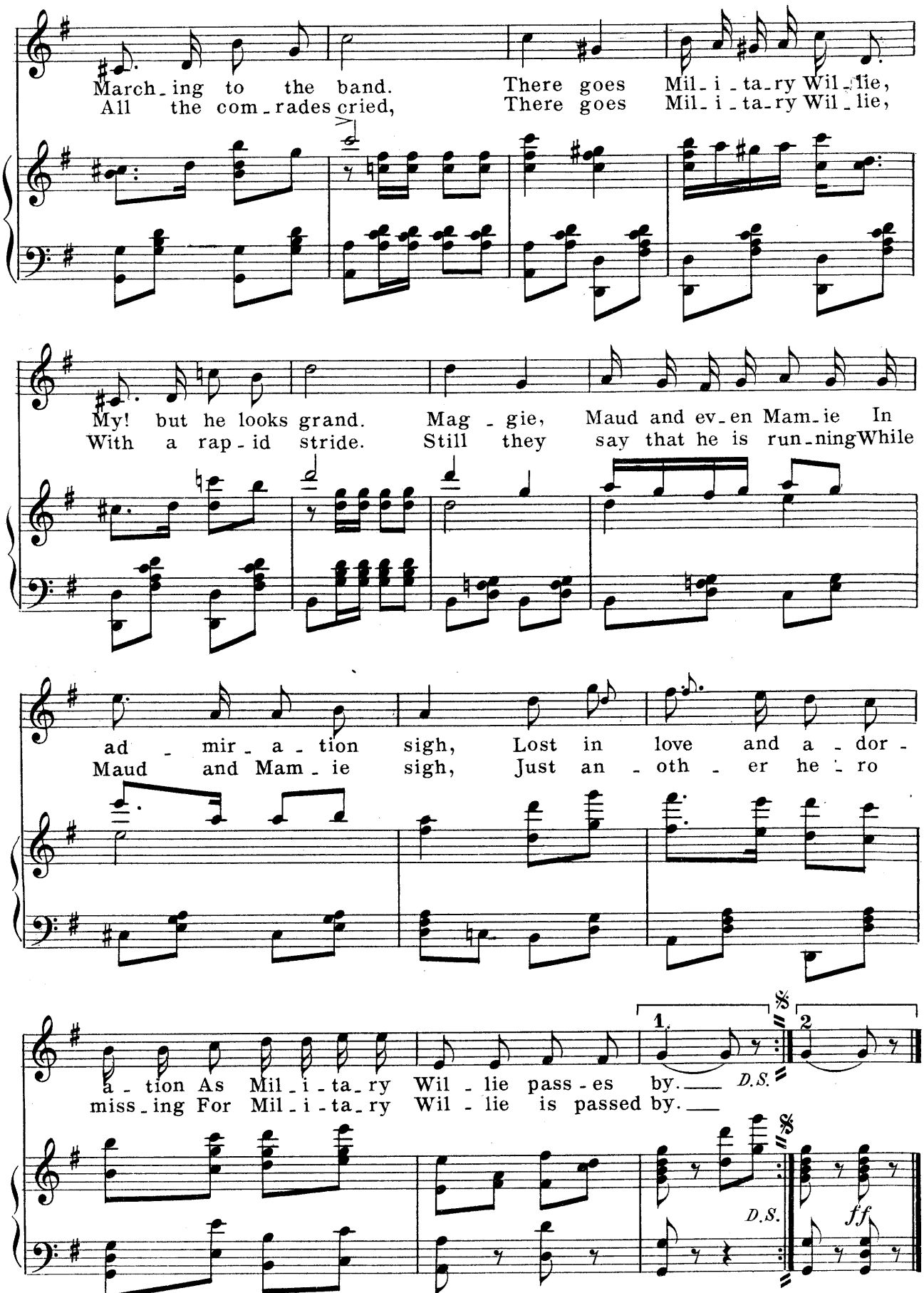

town, But while he turned his trous-ers up, the girls all turned him
fight, I'm sor - ry to con - fess it, Wil-lie suf - fered much from
down. So while Wil - lie meas-ured rib - bons he one
fright. You see Wil - lie al - ways thought a gun was
day e-volved a plan Where - by a sim - ple Wil - lie could be -
car-ried for pa - rade, But now he found for pur-pos-es far
come a la-dies' man. He joined the State Mil - i - tia, on gold
diff - 'rent they were made. So when a com-rade care-less-ly one
fp


lace spent all his pay, And it proved a good in -
day dis - charged his gun, Wil - lie found his heart was
vest - ment, for he heard the la - dies say.
in his throat, and to the woods did run.
f
CHOURS.
There goes Mil - i - ta - ry Wil - lie, March - ing to the
There goes Mil - i - ta - ry Wil - lie, All his com - rades
f
band, There goes Mil - i - ta - ry Wil - lie,
cried, There goes Mil - i - ta - ry Wil - lie,


My! but he looks grand. Mag - gie,
With a rap - id stride. Still they
Maud and ev - en Mam - ie In ad - mir - a - tion
say that he is run - ning While Maud and Mam - ie
sigh, Lost in love and a - dor - a - tion as Mil - i - ta - ry
sigh, Just an - oth - er he - ro miss-ing for Mil - i - ta - ry
Wil - lie pass - es by. There goes Mil - i - ta - ry Wil - lie,
Wil - lie is passed by. There goes Mil - i - ta - ry Wil - lie,
ff


March-ing to the band. There goes Mil-i-ta-ry Wil-lie,
All the com-rades cried, There goes Mil-i-ta-ry Wil-lie,
My! but he looks grand. Mag-gie, Maud and ev-en Mam-ie In
With a rap-id stride. Still they say that he is run-ningWhile
ad-mir-a-tion sigh, Lost in love and a-dor-
Maud and Mam-ie sigh, Just an-oth-er he-ro
a-tion As Mil-i-ta-ry Wil-lie pass-es by.
miss-ing For Mil-i-ta-ry Wil-lie is passed by.
1.
2.
D.S.
D.S.
ff

3234

Where the Wild Vine Clings.

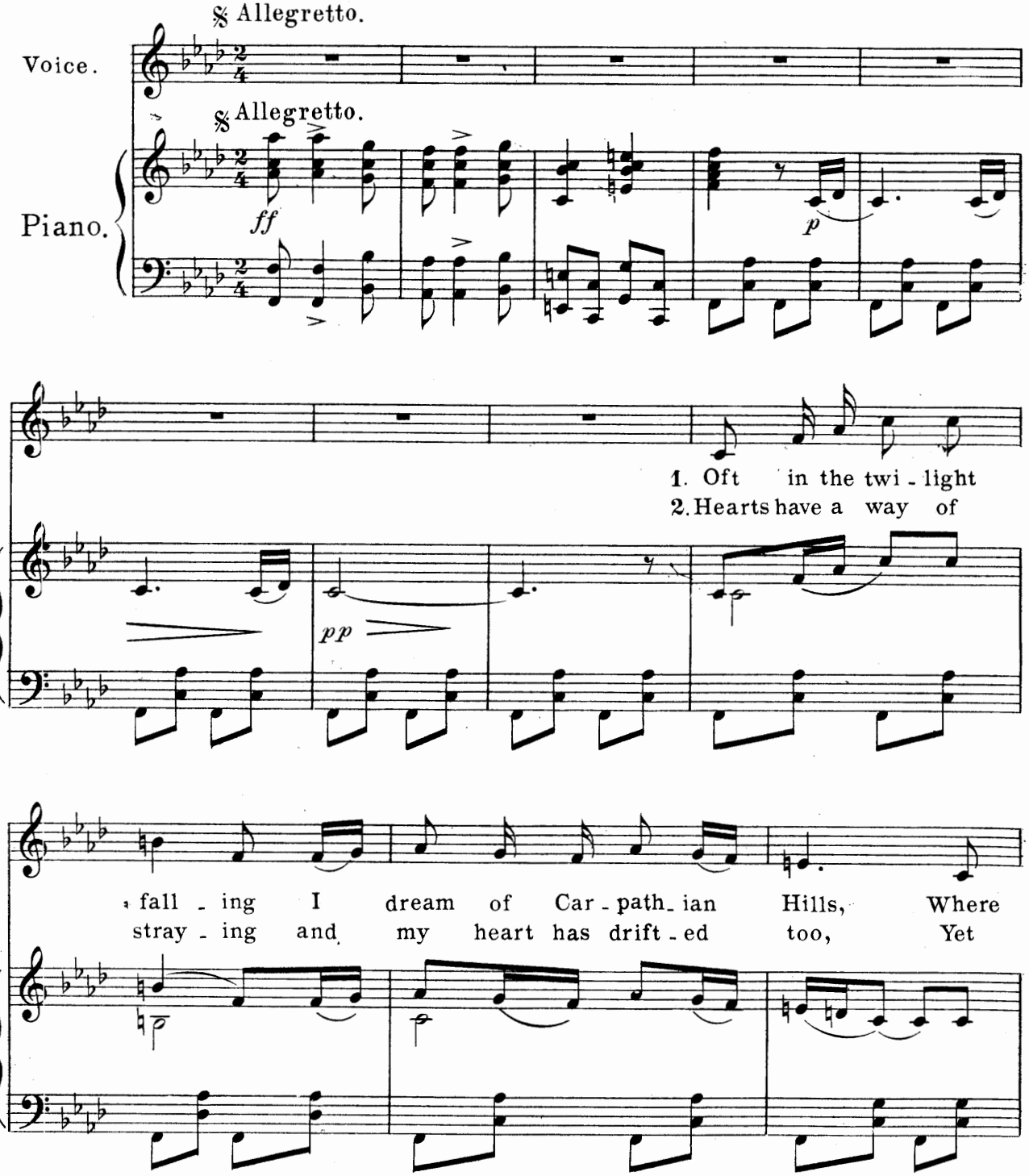
(MAGYAR MAID.)

No 12.

Katrinka and Chorus.

Lyric by CHAS. J CAMPBELL &
RALPH M. SKINNER.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS



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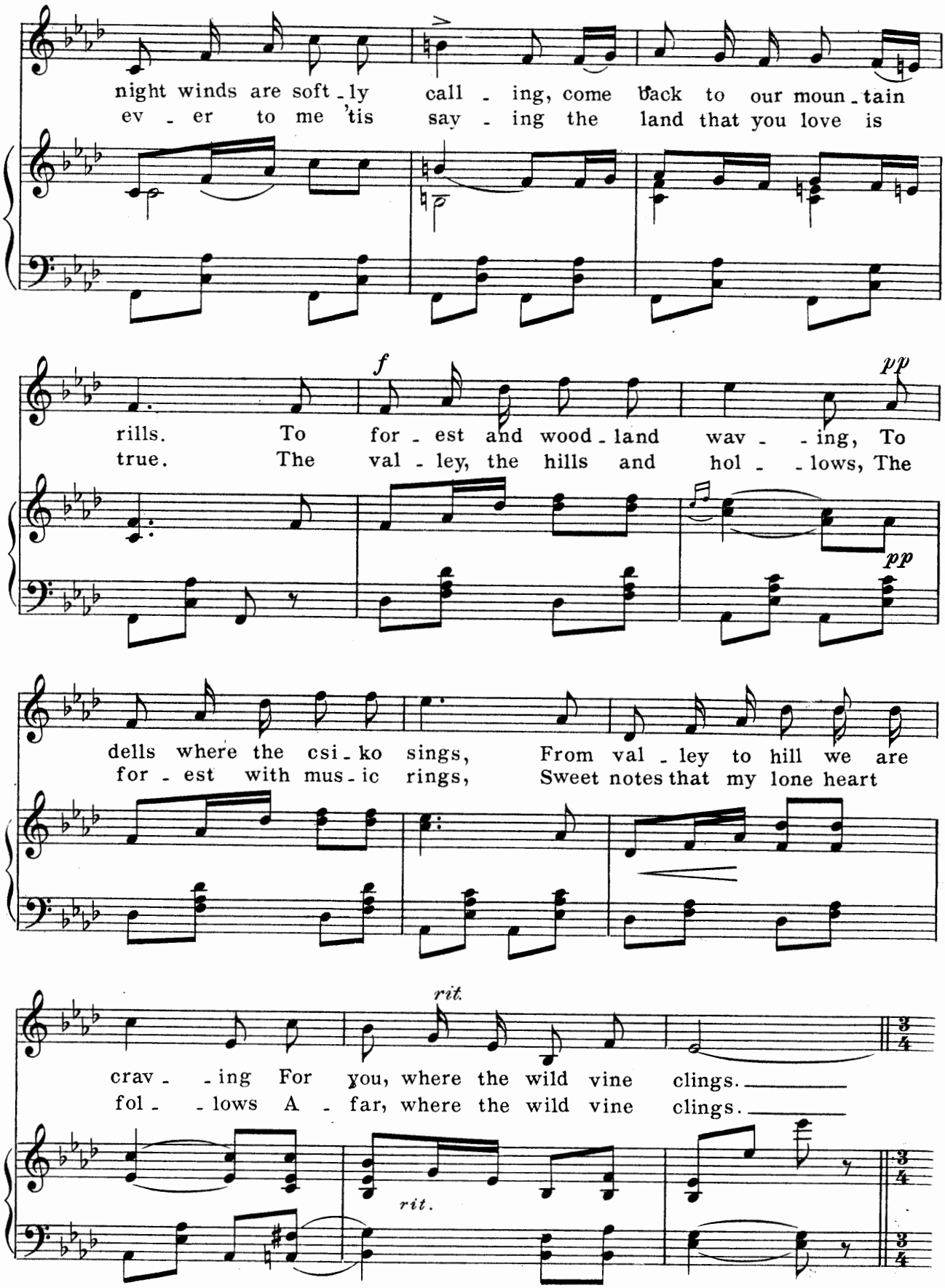
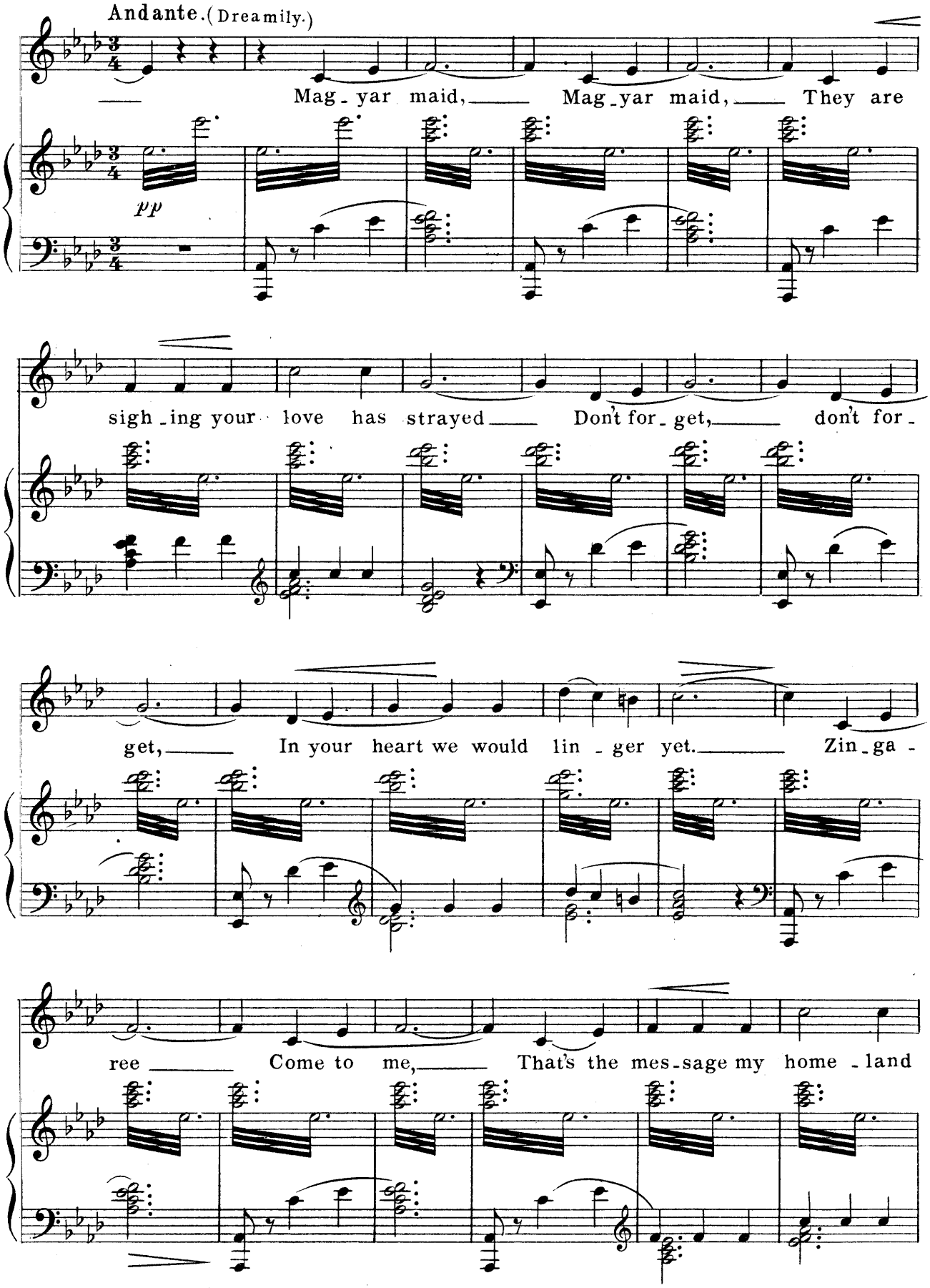
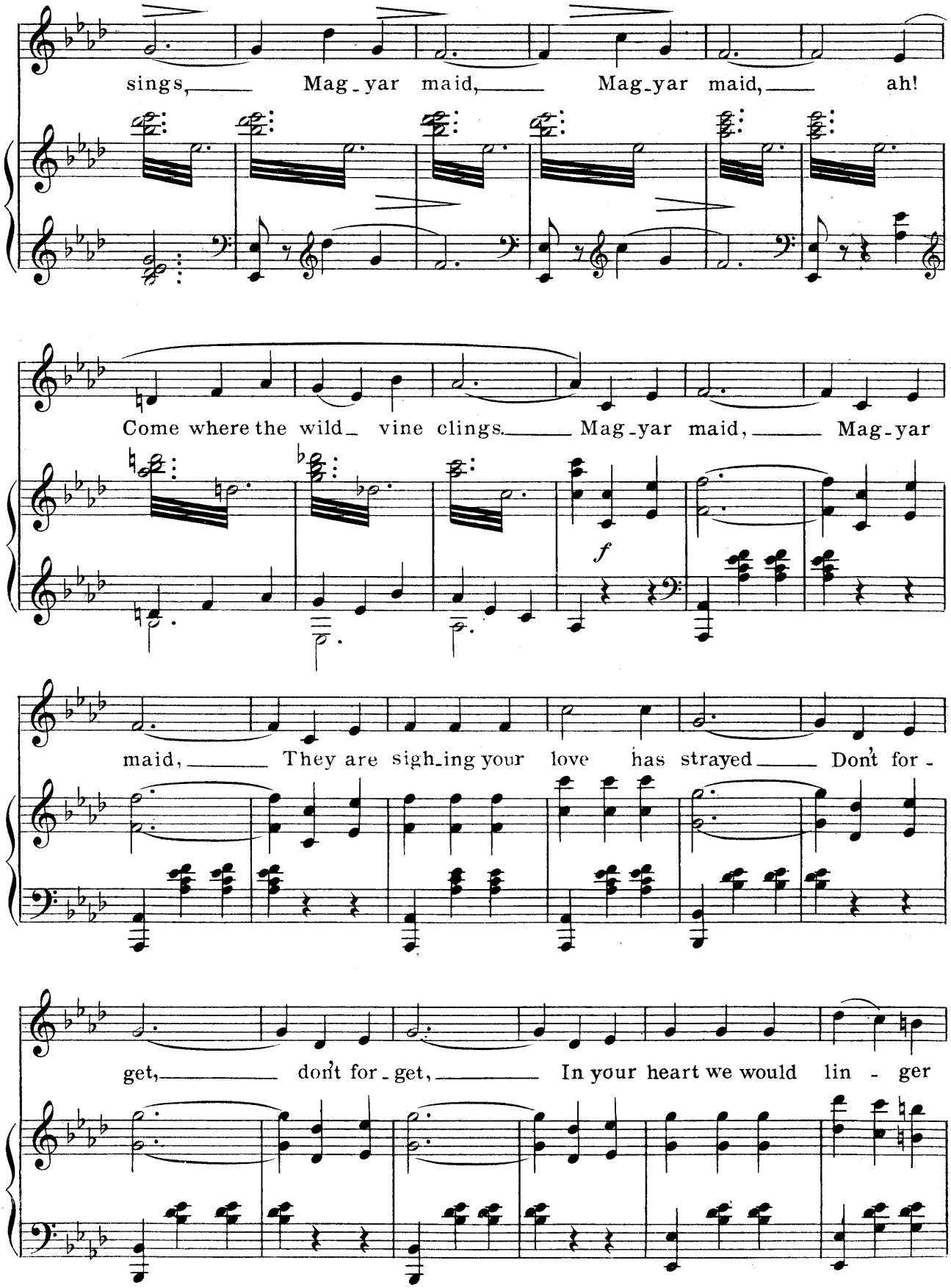
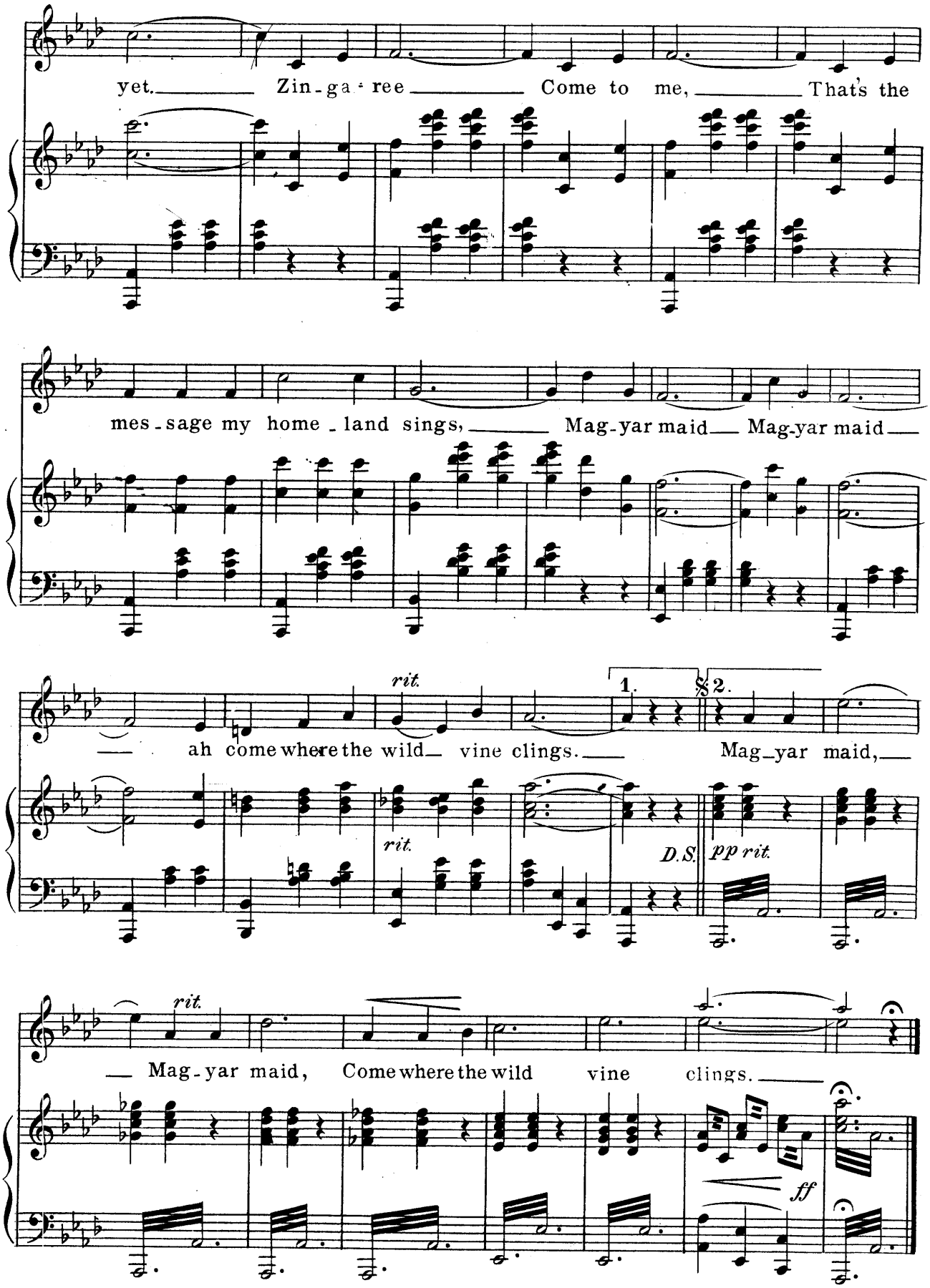

night winds are soft - ly call - ing, come back to our moun - tain
ev - er to me 'tis say - ing the land that you love is
f
pp
rills. To for - est and wood - land wav - - ing, To
true. The val - ley, the hills and hol - - lows, The
pp
dells where the csi - ko sings, From val - ley to hill we are
for - est with mus - ic rings, Sweet notes that my lone heart
rit.
crav - - ing For you, where the wild vine clings.
fol - - lows A - far, where the wild vine clings.
rit.


Andante. (Dreamily.)
Mag_yar maid, Mag_yar maid, They are
pp
sigh_ing your love has strayed Don't for_get, don't for_
get, In your heart we would lin_ger yet. Zin_ga_
ree Come to me, That's the mes_sage my home_land


sings, Mag-yar maid, Mag-yar maid, ah!
Come where the wild vine clings. Mag-yar maid, Mag-yar
f
maid, They are sigh-ing your love has strayed Don't for-
get, don't for-get, In your heart we would lin - ger

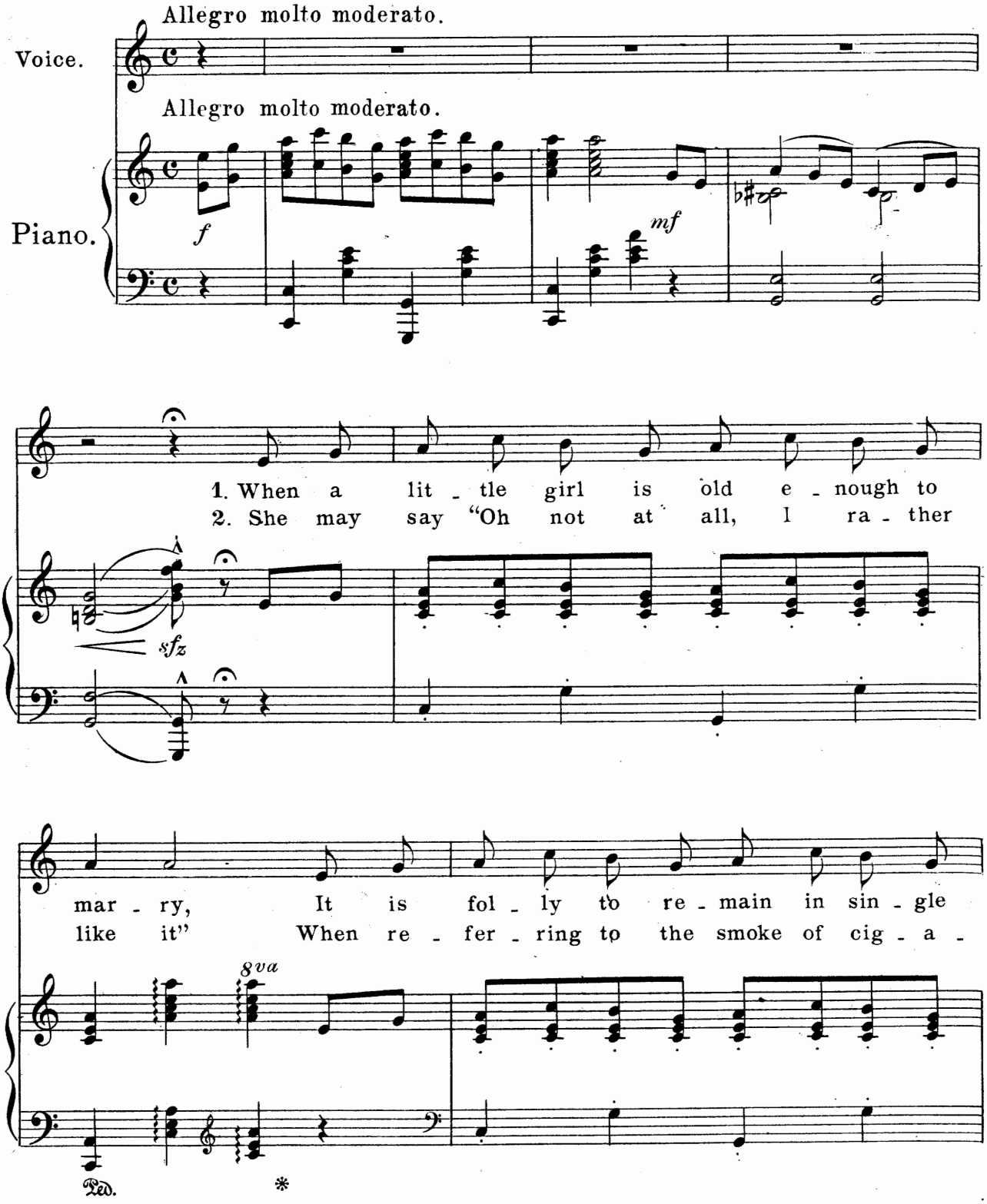

yet. Zin-ga-ree Come to me, That's the
mes-sage my home-land sings, Mag-yar maid Mag-yar maid
rit.
1.
2.
ah come where the wild vine clings. Mag-yar maid,
rit.
D.S.
pp rit.
rit.
Mag-yar maid, Come where the wild vine clings.
ff

No 13.
3210

A Little Girl Like Me.

Lyric by CHAS. J. CAMPBELL &
RALPH M. SKINNER.

Music by
ALFRED E. AARONS.



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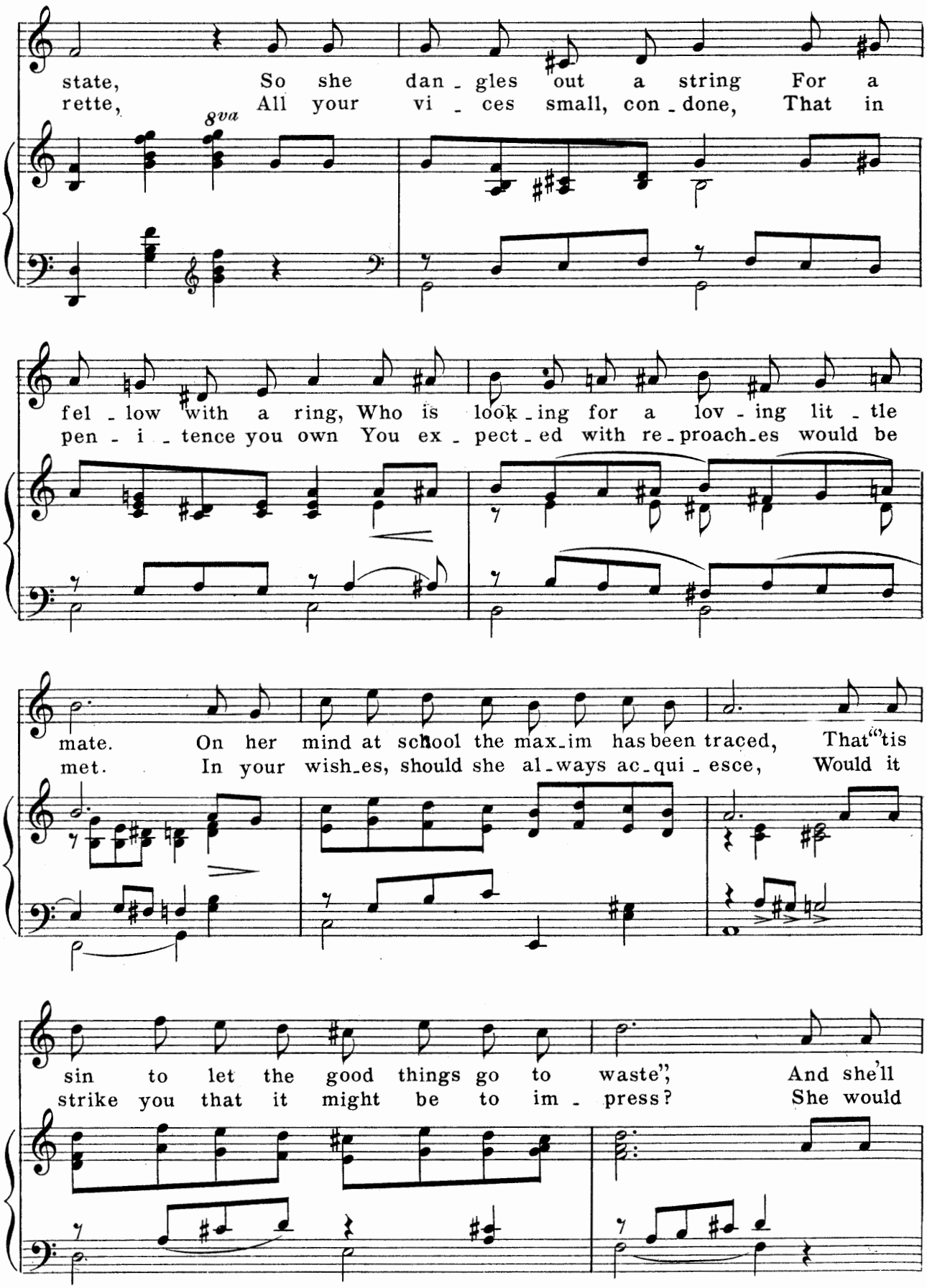
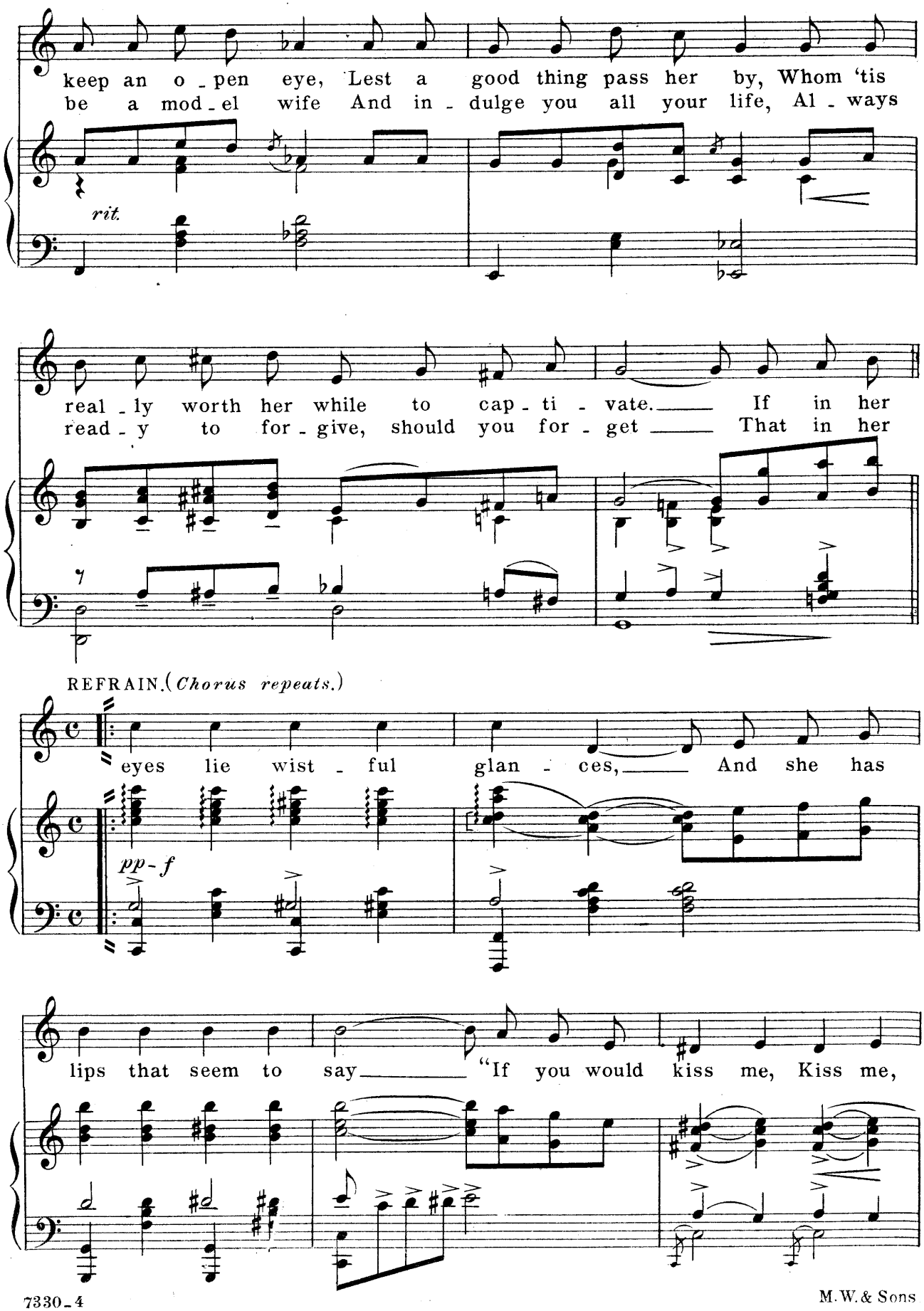
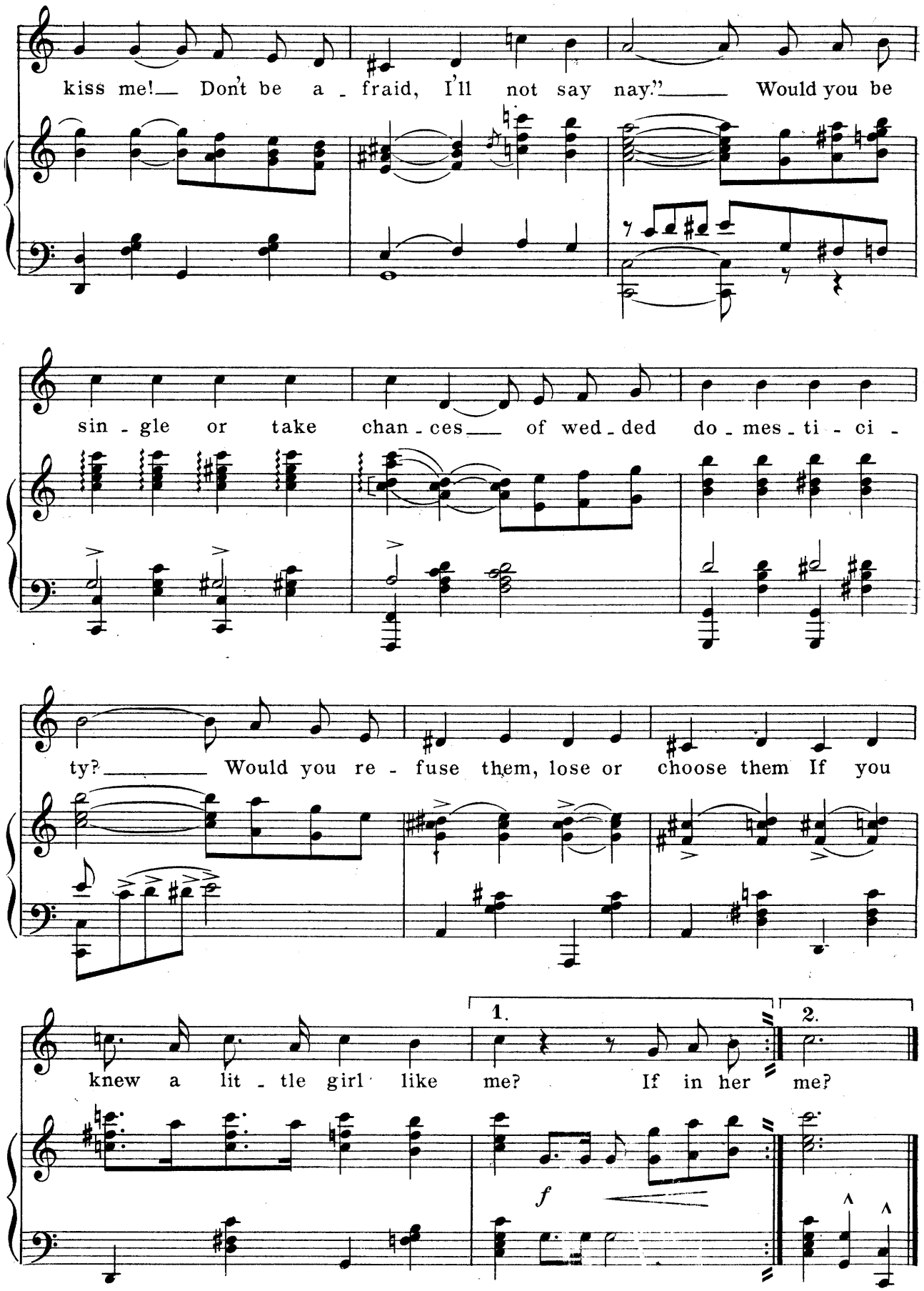

state, So she dan - gles out a string For a
rette, All your vi - ces small, con - done, That in
8va
fel - low with a ring, Who is look - ing for a lov - ing lit - tle
pen - i - tence you own You ex - pect - ed with re - proach - es would be
mate. On her mind at school the max - im has been traced, That "'tis
met. In your wish - es, should she al - ways ac - qui - esce, Would it
sin to let the good things go to waste", And she'll
strike you that it might be to im - press? She would


keep an o - pen eye, Lest a good thing pass her by, Whom 'tis
be a mod - el wife And in - dulge you all your life, Al - ways
rit.
real - ly worth her while to cap - ti - vate. If in her
read - y to for - give, should you for - get That in her
REFRAIN. (Chorus repeats.)
eyes lie wist - ful glan - ces, And she has
pp - f
lips that seem to say "If you would kiss me, Kiss me,


kiss me! Don't be a - fraid, I'll not say nay." Would you be
sin - gle or take chan - ces of wed - ded do - mes - ti - ci -
ty? Would you re - fuse them, lose or choose them If you
knew a lit - tle girl like me? If in her me?
1.
2.
f

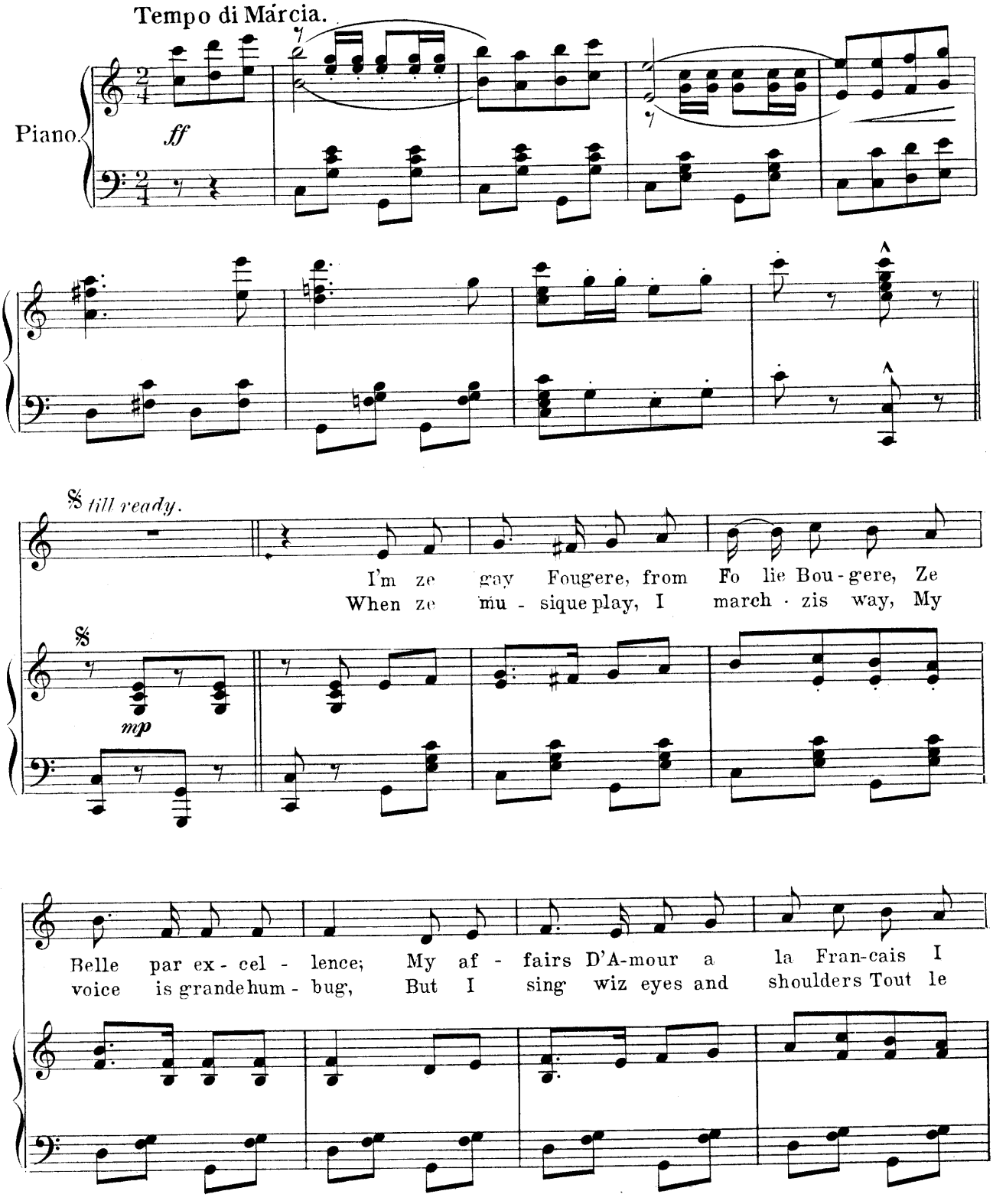
Champagne.

No 14.

Lyric by
CHAS. J. CAMPBELL & RALPH M. SKINNER.

Music by
JULIAN EDWARDS. & ALFRED E. AARONS.

Tempo di Marcia.



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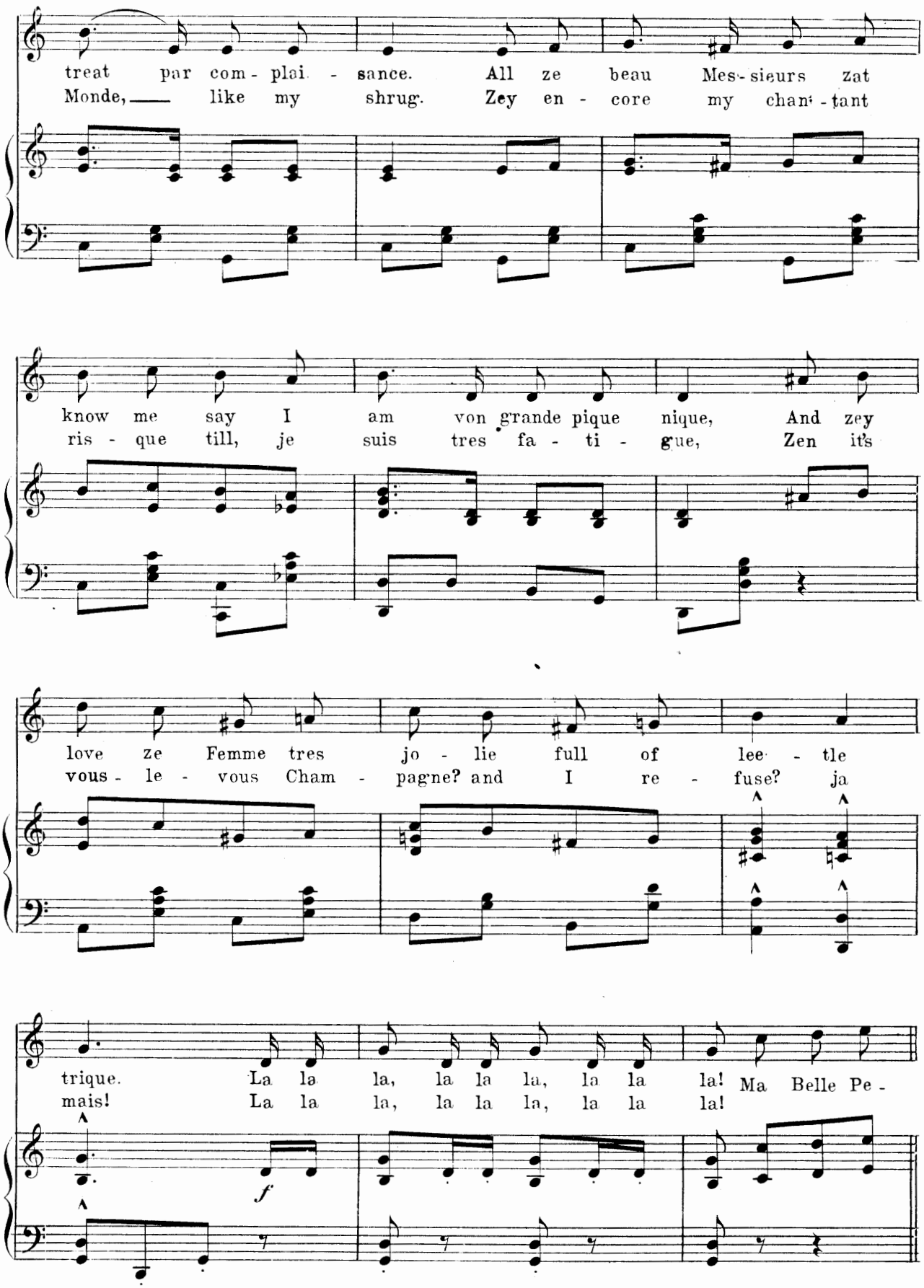
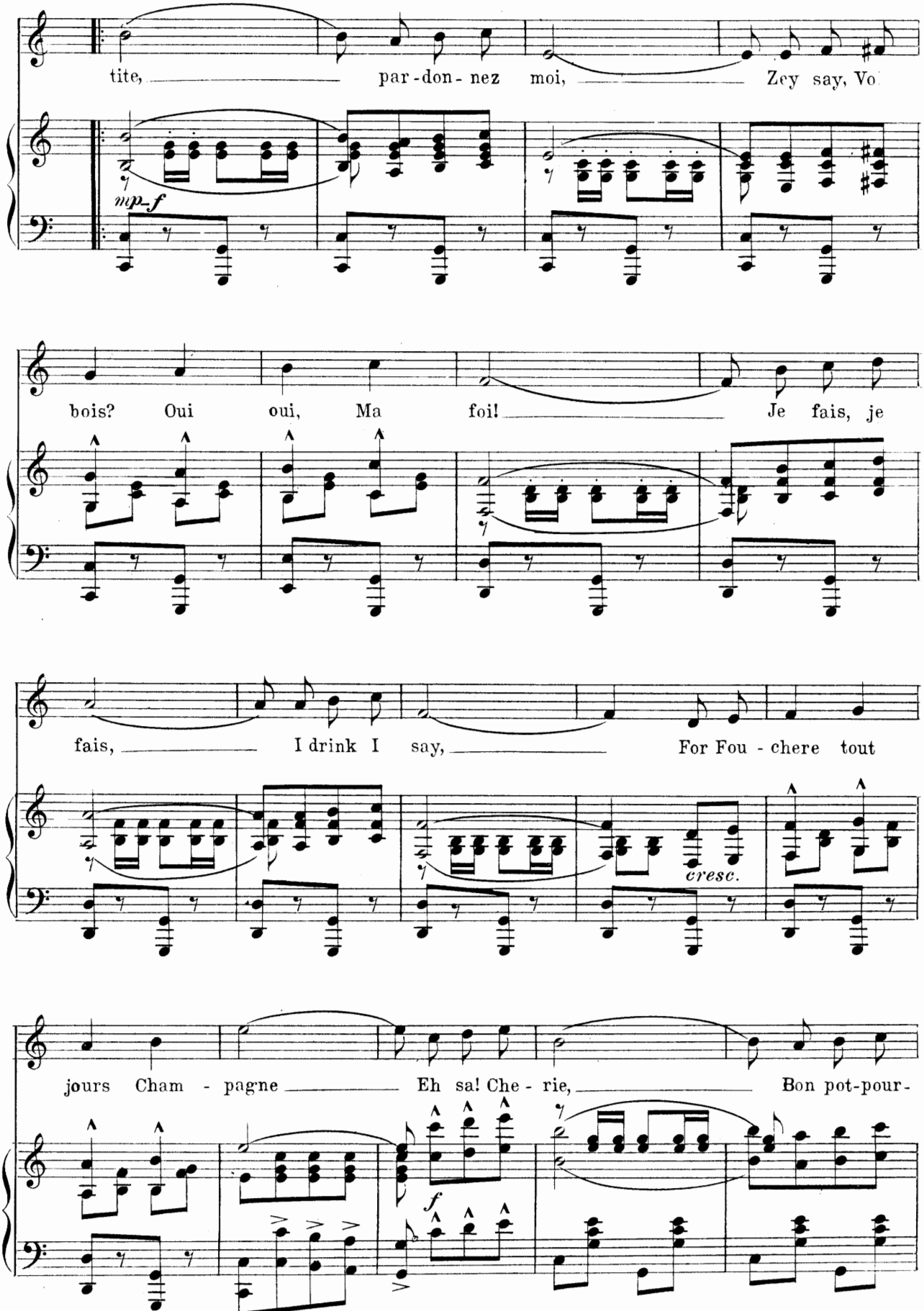
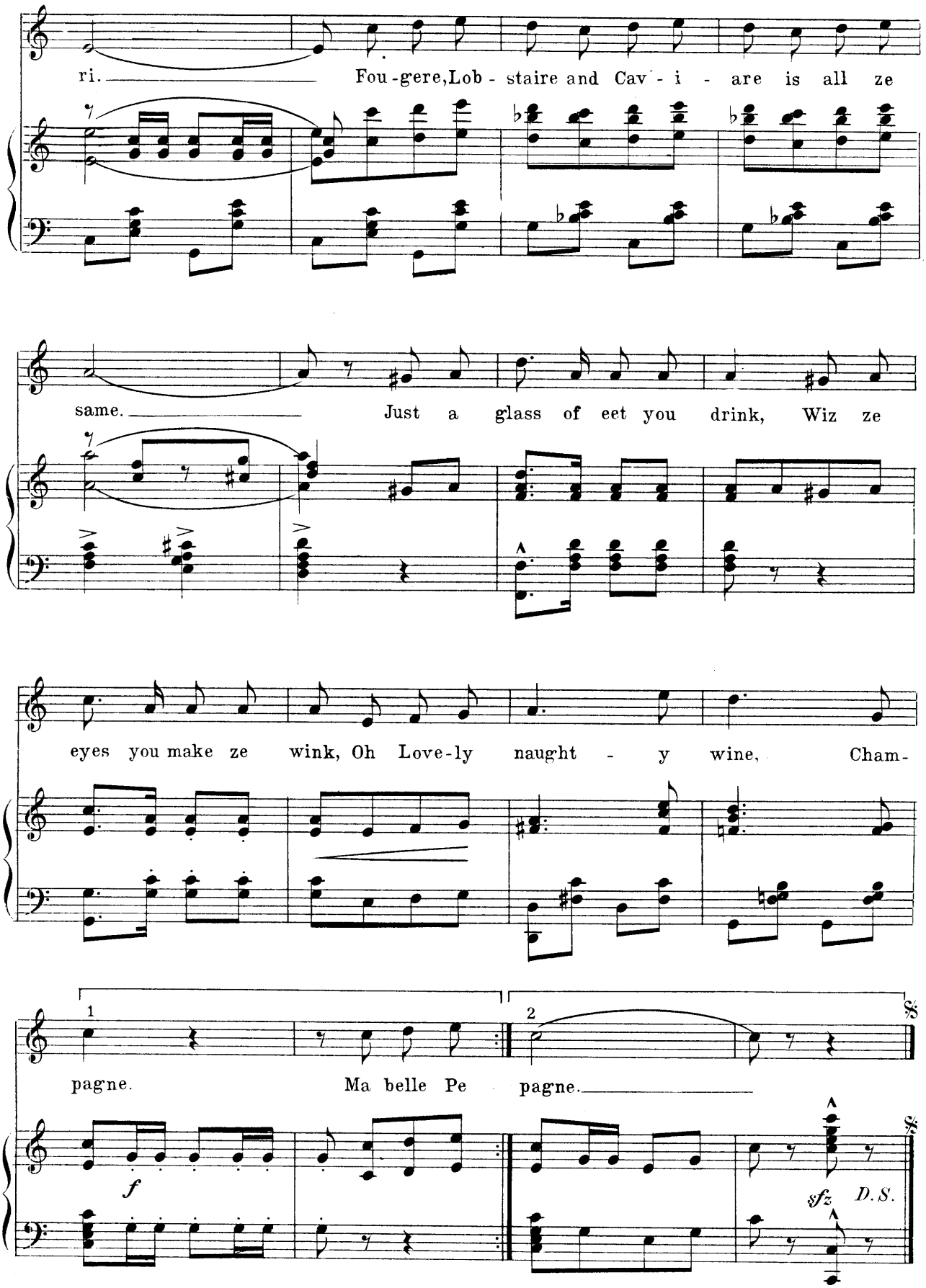
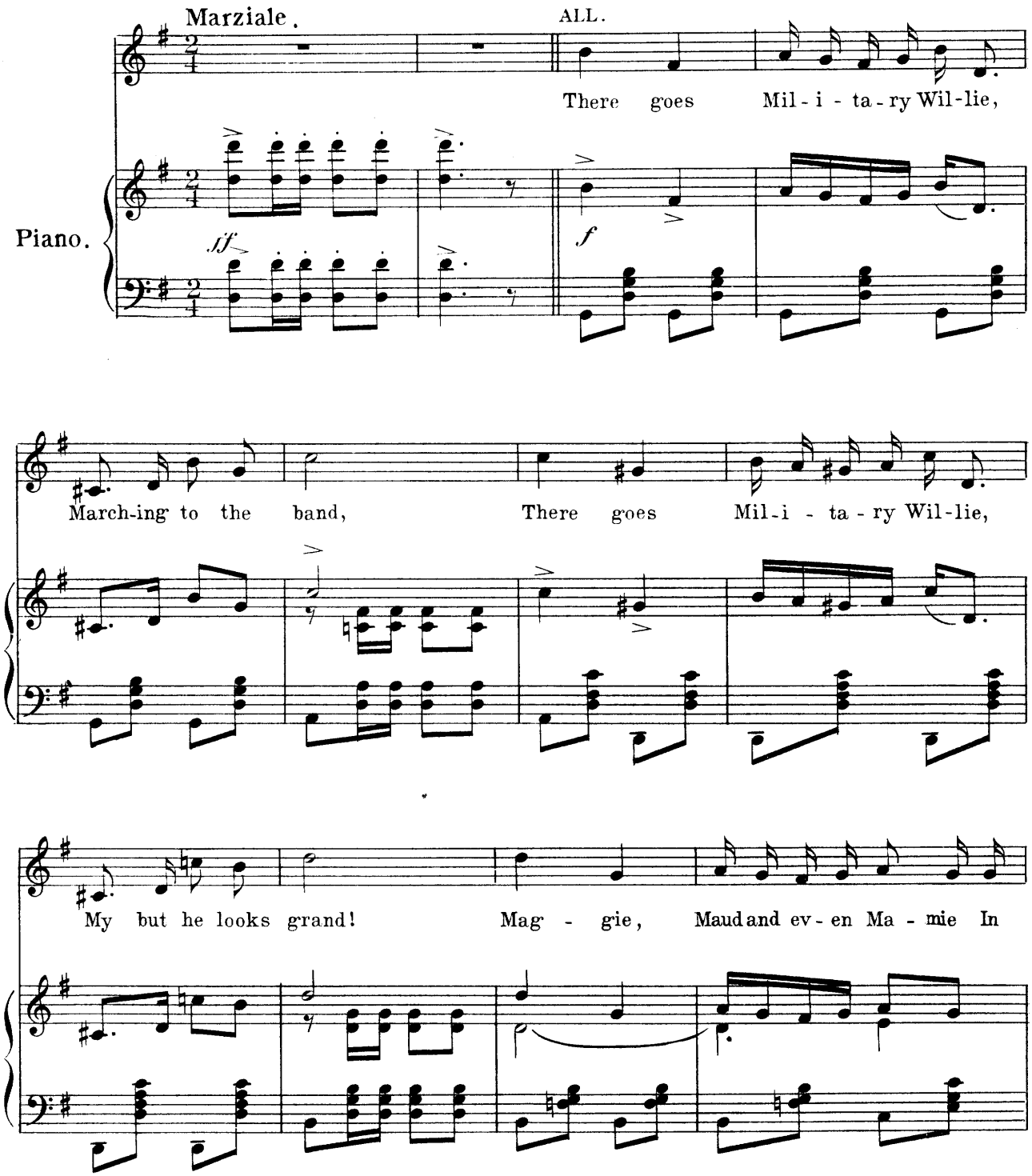

treat par com - plai - sance. All ze beau Mes - sieurs zat
Monde, like my shrug. Zey en - core my chan - tant
know me say I am von grande pique nique, And zey
ris - que till, je suis tres fa - ti - gue, Zen it's
love ze Femme tres jo - lie full of lee - tle
vous - le - vous Cham - pagne? and I re - fuse? ja
trique. La la la, la la la, la la la! Ma Belle Pe -
mais! La la la, la la la, la la la!
f


tite, par-don-nez moi, Zey say, Vo
mp-f
bois? Oui oui, Ma foi! Je fais, je
fais, I drink I say, For Fou-chere tout
cresc.
jours Cham-pagne Eh sa! Che-rie, Bon pot-pour-
f


ri. Fou-gere, Lob-staire and Cav-i-are is all ze
same. Just a glass of eet you drink, Wiz ze
eyes you make ze wink, Oh Love-ly naught-y wine, Cham-
1
2
pagne. Ma belle Pe pagne.
f
sfz
D.S.

No 15. Finale II.

CHAS. J. Lyric by & RALPH M. SKINNER. Music by JULIAN EDWARDS & ALFRED E. AARONS.



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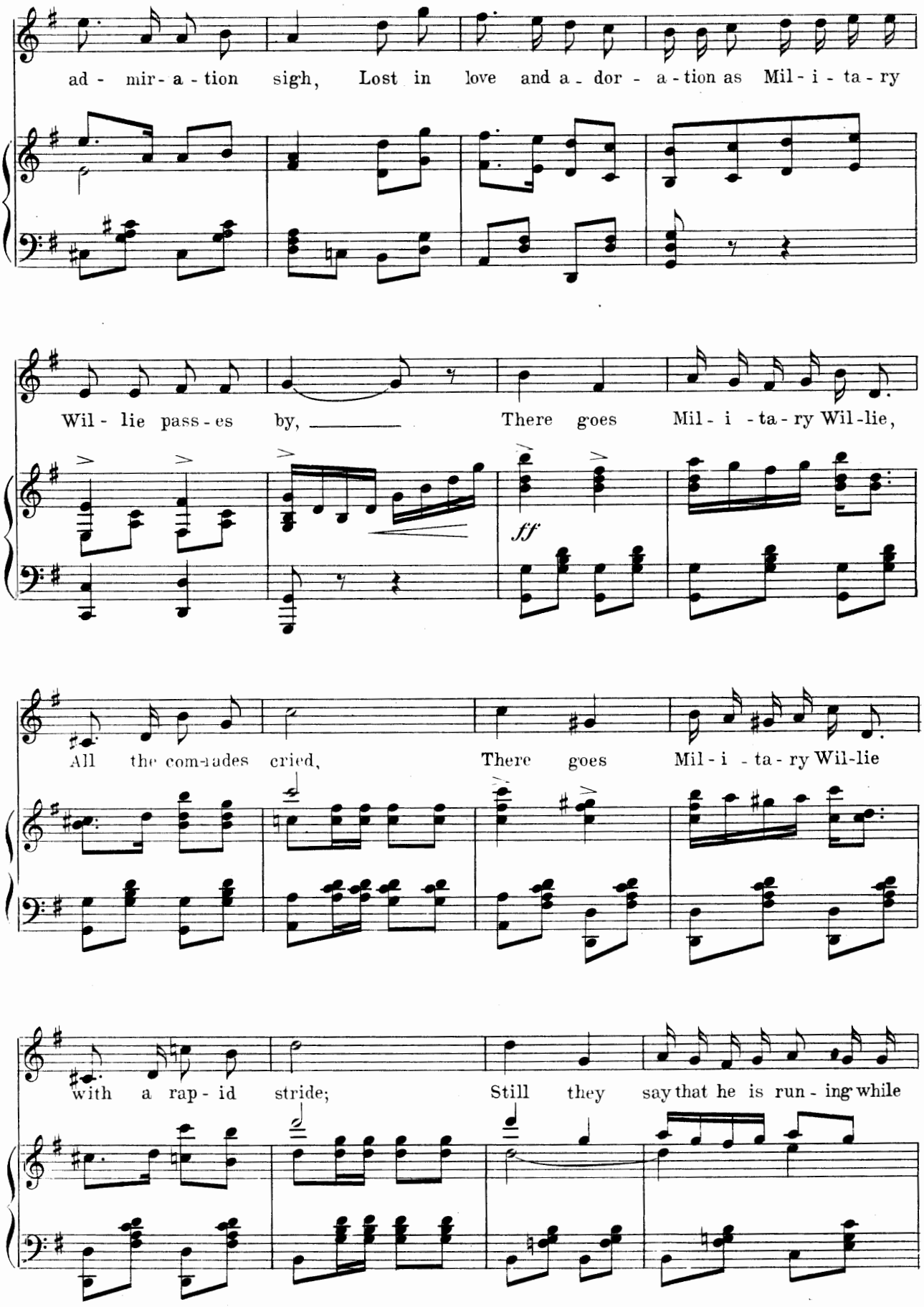
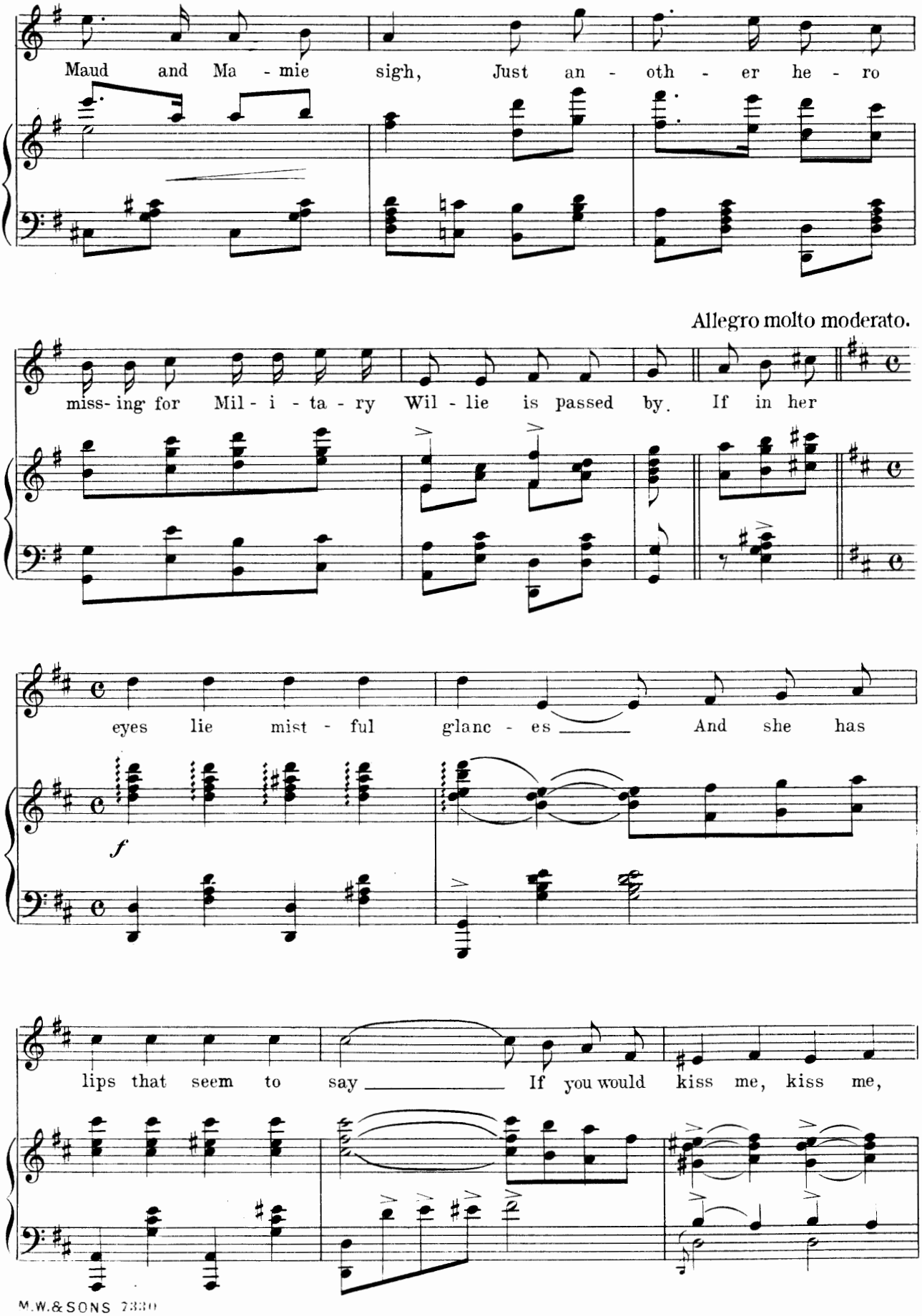
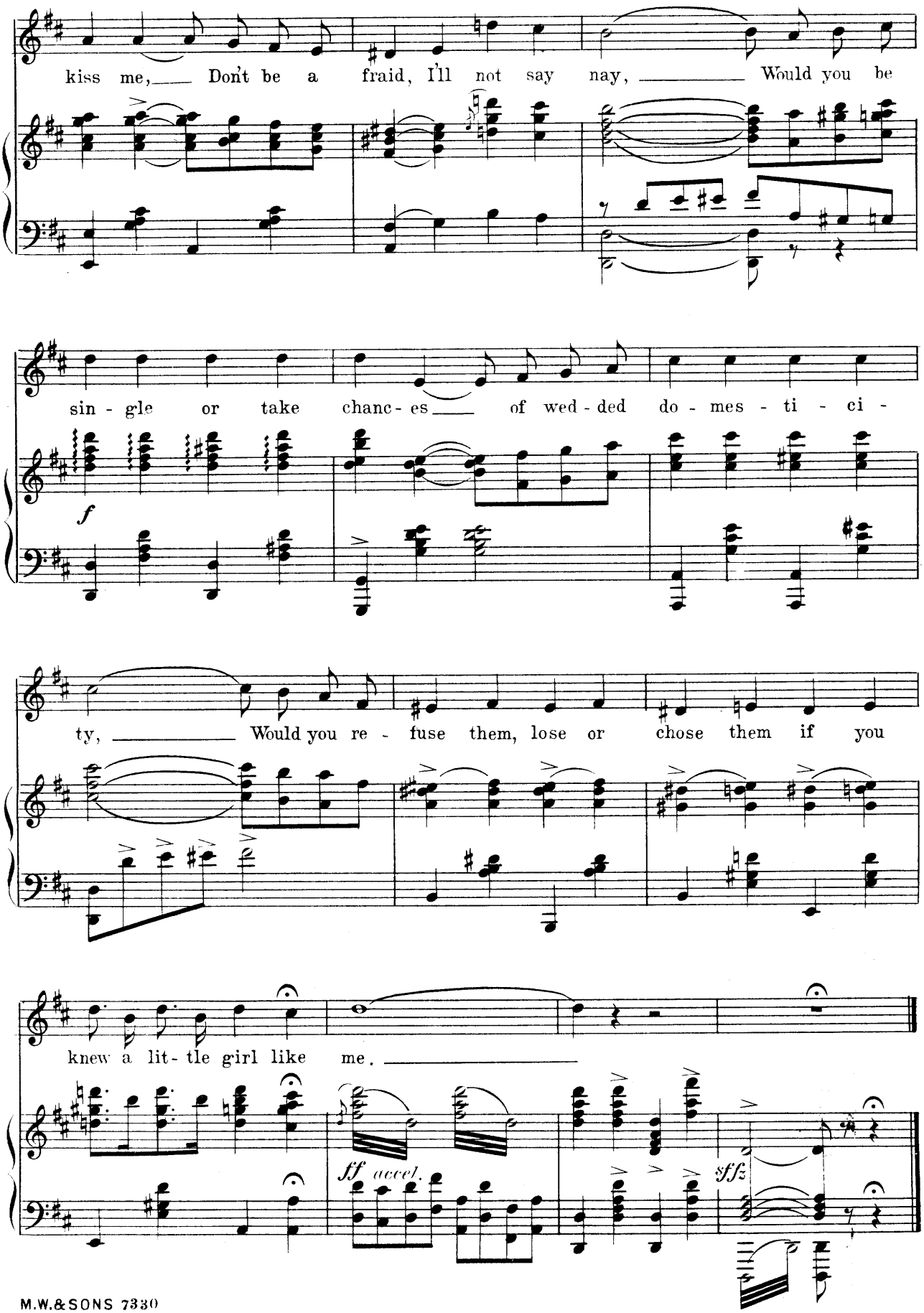

ad - mir- a - tion sigh, Lost in love and a - dor - a - tion as Mil - i - ta - ry
Wil - lie pass - es by, There goes Mil - i - ta - ry Wil - lie,
ff
All the com-rades cried, There goes Mil - i - ta - ry Wil - lie
with a rap - id stride; Still they say that he is run - ing while


Maud and Ma - mie sigh, Just an - oth - er he - ro
Allegro molto moderato.
miss- ing for Mil - i - ta - ry Wil - lie is passed by. If in her
eyes lie mist - ful glanc - es And she has
f
lips that seem to say If you would kiss me, kiss me,


kiss me, Don't be a fraid, I'll not say nay, Would you be
sin - gle or take chanc - es of wed - ded do - mes - ti - ci -
f
ty, Would you re - fuse them, lose or chose them if you
knew a lit - tle girl like me.
ff accel.
sffz